THE
Dean *of* COLERAINE.
A
MORAL HISTORY,
Founded on the
MEMOIRS
OF AN
ILLUSTRIOUS FAMILY in *Ireland.*

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

In THREE VOLUMES.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

DEAN of *COLERAINE.*

BOOK IX.

MY Fears were ſoon diſſipated by meeting my Lord *Tenermill*, who was hurrying about the Houſe with great Forwardneſs, and far from ſhewing any Coldneſs at my Approach, advanced towards me with an Air that proclaimed Friendſhip and Satisfaction. As I expected as little to find in him an Appearance of Joy under ſuch melancholy Circumſtances, as to ſee him ſo ſoon returned to *Paris*, my Surprize fixed me in the Place in which I firſt perceived him. He did not from thence appear to be leſs eager in coming up to me, and embracing me with Tenderneſs, his firſt Expreſſions were made up of Thanks for my Cares, and Teſtimonies of the great Satisfaction he felt at his Situation. The Squadron he was in had been put back upon our Coaſts by a Storm ſo violent, that many Ships having loſt their Maſts, were

forced to return to the Port of *Dunkirk* to refit in order to proceed on their Voyage. He had taken Advantage of this Interval to make a Journey to *Paris*, and without ſtopping at the Count *De S*———'s alighted at *Fincer*'s Houſe, which he eaſily found out by the Hints I had given him in my laſt Letter.

This Recital made me yet only comprehend the Occaſion of his Journey; and his Joy informed me at moſt of the Renewal of his Hopes. But far from ſuffering my Curioſity to languiſh upon the Point that was capable of enlivening it moſt, he continued to tell me, without giving me Time to interrupt him, that having heard of the Death of *Fincer* at his Door, he was advertiſed at the ſame Time of the Eſcape of *Patrick*, and of the Caution he was obliged to obſerve in Relation to *Sarah*. He had been moved at the Diſaſter of *Fincer*; but it being ſuitable to what he looked upon as a Stroke too favourable for his Hopes to be too much afflicted at it, he had gathered from all occurring Circumſtances, that this Accident had been no leſs a Deliverance to him from the ever formidable Competition of *Patrick*, than from all other Obſtacles that he apprehended from a furious Father. Then informing me, that my Siſter being preſent with *Sarah*, he had managed a Converſation with her to concert Means for making his Viſit agreeable, and under the flattering Prepoſſeſſions in which *Fincer*'s Daughter yet was, he found little Difficulty in giving a Turn to his Compliment in a Manner proper to make her reliſh it. He had found the Way of calming her Imagination upon the ſudden Retreat of *Patrick*; and looking upon himſelf already as intereſted in the good Order of a Houſe, of which he doubted no longer but he ſhould ſoon ſee himſelf Maſter, he had began to aſſume an Air of Authority, to which the Servants did not ſhew any Reluctance.

There was nothing in this Detail capable of augmenting my Diſquiet; and if I had not been ſenſible of ſome Shame in moulding together ſucceſſively ſo many oppoſite Deſires, I ſhould on the contrary have wiſhed

wiſhed that theſe new Hopes of *Tenermill* ſhould meet with all the Succeſs that might have filled his Longing. I explained my Thoughts to him in theſe Terms, and not judging my Preſence to be further very neceſſary to the Repoſe of *Sarah*, I excuſed myſelf from going up to her Apartment.

The Return of *Patrick*'s Valet de Chambre was ſpeedy enough to ſave me from any Impatience with which I ſhould have waited for him. The Uncertainty of my Thoughts, that had made me turn my firſt Steps towards *Fincer*'s Houſe, had diminiſhed ſomething from the natural Ardour which I always felt for the Intereſt of *Patrick*; but now not finding again any Thing in my Heart ſo preſſing as this Care, I ran immediately to his Valet, as ſoon as I ſaw him at a Diſtance. It ſeemed to me to be a Matter of ſuch Importance to know what was become of Mademoiſelle *De L*———, that aſking him no other Account, I made him twice repeat what he had diſcovered about that Article. He had been informed at the Convent, that ſhe had gone from thence two Hours before, and that in taking Leave of the Superior, ſhe had ſhewn ſuch Marks of Uneaſineſs and Precipitation, that had cauſed Aſtoniſhment through all the Family. She had not taken this Reſolution till after having ſome Moments Converſation with the Man ſhe had employed, but they could not diſcover, whether it were from Grief or Joy ſhe had ſo haſtily determined to be gone.

I reſted on this ſingle Paint, which raiſed in me a Thouſand terrible Ideas, from a Foreſight of all the Conſequences that might be drawn from it. Gone with ſo much Haſte, and ſo few Reflexions; and where could ſhe have gone to, if ſhe were not to *Patrick*, who without Doubt had diſcovered that ſhe was yet at *Paris*, and had given her Aſſurances that ſhe ſhould find him again loving and faithful? What Appearance was there, that in the Reſolution they were of going to *Germany*, they had deferred one Moment to execute it after their Reconciliation? I al-

ready fancied them at a great Diſtance, and I regretted bitterly the Time I had loſt in my uſeleſs Converſation with *Tenermill*.

In the mean Time, pierced through and through with this Fear, I made Haſte to their Houſe to learn at leaſt the Circumſtances of their Departure. The Valet, to whom I had imparted my Thoughts, and whom they had alarmed as much as me for his own Intereſt, anticipated ſtill my Diligence, and was at the Gate ready to receive me, with ſome Diſcoveries he had already drawn from another Servant. They were more unlucky than any Thing I had yet dreaded; although they had not made that Impreſſion on him: Satisfied enough to find that his Maſter was not yet gone, and counting the reſt for nothing; he declared to me with a chearful Countenance, that far from being on the Road to *Germany*, he was in the Midſt of the Delights of *Paris*; in one Word, that he was in Bed with Mademoiſelle *De L*———, and that having declared their Marriage, all the Houſe had prepared themſelves to celebrate it with Rejoycings at their Upriſing.

This News ſtruck me with ſuch an extraordinary Medley of Surprize and Grief, that not having Power to open my Mouth, I continued for ſome Time leaning againſt the Gate, without being able to give an Account to myſelf of the divers Motions that diſturbed me. How! So near the unfortunate *Sarah*, and almoſt within Sight of the dead Carcaſs of *Fincer*, whom he had juſt robbed of Life, as much as if he had killed him with his own Hands? Ah! Why did not they go immediately to *Germany*? Why did they not remove themſelves out of the Way of Witneſſes, whoſe Preſence ought to cover them with Confuſion, and overburthen them with Remorſe? Horrible Tranſport of an imprudent Paſſion, which ſhews neither Decency to the Living, nor Reſpect to the Dead! It was inwardly that I abandoned myſelf to theſe Complaints; for I was ſurrounded by many Servants, who ſeemed to wait my Orders, and before

whom my own Shame would not ſuffer me to make a Noiſe with my Thoughts. It came into my Mind nevertheleſs to aſk them, if they had for any conſiderable Time been abſent from their Maſter and Miſtreſs? They anſwered, that they had only juſt come out of the Apartment, and that the Women of Mademoiſelle *De L*——— were yet there. I had then a Return of Hopes; I flattered myſelf, that if I made Haſte to appear, I ſhould come ſoon enough to ſtop a raſh Couple, who might be yet only on the Edge of the Precipice.

The Valet de Chambre conſented to admit me without penetrating my Views. He went in firſt, and having told them that I was there, I heard my Brother anſwer in an eaſy Tone, and without appearing to have weighed the Matter: Shew him in, without Doubt he ſhall be the firſt Witneſs of my Happineſs. This Eaſineſs perſuaded me fully, that I was not come too late. The Door was opened to me; but with what Anguiſh did I immediately find, that I had flattered myſelf with falſe Hopes? I ſaw the two Lovers peaceably lying in a very indifferent Bed, that they had ordered to be prepared for them in Haſte. The Vexation I as yet continued under at this Scene could not make me be ſilent on the Glare that ſeemed to ſurround them in their Situation. It would little become me to attempt a Deſcription of this Nature; but I never ſaw a more perfect Image of Joy and Happineſs.

Nevertheleſs, what might have given me Satisfaction in other Circumſtances, helped only to redouble the ſorrowful Thoughts with which I was now pierced. I approached the Seat of their Pleaſures, and giving little Attention to the toying of *Patrick*, who was willing to perſuade himſelf, that I was come to wiſh him Joy on the Succeſs of his Deſires, and who thanked me for it with Affectation, I obliged him to change his Tone and Language, by addreſſing him in a Diſcourſe more ſerious than his. I leave it to Heaven, ſaid I, to judge of the Innocence of your Conduct,

Conduct, and at a Time when my Reproaches would be as unprofitable as my Counſels, I will ot fatigue you by a Moral, which is no longer ſeaſonable; but what Time and what Place have you choſen to abandon yourſelves to Pleaſures? Ah! Why are you not in the remoteſt Part of *Germany*, added I giving greater Force to my Voice and Looks, why have you not made Choice of another Place than this to inſult an unfortunate Woman, whoſe Deſpair you know, and the Memory of *Fincer*, whoſe Funeral they are this Moment preparing? You know not how to diſguiſe it, that the Death of the Father is your handy Work; and in the Condition you have left the ſorrowful Daughter, do you imagine ſhe can be long in following you? Go, be gone, what Pretence remains for you to be in a Place, that you have filled with Horror? Since the Evil is at the full, added I, ſhedding a Torrent of Tears, which ſuch a grievous Idea drew from me, we ſhall one Day conſider, if your new Engagements can be reduced to the Rules of Religion and Honour? But go, and do not draw upon you the Vergeance of Heaven, and of Men, by all thoſe Evils that your Preſence may yet cauſe here.

This Menace was a Sort of Prediction. *Patrick* pauſed at it a little, and I was myſelf far from foreſeeing that it would be verified by Events, which would follow it ſo cloſe on the Heels. But appearing nevertheleſs ſtruck at the Death of *Fincer*, and the freſh Troubles of *Sarah*, the Image of which I had laid in ſuch lively Colours before his Eyes, he demanded of me an Explanation of an Accident, of which he was ignorant. I informed him of all the Circumſtances of it. He agreed that Decency ſhould have made him chuſe another Time to give himſelf up to Joys, and having proteſted, that he had but little Thoughts of ſatisfying his Paſſion, only by ſealing it in a Manner irrevocable, he ſeemed diſpoſed to leave the Bed off hand, to deliberate with me upon every Thing he had juſt heard. Mademoiſelle *De*

L——,

L———, in whom my Words had cauſed ſome Conſternation, preſſed him not to looſe a Moment. I went into the Anti-chamber to give them Liberty to put on their Cloaths. They had no Occaſion, ſaid they, but for an Inſtant. Nevertheleſs they had ſcarce loſt Sight of me, when falling back into all their Weakneſſes, they ſeemed to forget that I was waiting for them. I had Patience to attend for above an Hour. At length lamenting for them their Infatuation, and for myſelf an Exceſs of Complaiſance, which made me loſe Time neceſſary for other Cares, I called for a Pen, which I made Uſe of to explain my laſt Thoughts. After I had reproached them with the Hurry of an imprudent Paſſion, which gave me Room to expect nothing more conſiderate, or more moderate for the Time to come, I repeated the Advice I had given them at coming out of their Chamber, and upon the Whole, recommended to them to oppoſe the Intention of their Servants, who thought of celebrating their Joy, by noiſy and glaring Mirth. Remove yourſelves, ſaid I, for your own proper Safety, which is not ſo exempt from Danger at *Paris* as you would repreſent to yourſelves; and if in the Tranſports you are in, there remains in you any Sentiments of Humanity, remove yourſelves out of Compaſſion for *Sarah*, who cannot learn what paſſes ſo near her, without a mortal Augmentation of her Grief. And who knows, added I, of what Love may make her capable, when ſhe has nothing left but Deſpair to conſult? I prayed them to leave me the Names of the Places where I might addreſs my Letters to them, and making an Effort to awaken in their Favour ſome Sentiments of my former Affection, I promiſed them to employ all my Cares to confirm their Union, for as long Time at leaſt as they ſhould not oblige me by other Wanderings to abandon them to their own Imprudence.

I did not go out of their Houſe without advertiſing their Servants, that they could do nothing more diſagreeable to their Maſter, nor more contrary to his Intentions,

Intentions, than by publiſhing his Marriage, and their Joy. The Valet de Chambre coming to receive my Orders, I renewed to him my Deſires, that he would inform me of the Reſolutions of my Brother, and follow him with his ordinary Affection. Without Doubt the Reaſon may be expected why I had not informed *Patrick* of the King's declared Intentions of taking Care of his Fortune; but if it be conſidered what Difference I put between the Intereſt of his Salvation, and that of his Eſtabliſhment, no Body can then be ſurprized, that in the Eagerneſs I had to ſee the Difficulties of his Marriage finiſhed, I had ſacrificed all the Ideas of Grandeur and Opulence to the urgent Neceſſity of his Departure. I ſaw no other than this Way to cure *Sarah* of her unfortunate Remains of Hope, which had eternally nouriſhed her Obſtinacy; and my Thought always being, that without her Conſent we had nothing honeſt or lawful to pretend to, either for the Solidity of *Patrick*'s Marriage, or for the Succeſs of *Tenermill*, I had nothing elſe in my Thoughts but what might ſpeedily conduct us to one or the other End.

The next Moment gave me new Subjects to confirm me in this Way of Reaſoning, when being returned to *Fincer*'s, his Servants put into my Hands ſome Letters that had been ſent to him by the Poſt. I opened them in Concert with *Tenermill*. One was from *Dilnick*, who upon the Complaints *Fincer* had made him of our Family, was determined to make a Journey to *France*, to ſupport there the Intereſts of his. He had writ from *Calais* on his coming out of the Veſſel that had brought him; and intending to ride Poſt after a few Hours Reſt, he might arrive at *Paris* almoſt as ſoon as his Letter. What unforeſeen Alarms for me, who knew the boiling Temper of *Dilnick*? He had made no Scruple of turning his Sword againſt *Patrick* upon an Occaſion, wherein the Delicacy of his Honour had been much leſs wounded; and what Curb would be capable of bridling him,

him, when he had the Death of *Fincer*, and the Honour of *Sarah* to revenge?

As nevertheleſs I had no Hopes, that a Motive of this Nature could make any Impreſſion on *Patrick* from a Principle of Fear, I did not think at all of improving it; and the only Reſolution I formed upon the reading of this Letter was, to return immediately to him, and preſs him by the ſame Reaſons I had done before, not to put off his Departure to the next Day. But this fatal Day was marked out as a Trial of all my Virtues. Upon leaving *Tenermill* after a ſhort Converſation, I met *Dilnick* at the Gate, who was enquiring for *Fincer*'s Houſe. He knew me too eaſily to think he could be miſtaken in it; and his Preposſeſſions not hindering him from judging that I might have ſided with his Niece againſt the Injuſtices of my Brother, he ſhewed little Surprize at ſeeing me come out from her with an Air of Freedom, which did not ſuppoſe either Quarrel or Anger.

Having embraced me nevertheleſs, the Warmth of his Reſentment did not permit him to delay longer his Complaints, and his Expreſſions too plainly proclaimed with what Diſpoſitions he had left *Ireland*: *Patrick* was a Man without Honour and without Truth, into whom he was reſolved in Spite of him to inſpire other Maxims, and I might declare to him beforehand, that he ſhould find in the Houſe of *Fincer* other Defenders than Women and old Men. This was threatning us openly with all the Violences I dreaded. But what had I not to fear from his Fury, as ſoon as he ſhould be informed of the bloody Adventure of *Sarah*, and the tragical Death of her Father? By what Charm could I hope to ſoften this ſavage Heart, and what Art had I not Occaſion of to enter into the Explanation of a thouſand Things that were impoſſible for me to juſtify? Nevertheleſs, it was not at all to the Story of a Servant, that I ought to turn him over, and I ought yet leſs to ſuffer him to go into the Apartment of his Niece, without having prepared her by ſome cautious Managements, which were more neceſſary

neceſſary for her than ever. This was a Situation full of grievous Difficulties, and from whence I apprehended that no human Aſſiſtance could bring me happily out.

I took him affectionately by the Hand, and began to move him by my Careſſes; and while I was conducting him to a remote Cloſet without having the Power to anſwer yet a ſingle Word to his Menaces, I addreſſed to Heaven from the Bottom of my Heart an ardent Prayer, to obtain from thence thoſe Succours, which I did not expect from my Eloquence or Underſtanding. In fine, being more at a Loſs, when I was at the Point of opening my Mouth, I did not think of humbling myſelf too much, by caſting myſelf at his Feet to conjure him to make himſelf Maſter of his firſt Motions at every Part of the Diſcourſe I ſhould pray him to hear.

It is eaſy to imagine, that it was neither from the Death of *Fincer*, nor the Wound of *Sarah*, nor even from the Confeſſion of the new Marriage of *Patrick*, that I began this moving Apology. My Integrity obliged me not to deviate in the leaſt from the Truth; but it was lawful for me to rank Events in ſuch an Order as to make them appear under the moſt mild and favourable Colours. In confeſſing to him the avowed Infidelity of *Patrick*, I from thence haſtened to the Deſires and Intentions of *Tenermill*. Inſtead of a Brother weak and inconſtant, whoſe Caprices I did not ſeek to excuſe, I offered him one of a Character more ſettled and ſteady, who burned with Impatience to make a Reparation for the Injury the other had done to *Sarah*. I traced back all the Steps that *Tenermill* had taken to inſinuate himſelf into the Eſteem of *Fincer* and his Daughter. It was ſhe herſelf that put a perpetual Obſtacle in the Way of her own Happineſs, and *Fincer* had ſo fully done us this Juſtice, that he made his Reſentment fall only on her. *Tenermill*, me, even *Patrick*, did any Thing ever eſcape us that was capable of injuring him, and knowing that the Evil always proceeded from that Source, have we not

not always laboured to repair it by our Submiſſions and Tenders? Moreover our Family was beginning to be eſtabliſhed in *France* in a Manner ſplendid enough to make the eldeſt of it conſidered in a diſtinguiſhed Light; and though it were true, that the Diſguſt of *Patrick* was an Outrage on *Sarah*, the Satisfaction ſhe might receive in *Tenermill* was effectually capable of repairing it with great Advantage. In fine, forgetting nothing that might at leaſt put the Sincerity of our Intentions in a fair Light, I thought to have led *Dilnick* to the Point of being convinced, that the Misfortunes I had yet to relate to him ought to be imputed to nothing but Fortune.

He appeared indeed to liſten to me with more Tranquillity than I expected from him, and the Propoſal of *Tenermill*'s Marriage had made on him ſo ſenſible an Impreſſion, that his Looks began to ſoften and grow mild; it was this Hope alſo that made me heighten and ſet off the Advantages of it with ſo much Care. But it was neceſſary for me to paſs to Events leſs favourable, and my Embarraſſment redoubled at every Word. I found my Face all over in a Sweat from my Efforts to diſpoſe my Ideas and Expreſſions in proper Order. I began nevertheleſs this terrible Relation without any other Precautions than by repreſenting reſolutely the Innocence of his Heart in Contradiſtinction to Imprudence and Weakneſs, and to improve the Grief and Repentance of a too guilty Brother, in proportion as I made a Confeſſion of his Exceſſes. Thus the Marriage of *Patrick*, the Wound of *Sarah*, and the Death of *Fincer* found room ſucceſſively in my Recital. I ſaw more than once the Front of *Dilnick* covered with Gloomineſs, and his Eyes inflamed by the Motions which without doubt were raiſed in his Heart. But it was then I redoubled the Marks of my own Grief, and laboured to make my Diſcourſe more moving by new Humiliations. In fine, for the laſt Impreſſion on the Heart of the formidable *Dilnick*, I alledged the Cares and eager Attendances of all my Family ſince the Misfortune of

Sarah, thoſe of *Patrick* himſelf, who had for three Days even forgot his new Spouſe, and loſt all reliſh for Sleep and Nouriſhment. You go to ſee my Lord *Tenermill*, ſaid I, fixed to the Bed of your Niece with all the Ardours of Reſpect and Love. You will there ſee my Siſter, who does not leave her one Moment; your Tenderneſs can add nothing to all the Cares they have for her Health and Repoſe: And as to me, added I, who may without fear call up to your Mind a thouſand Proofs of my Sincerity and Honour, which you cannot have forgotten, I call Heaven to witneſs, that your Family has not among them a Friend more zealous and tender than mine.

It was time for me to ſtop. Though I had ſomething to add to the Reaſons I laboured to join together in my Diſcourſe, the Efforts it coſt me ſo exhauſted my Strength, that I could not continue it. I waited trembling to ſee on what Point the firſt Motions of *Dilnick* would bear; and if I laboured farther to bend him, it was by the Conſternation of my Countenance and Silence. He was not in haſte to anſwer me. Without looking on him I could diſcover from his Agitations what furious Combats paſſed in his Heart. He ſeem'd to reflect on every thing he had juſt heard and inquired after; and, notwithſtanding his Tranſports appeared to regulate the Tone of his Voice he was going to ſpeak to me in, ſo much Slowneſs in a Man ſo rough began to raiſe in me ſome Amazement. He at length took up the Diſcourſe, but in a Voice more moderate than I durſt have hoped for.

Thus, ſaid he, the Father, the Daughter, the Fortune, and perhaps the Honour of my Family, all appear an eaſy Sacrifice to your Brother, to gratify the Irregularity of his Paſſions. Hear me, ſaid he; I charge no Body with Accidents of Chance, and I can well diſtinguiſh between things that ought to be aſcribed only to our Misfortune, and thoſe that deſerve the Name of Inſult and Outrage. I even make a juſt Diſtinction between the Conduct of *Patrick*, and that

of

of the reſt of your Family. But nothing ſhall ſtop my Reſentment againſt a baſe perfidious Wretch, who has raiſed to us ſo many Evils. If my Lord *Tenermill* maintains any Pretenſions to my Niece, and you any Deſign on my Friendſhip, it is by abandoning *Patrick* to my Revenge that you can both of you give me Proofs of the Sincerity of your Intentions.

Upon finiſhing this terrible Diſcourſe he aroſe with a furious Air. I ſhould have thought him ready to go in queſt of *Patrick* to decide the Quarrel on the Spot, if I could have imagined he knew where he lived. But the Certainty I had, that he was but juſt come to *Paris*, relieved me from that Fear, and the Day beginning to approach towards an End, I flattered my ſelf that before Morning I ſhould find means of haſtening the Departure of *Patrick*. This Reflection was ſo much the more comfortable, as it made me look on it as an extreme Happineſs to ſee him turn all his Fury on the ſole Object, which I hoped immediately to put under Shelter from him, at leaſt by removing it out of the way. I ſaw nothing to fear about myſelf, ſince he had excepted *Tenermill* from his Hatred, and had in a manner approved the Inclination he ſuppoſed in him for his Niece. Whatever Projects of Revenge he might meditate againſt *Patrick*, I had room to hope, that during our continual Commerce with him, by applying all our Study to appeaſe and pleaſe him, we ſhould ſooner or later ſucceed in making him aſſume other Sentiments. I found myſelf ſo fortified by this way of reaſoning, that avoiding every thing that might indulge him in his preſent Notions, I propoſed to him to go up to his Niece's Chamber, and to afford her by his Preſence a Conſolation ſhe ſtood in need of. But notwithſtanding the Air of Tenderneſs I affected in giving him this Invitation, not being able to diſpenſe with my ſelf from prepoſſeſſing him with the neceſſity of concealing from *Sarah* the Death of her Father as long as her Health required this Caution, this Advice made

me ſtill endure ſome furious Strokes of Reſentment againſt *Patrick*.

My Lord *Tenermill* and the Counteſs of *S*——, who were already informed of his Arrival. and who had not doubted with what View I was retired aſide with him, eaſily judged in ſeeing us appear together, that I had diſpoſed him to receive their Compliments civilly. They ſaluted him with Marks of Satisfaction and Friendſhip, which confirmed what I had told him of their Sentiments. *Sarah* was charmed to ſee him. She knew her Father had perſuaded her to meet him at *Paris*, and his Diligence did not ſeem to give her any Surprize. But the Joy ſhe felt proceeded from a Cauſe I did not at firſt perceive. In the ſweet Error ſhe yet was under of flattering herſelf with Hopes of *Patrick*'s Return, ſhe thought obligingly that *Dilnick*, to whom her Father had given no other Reaſon for inviting him out of *Ireland*, than the Deſire of revenging himſelf on our Family, was agreeably deceived to ſee us united together about her; and giving herſelf up to a Thought ſo pleaſing and ſatisfactory, ſhe lamented that *Patrick*, whoſe Abſence they had hitherto luckily enough coloured over, was not with her. Alas! where is he? ſaid ſhe to me in a languiſhing Voice. *Dilnick* fretted to ſee her in this Error; and I perceived, that if he conſtrained himſelf to keep ſilence, it was only out of fear of injuring the Recovery of a Niece ſo dear. I anſwered in haſte, that the three Nights he had paſſed in watching with her, had made my Brother ſtand in need of neceſſary Reſt; and then repenting myſelf for having ſaid what might be looked upon as a Falſhood, ſince it only ſerved to confirm her in her Prepoſſeſſions without Foundation, I changed what I had ſaid with leſs Violence to my Sincerity, by ſpeaking of a Journey I had made to *St. Germain*, and of the Intentions the King had ſhewed of advancing *Patrick*'s Fortune. What I added of the haſte that Prince was in to ſee him, and even of the Orders he had given me to adver-

advertiſe him of it, was a Preparation of which the Effect was very uſeful to us. It not only caſt new Seeds of Hopes, and conſequently of Conſolation, into the Heart of *Sarah*, but in making her think, that he was obliged to go to *St. Germain*, in Obedience to the King's Orders, it prevented the renewal of Sorrow and Trouble, which ſhe would ſpeedily have felt for the Continuance of his Abſence.

The Moderation of *Dilnick* appeared to me to be ſo good an Omen, that going into another Apartment with him and *Tenermill*, I heaped on him my Compliments and Careſſes. He had the Reſolution to let nothing eſcape him that might awaken my Fears on *Patrick*'s Score, and on the contrary the Thoughts of *Tenermill*'s Marriage poſſeſſing him intirely, he was the firſt to aſk, whether it were a Reſolution ſeriouſly formed? His Tranquillity appeared to increaſe yet more by the Ardour he ſaw in *Tenermill* to give him an Anſwer. An Alliance ſo ſincerely coveted by Perſons on whom it might depend, appeared to me ſo certain, as to have it concluded on the Spot, if Circumſtances had permitted; for Neceſſity had become a Law ſo indiſpenſible for *Sarah*, that it was no longer from her I expected any Obſtacles. What other Reſource could ſhe have, when ſhe heard the Confirmation of *Patrick*'s Marriage, and could ſhe fail of ſacrificing all her Repugnances to her Honour?

From the Satisfaction this Thought gave me, I changed my Deſign of preſſing *Patrick* by Letter to be gone, into that of ſeeing him myſelf. It appeared to me a Matter of Importance, that he ſhould carry with him ſome Certainty of the Marriage of his Brother, and be diſpoſed by my Exhortations ſpeedily to repair the Irregularity of his own. I was willing to draw ſuch a Promiſe from him, that I might have nothing to reproach myſelf with from a Conſent that I gave to his Departure, and which ſeemed to comprehend in it an open Approbation of his Conduct. This was the firſt Subject I accoſted him upon; I did not ſpeak a Word to him of *Dilnick*, and when I

thought myſelf aſcertained by his Anſwer that he was not eſtranged from my Propoſal, I thought of nothing but retiring, to leave him at liberty to be gone.

He ſeemed to be taken up with nothing but his Journey; and I could never imagine, how he came to change his Mind all at once in ſo ſhort a Space. I had not got down to the Foot of the Stairs, before he ſent one of his Servants to call me back; and meeting me; I know not, ſaid he, what it is obliges me to leave *France*, when you give me ſuch formal Aſſurances of my Brother's Marriage. Even ſuppoſing my Preſence ſhould be an Obſtacle to it, what hinders me from retiring a few Weeks to the Country, and to ſpread abroad the Report of my Departure? You have not imparted to me, ſaid he, the Succeſs of your Journey to *St. Germain*, and the King's Goodneſs to you. I have learned it all from my Valet de Chambre, and ſhould not ſcruple to ſacrifice the Hopes that Prince has given you for me, if ſuch a Sacrifice were neceſſary for our common Tranquillity. But one Moment's Reflection has made me believe, that all our Intereſts may be eaſily reconciled. *Tenermill* ſhall become the Huſband of *Sarah*; I ſhall appear again after his Marriage, and draw all the Advantages I can hope from the King's Favour. A Propoſal ſo little expected ſurprized me enough to make me conſider a long Time upon my Anſwer. He took me by the Hand; come with me, ſaid he, and tell me what paſſed between the King and you more faithfully than I could hear it from my Valet. I followed him without loſing ſight of the firſt Impreſſion made on me by what he ſaid, and which I had conſidered with all the Attention I was capable. I found that in reality the Offer he made of retiring to the Country being an Anſwer beforehand to all my Fears, he had but few Hazards to run by delaying his Departure. The Country-Houſe of the Count *De S*— was a Retreat, in which I was ſure the Secret would be kept: And when he could be in Security from the Menaces of *Dilnick*, what Reaſon had I at the Bottom

Bottom to wiſh for his Removal farther off? Even as to the main Deſign I had in View of amending the Form of his Marriage, had I not a more ſure Proſpect of making him reliſh my Advice when he was within a few Leagues of *Paris*, than at the Diſtance he was going to be from us in ſome Town of *Germany*? And on the other Hand, of what Importance was it to *Sarah*, whether he were near or at a Diſtance from her, when his Preſence or Abſence could make no further Alteration in her Hopes? Theſe Reflexions, receiving Strength perhaps from too worldly a Deſire of not loſing the Opportunity of the King's Favour for the Advancement of my Family, made a Revolution in my Sentiments almoſt as quick as what had juſt happened in thoſe of *Patrick*. I ſat down near him with a Tranquillity proceeding from my Joy, and having related to him, as he requeſted, all the Circumſtances of my Journey to St. *Germain*, I confeſſed to him, upon winding up my Story, that I had few Objections to make againſt what he propoſed.

Neverthleſs for ever alarmed with the Menaces of *Dilnick*, I added divers Reaſons, which according to his own Scheme of retiring privately to the Country, ought to make him haſten his Departure, as much as if he was to go to *Germany*. I was happy enough to make him reliſh theſe Reaſons; and the Satisfaction he ſhewed in his Turn for my Facility in approving his Deſires, made him uſe all the Diligence I could expect for his entering into my Views. Orders were given upon the Spot for the return of his Goods, which had already left *Paris*, and the other Alterations were ſo eaſy, that they were made during the Night with as much Diligence as Secreſy.

In the Reflexions I continued to make upon this Change, I found new Reaſons for approving it; but ſtill not forgetting the Deſire the King ſhewed to ſee *Patrick* on the Morrow, I was reſolved to go myſelf to his Levee, to make our Excuſes acceptable. Arriving at *St. Germain* before the King was up, I

found many Perſons of Rank in the Anti-chamber, among whom I ſaw *Angleſey*; who came up to me as ſoon as he obſerved me. My perpetual Troubles had given me few Opportunities of viſiting him ſince he came to *Paris*, and the ſtrict Friendſhip he had maintained with Mademoiſelle *De L*——— and *Patrick* was the ſole Reaſon that made me a little ſtrange to him. Nevertheleſs, not being able to refuſe him theſe Compliments, which the Cuſtom of the World has made a Duty, he gave me the Opportunity of ſeeing him ſometimes at *Saiſons*, and I never had given him room to think that I found his Viſits troubleſome. I know not whether it were upon this Foundation only that he thought himſelf authorized to make me a Confident of his Deſigns, or whether he hoped to draw any Advantage from my Anſwers to give them Succeſs: But after the firſt Compliments, he took me aſide to entertain me with the following Diſcourſe.

You know, ſaid he, the Friendſhip I have ſworn to your Brother, and that which he hath honoured me with. Yeſterday, when he was preparing to be gone the Night following to *Germany*, he thought himſelf obliged by our ſtrict Union to give me Notice of his Departure, and the haſte I made in going to his Houſe might demonſtrate to him how ſenſible I was of this tender Mark of his Attention for me. He gave heaped meaſure to his Favours by diſcovering to me his Situation. He informed me of the Concluſion of his Marriage with Mademoiſelle *De L*———, and his Reſolution of retiring with her into *Germany*, to ſhelter himſelf from the Reſentment of *Sarah Fincer*, the Place of his Retreat, in fine, all the Views he had formed for his new Eſtabliſhment. But what I regarded as the moſt generous Teſtimony of the Goodneſs of his Heart, among the Reaſons that obliged him to quit *France*, to ſeparate himſelf from *Sarah*, he gave me to underſtand, that he took ſo much Intereſt in her Happineſs as to employ himſelf ſtill about it. He made me an Encomium on all the Perfec-

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tions he knew in her Character, ſince the Time he had bore the Name of her Huſband; and ſeeing her worthy of a Thouſand Paſſions, which he could not feel for her, he laboured to inſpire me with them; as to the Objection I drew from the Concurrence of my Lord *Tenermill*, whoſe Views and Attempts he had informed me of a long time before; he anſwered, that unhappily for his Brother, *Sarah* had ſhewn little Taſte for his Perſon, and few Compliances to his Diligence and Cares; that *Tenermill* was ſo well convinced of this himſelf, that he had in a manner renounced all Hopes; that he had gone away ſuddenly to free himſelf from an unſucceſsful Paſſion, and that being embarked with his Regiment for *Ireland*, there was great Appearance, that his military Occupations and Abſence would finiſh the healing of his Heart, which was formed for Ambition much more than for Love. In fine, opening to me a Courſe, that he warranted to be free, he preſſed me to enter courageouſly into it, and to truſt the Succeſs of my Boldneſs to my good Fortune.

I cannot diſavow, continued *Angleſey*, that independent of the Charms of *Sarah*, which would be ſufficient to make me aſpire to the Happineſs of pleaſing her, I look on her Riches and Birth, as two Motives capable of animating me. I have but little Eſtate, why then ſhould I neglect the Opportunity of making myſelf happy by Fortune and Love? In leaving your Brother, I received from him, as his laſt Favour, an Advice, which I am going to execute. He has given me to underſtand, that in the Trouble and Weakneſs he had left *Sarah*, I had but one way to obtain Acceſs to her, and that was to ſupport myſelf by the Countenance of the King's Recommendation. A Stranger, and without Alliances at *Paris*, the Embarraſſment in which ſhe continues ſince the Death of her Father, would make her look upon the King's Protection as a Favour from Heaven; and I have no doubt but that what I ſhall begin under ſuch powerful Auſpices, I ſhall be able to bring to a happy

Concluſion, by my Addreſs and Pains. I only wait for the Hour of the King's Levee to make a Trial of my Credit. Having got a Sight of you, added he, I flatter myſelf, that you will not only receive in good part this Overture, but that ſeconding the Intentions of your Brother, you will employ for me all the weight that your Merit has given you at Court.

Whatever Aſtoniſhment and Vexation ſuch ſtrange Propoſals might give me, they were accompanied with ſo much Reſpect, and ſo many polite Compliments, that I could not aſſume a Voice leſs civil to anſwer them. But I had taken my Reſolution from the firſt Word, which had given me a Foreſight of their Drift. It might have been eaſy for me to comprehend, that *Patrick* had given him Notice to come to him in the Interval of the two Viſits I had paid him, and that not being then informed either of the Arrival of my Lord *Tenermill*, or the Renewal of his Love, he might have fancied that the Project he had formed in favour of his Friend, might be of ſome Advantage to *Sarah*. This Reflexion aſſured me alſo, that *Angleſey* was ignorant of the Changes that had been brought about ſince, and to be able to reaſon upon theſe two Foundations would at leaſt make him depart from his fixed Point. I did not look farther for the Means of delivering myſelf from ſuch an unſeaſonable and unlucky Accident. Having commended *Patrick* for his Sentiments, which made him think of the Happineſs of *Sarah*, I laid before *Angleſey* all the Reaſons ſhe herſelf had, not to be ſenſible of over much Gratitude for a Service of this Nature; and confeſſing to him without going about the Buſh, that he might indeed have choſen a Confident more diſpoſed than I was to ſerve him, I informed him, that both he and *Patrick* were under an Error, that might be eaſily ſet right, if they thought that *Tenermill* was diſcouraged by ſome Obſtacles, which no longer ſubſiſted. He is at *Paris*, ſaid I, it is the force of his Paſſion has brought him back to it; and to conceal nothing from you, he is with *Sarah*, who receives his Aſſiduities, and

and in all Appearance finds an Inclination to reward them. Spare yourſelf, added I, a Step, of the Unprofitableneſs of which I give you Notice, and do not build upon Hopes, which will be immediately deſtroyed by the Recital I come now myſelf to make the King.

This then was indeed enough to baniſh all Hopes from a Man leſs animated than he by a double Motive, of which he had made me the Confeſſion. But not being able ſo eaſily to conſent to the Loſs of two Advantages, which had all Night flattered his Imagination, he ſeemed leſs afflicted at my Refuſal to ſerve him, than at his own Imprudence in opening himſelf to me ſo unwarily. He looked upon me with an irreſolute Eye, and recovering himſelf after ſome Moment's Silence: It is of no Importance, ſaid he, with a peremptory Air, I know no Obſtacle that can be capable of cooling me; and if you will give me leave to ſpeak freely, added he, I have more Reliance upon the Notions of *Patrick* than upon yours. I was going to reply, and let him know, that what he called the Notions of *Patrick* ſuppoſed the Abſence and deſiſting of *Tenermill*; but obſerving that the King's Chamber was opened, he left me, and advanced nimbly towards the Door. One Word in the Uſher's Ear obtained him the Liberty of a private Audience. I perceived all at once what Advantage he was going to have by anticipating me. and I was vexed not to have made this Reflexion earlier.

In reality he was ſenſible enough, that not finding me diſpoſed to ſecond him, he could be not too ſpeedy in bringing the King into his Intereſt, and to aſſure himſelf of his Protection by ſome formal Promiſes, which would become a ſacred Engagement to this Prince. I further obſerved how deficient I was in the Cuſtoms of the World upon this Occaſion. If I had known how to have profited by my Prerogatives, my Character, and the Quality of Almoner to his Majeſty, had opened me an Entrance into his Chamber before him, who prevailed over me by his Dili-

gence. A falſe Modeſty ſtayed me, or, if I may confeſs it without Shame, a Motive yet more ridiculous, which was only a Fear of injuring the Gravity of my Profeſſion, by advancing as nimbly as *Angleſey* towards the Door.

Whilſt I was reproaching myſelf with this Weakneſs, he took Advantage of the Honour he had of addreſſing himſelf to the King by opening his Deſigns, and intereſting the Goodneſs of that Prince to favour them to his Power: The Promiſe of attaching himſelf to the Court was a Motive ſo powerful, that it obtained him much more than he durſt have hoped for. They looked at the Court of St. *Germain* on theſe ſort of Conqueſts as ſo many Advantages over the Uſurper. The King immediately ordered one of his principal Gentlemen to be called, and charging him with his Pleaſure in Terms moſt flattering for *Angleſey* and *Sarah Fincer*, he let him know, the Succeſs of his Commiſſion ſhould be a Merit for him that ſhould not remain unrewarded. *Angleſey* went out with this lucky Fruit of his haſte, and being much above fearing my Efforts, affected to paſs near me with an haughty Air, without imparting to me what he triumphed in having obtained.

Nevertheleſs, as I had acquired a little more Boldneſs by my Reflections, I took Advantage from his Example to demand a private Audience after him. The Facility they ſhewed in granting it, encreaſed the Vexation I felt for not having been earlier preſented. The King did not give me Time to declare what brought me back ſo ſoon to his Court. If you had come one Inſtant ſooner, ſaid he off hand, you would have been a Witneſs of the Intereſt I take in all that belongs to you; for the Daughter of *Fincer* ought yet to concern you: And giving himſelf the Trouble to relate what he had done in my Favour for the Happineſs of *Angleſey*, I wiſh, added he, that ſhe may take a greater Reliſh for him, than one of your Brother's has had for her, or than ſhe herſelf has ſhewed for the other. I anſwered, that if I did not apprehend

prehend a Failure in Duty by my Complaints, I would give a quite different Name to what his Majeſty willed me to look upon as a Favour. My Brother, added I, had Hopes, which your Majeſty has juſt now ruined, by giving Succeſs to thoſe of another. If the Favour may contribute to the Happineſs of any one, it is not to that of my Family, and the Benefit is only for *Angleſey*, who muſt gather the Fruit of it. This Diſcourſe, and the Air of Grief with which I accompanied it, gave the King ſo much Surprize, that riſing half up, he preſſed me, continuing ſitting on his Bed, to explain to him a Myſtery, of which he aſſured me he did not comprehend one Word. Is it not true, continued he, that my Lord *Tenermill* has broke with *Fincer*'s Daughter, and is he not gone to command his Regiment? I then begged Permiſſion to enter into a Detail of our domeſtic Affairs, and taking up every Thing that had happened ſince the Arrival of *Fincer*, I prayed his Majeſty to judge himſelf of the Situation and Hopes of *Tenermill*. *Angleſey*, added I, was not ignorant of his Return; he knew it from myſelf a Moment ago; and our Misfortune is, that with more Addreſs than I had, he found Means of being preſented to your Majeſty before me. My Sincerity appeared even in the Tone that Grief made me uſe. The King was ſo moved at it, that having ordered *Angleſey* to be recalled, he ſhewed himſelf much irritated againſt him, when being enquired after to no purpoſe, he was informed that he had already left St. *Germain*. He immediately ordered the Gentleman who had the Charge of *Angleſey*'s Intereſts, to be recalled; but the haſty *Angleſey* had engaged him to be gone upon the Spot; and the King, ſurprized at their Haſte, was reduced to the Neceſſity of diſpatching a Courier, with Orders for them to return to him immediately.

The Goodneſs of this Prince would have been ſufficient to conſole me, if I had conſidered in the Marriage of my Brother only the Advantages he would find in it for his Eſtabliſhment. But in the Diſpoſi-

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tion I knew *Dilnick* to be, I foreſaw, that the only Means I had to inſpire him with more Moderation, coming to fail by theſe new Views they were going to give him for his Niece, it would be impoſſible, at may be, to make him drop his Deſigns of Revenge againſt *Patrick*. I confeſſed this to the King, and from thence took Occaſion to make Apologies for this dear Brother, who ought to have been at St. *Germain* to receive his Orders. The advantageous Touches that Friendſhip made me chuſe in praiſing at the ſame time his Character, added to the Impreſſions yet remaining on that good Prince from the moving Recital I had made him of one Part of his Adventures, inſpired him with ſo much Goodneſs for my Brother, that he determined on the Spot to give him an extraordinary Mark of it. I approve, ſaid he, the Precautions you have taken to make him avoid meeting *Dilnick*; but I know more ſure Means to ſhelter him from his Violence: That is, in the firſt Place to take upon myſelf the Care of reconciling them: I will give Notice to them both to appear here, and will oblige them to embrace one another, and forget their Quarrels. Then, to remove all Opportunities of rekindling their Hatred, I will ſend your Brother to *Spain*, where I have ſome ſecret Affairs to manage; ſo that what will conduce to his Safety, will at the ſame Time be uſeful for my Intereſts and his own Fortune. I embraced the Knees of ſo excellent a King, to ſhew him the Ardour of my Gratitude; but appearing ſo ſenſible to his Goodneſs for *Patrick*, I entreated him further to extend his Favour to *Tenermill*.

The King's Intention was ſincere, and perhaps would have produced immediately ſome Effect, if his Commands had been fulfilled with more Diligence; but *Angleſey* got the Start of them by his. He went directly to *Dilnick*. The Gentleman, who accompanied him, intereſted perhaps in his Service by other Hopes, had given ſuch an artful Turn to his Commiſſion, that *Dilnick*, whom Neceſſity alone had made hearken

hearken to our Propoſals, was in Raptures to find ſo fair an Opportunity of ſhaking off the Yoke, and of preſerving the Honour of his Niece, without being obliged to obſerve the leaſt Caution in reſpect of us. He gave his Promiſe to *Angleſey*, and immediately aſſuming a Right from this new Engagement to deliver himſelf from *Tenermill*, he declared to him, that from his Views, which he affected to wrap up in obſcure Terms, he was obliged to forbid him the Houſe, and all Acceſs to his Niece. Love, by mortally afflicting *Tenermill*, yet inſpired him with Moderation enough to keep in his Complaints: I found him at the Count *De S*———'s on my Arrival from St. *Germain*. He informed me what had thrown him into the Agitations he was in, and my Account augmented them; but I had ſo much Hopes from the King's Goodneſs, that my Conſolations had the Power of calming his Mind.

During this Time, the ſame Courier, who was charged to call back *Angleſey* and the Gentleman employed in his Favour, carried alſo an Order to *Dilnick* to appear at St. *Germain*. This was in Conſequence of the King's Promiſes, who ſeriouſly employed himſelf about the Concerns of my Brother, and was deſirous of putting an end at once to the two Affairs I had communicated to him. *Dilnick*, flattered with the Attention they appeared to ſhew him, and looking on it as the Conſequences of the Meſſage he had juſt before received, left *Paris* in ſo much Haſte, that arriving above an Hour before the other two, he heard from the King's own Mouth the Change that Prince had made in his firſt Orders. Perhaps having made the beſt of the Reſpect with which he had received them, the ſame Reaſon would have had the Power of keeping in his Murmurs upon hearing they were changed; but the King paſſing immediately to the Affair of *Patrick*, and exhorting him to put an End to it by forgetting a Quarrel, which it would be uſeleſs to revive, this Mention of the moſt piercing of his Vexations ſerved as a Pretext to oppoſe

poſe openly what at firſt he had not durſt to have rejected. He traced back with great Warmth all the Outrages he had received from my Brother in the Perſon of his Niece, and not limiting himſelf to the Pretence that his Schemes of Revenge were juſt, he had the Boldneſs to demand of the King, if it were worthy of his Goodneſs to propoſe to him the Brother of his mortal Enemy for a Huſband to his Niece. A King even more eaſy and condeſcending would have been offended at this Queſtion; but *James* the Second, whoſe Sweetneſs of Temper heightened and ſet off all his other Virtues, did not anſwer this Reproach otherwiſe than by Perſuaſions, founded upon Maxims of Religion, and upon the Neceſſity of Peace even for the Intereſt of both Families. His Inſtances were ſo preſſing, that they put *Dilnick* to Silence; and this was the greateſt Victory he could carry way over this inflexible Heart; but his inward Sentiments were not in the leaſt ſoftened by them. But the King, induced to believe that he ſubmitted to his Orders, thought no more than to confirm him in this Diſpoſition by all the Careſſes that were familiar to this great Prince.

In going out of the Apartments his Misfortune and ours was, that he met *Angleſey*, who arrived with the Gentleman diſpatched with him. He took him aſide to impart to him the King's Intentions, but took Care to aſſure him of his own, and having renewed to him all his Promiſes, he eaſily made him underſtand, that if he wiſhed for the Execution of them, he ought not to go into the King's Preſence, who would infallibly oblige him to renounce his Pretentions. *Angleſey* followed his Advice without Heſitation; they choſe to return together to *Paris*, notwithſtanding the King's expreſs Orders to *Dilnick* to wait for the Arrival of *Patrick*, between whom he was willing to bring about a Reconciliation. Upon my having acquainted this Prince with *Patrick*'s Retreat, he diſpatched a Courier to him, who went off immediately. Thus my Brother was upon the Road

to

to St. *Germain*, while *Dilnick* and *Angleſey* retook that to *Paris*.

They met at a little Diſtance from the Town. If *Patrick* could not ſee *Dilnick* without feeling much Emotion, Anger was the ſole Paſſion that took Poſſeſſion of the other when he ſaw my Brother. Nevertheleſs the Preſence of *Angleſey* ſtopped his firſt Tranſports. He fancied with Juſtice, that it was not in the Sight of a common Friend, that he ought to proceed to Violence; and this Thought obliging him to aſſume a calm Air, he contented himſelf to come up to *Patrick*, and tell him in few Words the Deſign he had to revenge himſelf. He made this Declaration with ſo much Caution, that *Angleſey* taking no Umbrage at it, my Brother eaſily found means of diſguiſing his Anſwer. He promiſed to go to *Paris* upon his leaving St. *Germain*, and to give *Dilnick* immediate Notice of his Arrival. What they added to this Converſation related to nothing but the Change made in the intended Journey to *Germany*, which *Angleſey* complained of not having known earlier, and parting with the uſual Appearances of Friendſhip, they continued their reſpective Journies,

The King ſeemed extremely irritated againſt *Dilnick*, when having ſeen my Brother appear, he in vain had an Enquiry made for his Enemy. The Gentleman, who had ſerved for a Guide to *Angleſey*, gave an Account not only of the Precipitation of his Departure, but of the Advice he had given *Angleſey* to follow him. This Temerity could not but turn to the Advantage of *Patrick*; ſo that the Goodneſs of the King appeared from thence more ardent in his Favour. Having done him the Honour of talking to him a long Time, he laid open to him the Occaſion he had of his Services in *Spain*; and although Birth, ſaid the King obligingly, diſtinguiſhes itſelf more than all Dignities, yet he inveſted him with the Title of Lord Chamberlain, to let him know what Share he would henceforth give him in his Confidence. In Relation to *Dilnick*, he recommended to him to avoid meeting

meeting this furious Man, and promiſed to take other Meaſures to inſpire him with more Moderation. *Patrick* bound by the common Maxims of Honour, made no Anſwer to this Exhortation, from the Fear of drawing on himſelf a peremptory Prohibition; but, lodging in the Bottom of his Heart the Impreſſion of *Dilnick*'s Menaces, he was not leſs urged with the Deſire of getting to *Paris*, to know without Delay what his Threats could have in them ſo terrible; and his Impatience appeared ſo viſible to the King's Eyes, that this Prince having at length miſtruſted what was the Cauſe, he ordered him a Guard, whom he commanded to follow him, without Intermiſſion, till his Departure for *Spain*.

This Obſtacle did not hinder him from taking immediately the Road to *Paris*, and thus overthrowing all my Precautions, he went directly to *Dilnick*, with whom he had a very briſk Converſation; they deceived the Vigilance of the Guard, by talking in the *Iriſh* Language. The Reſult of this Heat was, that *Dilnick* ſhould go ſecretly to the Frontiers of *Spain*, and there wait for my Brother. Beſides the Neceſſity the Guard had laid him under of conſtraining himſelf, *Patrick* did not forget what he had to fear in *France* from his firſt Duel, and into what Embarraſſment he muſt of Neceſſity caſt himſelf in the Courts of Law by a new Quarrel. But if it was Prudence that made him think of turning over *Dilnick* to *Spain* for Satisfaction; the ſame Reaſon might have made *Dilnick* deſire to battle it in *France*. The Condition his Niece was yet in, did not ſuffer him to remove far from her. He propoſed to leave *Paris* in a Litter under the Guidance of *Angleſey*, and the ſame Day to finiſh his Difference with my Brother. If the Chance of Arms declared for him, he reckoned upon it that he ſhould be immediately able to get to the Sea ſide. Although he returned from St. *Germain* with this Project, he was prevented from engaging by the Preſence of the Guard, and was obliged to change his Thoughts at the Deſire of *Patrick* himſelf.

In

In the mean Time, when being alone at Home, he had made new Reflections on the Danger to which he ſhould abandon his Niece, and the Delays he ſhould be expoſed to, his firſt Deſign returned ſo ſtrongly upon his Mind, that he determined to paſs over the Conſiderations that had ſtopped him. Such a furious Project could not come into the Mind of any Body but him; for the Guard not loſing Sight of my Brother a Moment, another would have feared to have had an Enemy more than one to combat, or at leaſt to find himſelf taken and arreſted upon any Attempt to attack *Patrick*. Nothing was capable of diſmaying him; diſcovering himſelf only to the faithleſs *Angleſey*, he did not refuſe the Requeſt made him to embark in the Quarrel, that is to ſay, *Angleſey* ſacrificing all the Rights of Gratitude, and Friendſhip to Love, ſhould undertake to attack the Guard, and lay him under the Neceſſity of thinking of his own Defence. Thus, by the moſt raſh Reſolution in the World, they determined to go in queſt of, and join their Enemies on the Spot, if it were poſſible, as they took their Way out of *Paris* in the Road to the Caſtle of the Count *De S*———, to which they had no doubt but *Patrick* would make Haſte to return.

It was eaſy for them indeed to learn that *Patrick* was at the Count *De S*———'s Houſe, and to have his Departure watched. They followed him with ſo much Precaution, that having choſen on the Road, the moſt proper Place for executing their Deſign, they had all the Eaſe they could deſire to overtake the Chaiſe. The Guard being on Horſeback, *Angleſey* took him aſide, while *Dilnick* preſſed my Brother to alight. The Surprize he was in to ſee himſelf attacked againſt the Faith of ſo late an Agreement, did not hinder him from thinking to put himſelf upon his Defence with a good Grace. The Combat was long and bold; at length the raſh *Dilnick* found in it his Puniſhment. He was pierced through with a mortal Wound, having firſt received one more ſlight, which helped only to provoke his Fury. *Angleſey* ſeeing him

him fall lifeleſs, left the Guard, with whom he was leſs hurt than amuſed; he made ſome Excuſes to my Brother, which he gave little Ear to, but adviſed him immediately to remove himſelf by Flight into a Place of Security.

Patrick and his Guard had no other Choice than to return directly to St. *Germain*, to give an Account to the King of a Miſchance, they could by no Means avoid. *Patrick* put the Corps of *Dilnick* into his Chaiſe, and mounted the Horſe of one of his Servants, to whom he gave Orders to return to *Paris* behind the Chaiſe, and to go to the Houſe of the Count *De S*——, where he had left me. The Commiſſion he had charged him with was to inform me of this melancholy Adventure, and to commit to me the Care of burying the Body he had ſent me. I was with the Count and my Lord *Tenermill* when this mournful Preſent came to me. The Care they took of drawing the Curtains of the Chaiſe, took away all Suſpicions from the Count's Servants, and *Patrick*'s Lacquey had Diſcretion enough to diſcover his Maſter's Orders to any Body but me. I adored the Diſpoſitions of Providence, which did not leave me one Moment to breathe after ſo many Diſturbances; and thinking I had no other Choice to make in this Matter than to bury *Dilnick* privately, I had him carried to *Saiſons*, where I propoſed to go immediately, and take that Care on myſelf.

But going back to the Count and *Tenermill*, I immediately informed them of what I had juſt learned. If the Heart of a good Man could feel any Joy at the Misfortune of another, when it might turn to his own Advantage, I ſhould have ſuſpected *Tenermill* not to have heard me without ſome Return of Complacency in relation to his own proper Intereſts. But then he anticipated this Suſpicion by his Anſwer. I lament the unfortunate *Dilnick*, ſaid he, and I baniſh from me the Memory of every Thing that might make me think of his Death with other Sentiments. Nevertheleſs, added he, you will not be ſurprized, that

that not having any Thing farther to fear from the Competition of *Angleſey*, I reſume all my Hopes, and am returning this Moment to *Sarah*. I ſtopped him. You give little Attention, ſaid I, to a thouſand Difficulties, that ought to make you leſs haſty. What I fear from the very Misfortune of her Uncle, which may prove a new Obſtacle to your Views, is not perhaps the moſt ſtrong. But what are you going to ſay to *Sarah*, and how do you hope to conceal from her this new Accident, which ſhe cannot hear without being informed of more of the ſame kind of Miſchiefs? We are ignorant, continued I, whether ſhe hath been told of the Death of her Father, of the laſt Reſolutions of *Patrick*; or, if it be probable that *Dilnick* might not have concealed for any Time her Misfortunes, we are yet more uncertain of the Effect they have produced on her. Will you go and carry her News at a Hazard capable of making her ſink under the Burden of it, and ſpeak to her of Marriage or of Love, when ſhe is not perhaps taken up with any Thing but the Horror of her Fate? Having prevented him by theſe Reflections, I propoſed to him to abandon to me the Conduct of an Enterprize, that required a Mind leſs diſturbed than his; and I perſuaded him to conſent to remain with the Count, whilſt I ſhould go and inform myſelf of the Condition, and feel the Diſpoſitions of the unfortunate *Sarah*.

Neither Confidence nor Courage were neceſſary for me in this Enterprize; but I was ſenſible of the need I had of much Precaution and Addreſs. *Jacin*, who followed me, did not ſeem proper for the Diſcoveries I was willing to begin with. I muſt have a Spy, who was not known to the Servants, and who might aſſiſt me without giving them any Suſpicion of my Deſign. I took Advice of the Count, who offered me the Services of a diſcreet and faithful Friend, whoſe Talents he had employed in carrying on the Intrigue with my Siſter. Having given him Notice to come immediately to us at this Houſe, we inſtructed him in all the Circumſtances

cumſtances neceſſary for him to know, and told him every Thing we deſired to learn by his Diligence. He put on the ſame Diſguiſe, under which he had formerly come to me from the Count to carry me to the *Carthuſian* Monaſtery, and not having known him at firſt Sight, I recollected his Air and Figure with Amazement, as ſoon as he had changed his Dreſs.

I followed him till he had got to a certain Diſtance from *Sarah*'s Houſe, and the Time I paſſed in waiting for him, was taken up by my ſorrowful Reflections. They did not hinder me nevertheleſs from keeping my Eyes fixed on *Sarah*'s Door. I ſaw a Chair carried into it, which ſoon after came out again. As I had obſerved, that it was empty when it went in, I ſaw as plainly, that it was not ſo coming out. But my Curioſity would have proceeded no farther, if I had not perceived the Count's Friend, who came out alſo to follow it. His Eyes found me out in the Retreat I had choſen, and I imagined from a haſty Beck he gave me with his Hand, that notwithſtanding the Impatience he had to ſpeak to me, he was obliged by a Motive ſtill more preſſing not to quit the Chair. I made no Scruple to join him. Ah; ſaid he, proceeding forward with me, could you ever imagine who it is I am taking Care of, and where I am going? It is *Sarah* is in this Chair; it is ſhe herſelf, who upon the Diſcourſe I have had with her, has wiſhed to be carried to the Count's, and has refuſed to return to *Ireland* with *Angleſey*, in order to deſire a Sanctuary in the Boſom of your Family.

If nothing could have happened to me more agreeable, nothing alſo was more capable of giving me greater Surprize. I prayed this lucky Negociator to inform me, as we walked along, by what Art he had found the Way of doing that in an Inſtant, which I durſt not have promiſed myſelf Succeſs in from all my Endeavours and Cares. He told me, that having poſted himſelf at *Sarah*'s Door, under pretence of offering her his Services for *Ireland*, he had been received there with ſo much the more Eaſe, as they were preparing every

every thing to undertake the ſame Journey. This Hint, which he had got from the Servants, had at firſt embarraſſed him; but becoming from thence more eager for the Succeſs of his Commiſſion, he pretended at all Hazards, that he had come there on *Angleſey*'s Account, who being obliged to go before *Sarah*, the Services he could do her related to her Embarkment, upon which *Angleſey* had given it him in charge to conſult her. He had expoſed himſelf to the Imputation of an Impoſtor, if *Angleſey* ſhould have happened unluckily to be with her: but with the Reaſons he had to believe him far off, and not daring to uſe the Name of *Dilnick*, becauſe he was yet uncertain whether ſhe were informed of his Misfortune, nothing appeared to him more ſpacious to improve upon, than the Authority of a Man, whoſe Influences he had reaſon to ſuppoſe had a great Share in the Hurry he ſaw in the Houſe. However it were, he found it very lucky, that *Angleſey* had not in reality the Hardineſs to come back. Upon his coming into *Paris* he choſe to write to *Sarah*, and to frame a Story of an imaginary Adventure, which had obliged *Dilnick* immediately to take Poſt, and himſelf to make to the Sea-ſide with all Expedition. But as they had both declared, before they went to the Combat, that they muſt return to *Ireland*, and that the Preparations for their Departure were not difficult for Strangers, who had reſided ſo ſhort a Time at *Paris*, *Angleſey* had enlarged more than ever in his Letter on the Neceſſity there was for *Sarah* and her Servants not to continue long at *Paris*. He had given her Room to fear ſome Part of the Danger he ſuppoſed her Uncle threatened with, and having ſent to her a Man of Truſt, whom he had charged to diſpoſe her to the Journey according to the firſt Meaſures of *Dilnick*, he had reckoned that ſhe would determine herſelf upon his Word to follow an Advice ſo urgent. One might moreover eaſily penetrate the principal Motive that ſet him at Work. Yielding with Reaſon to the piercing Alarms remaining from his wicked Outrage, he was obliged for the

Safety

Safety of his Life not to loſe a Moment in getting out of the Way; and full of Hopes, which he could not with any Patience renounce, he would fain drag away *Sarah* after him, in order to draw all the Advantage poſſible from what *Dilnick* had done in his Favour, before ſhe could get an Account of his Death.

The Count's Friend having obtained Liberty of ſeeing her, found her under the Agitations into which this News had juſt then caſt her. She had been prepared for theſe Troubles by the Meaſures *Dilnick* had taken for her Departure, and by the Orders he had given her to receive *Angleſey* as a Man who muſt be her Huſband. But theſe two Propoſals throwing her at firſt into a mortal Melancholy, every Thing that tended to haſten the Effects, was only fit to augment her Trouble. In the mean Time, with the Submiſſion of an unfortunate Victim, who could find no Means to withdraw herſelf from her Dependance, ſhe had communicated *Angleſey*'s Letter to her Servants, and not having Power to declare her Inclinations, ſhe ſaw them making Preparations for her Departure with Tears in her Eyes, and Deſpair in her Heart. The Death of her Father, the abſolute Separation of *Patrick*, every Thing that we had endeavoured to conceal from her with ſo much Care, were not all the Wounds ſhe had yet to receive: The boiſterous *Dilnick* had with all his Skill endeavoured to make her reliſh more eaſily his new Propoſals, and reckoning as nothing the piercing of her by the moſt grievous Strokes, he had interpreted the Amazement that had checked the Courſe of her Tears, as the Mark of a Change he deſired to find in her. In this Situation, ſeeing the Count's Friend come in, who had given her Notice that he was Meſſenger from *Angleſey* and *Dilnick*, ſhe expected nothing from his firſt Words, but that he came to inform her that ſhe muſt go, and that he was ſent to ſerve her as a Guide. I know not whether ſhe would have embraced the Side of Submiſſion; but ſhe had ſcarce heard that he was come to her from me, and from the Count and Counteſs of *S*———,

than

than opening her Heart to Hopes, she lifted herself up on her Bed with as much Lightness and Activity as if she had no feeling from her Wound, and taking Notice by the Windings he used in delivering himself, that he thought he risqued something in speaking openly, she interrupted him with Ardour, to conjure him to let her know in two Words, if she had any Ground of Dependence remaining on my Friendship, and on that of the Count and Countess. The Assurance she immediately received of it seemed to give her as much Strength as Joy. She did not give him Leave to finish what he had to say. I am within a Moment, said she, of seeing myself forced to quit *Paris*, and perhaps to accept a Man for a Husband, whom I detest. The only Way open to preserve me from the Tyranny of my Uncle, is to seek a Sanctuary in the Generosity and Friendship of the Countess of *S*——. Go immediately and request this Favour for me. He, who judged from our Longings, that we had nothing to hope for more happy, boldly took on him to warrant our Dispositions on that Head, and, perhaps flattered with the Opinion he was going to give us of his Dexterity in returning so soon with such good Proofs of the Success of his Commission, ordered Chairmen to be called, and pressed *Sarah* to make Use of them that Moment. The Orders she left with her Servants, were not to slacken in the Preparations for her Departure; but as they consisted in nothing but packing up her Luggage, and filling her Trunks, this Care would equally serve the Design of removing them to the Count's.

Thus without having executed his principal Commission, our Friend had in Truth rendred to *Tenermill* and *Sarah*, a Service much more important than I durst hope for. But the Difficulty still remained intire, to know from herself what she thought of the irreparable Step of *Patrick*, and how she was disposed for *Tenermill*. I hugged myself with knowing, that she was already informed of what I should have

had the moſt difficult Taſk to communicate to her; for with the Subjects of Complaint ſhe had againſt *Dilnick*, I did not look on the News of his Death as a Diſcovery dangerous to her, or at leaſt I did not fear from thence a Renewal of Grief, which could add any Thing to what ſhe had felt from the Death of her Father, and the laſt Reſolution of *Patrick*. We got to the Count of *S*——'s in the Midſt of theſe Reflections. Her Surprize was great to perceive me ſo near her Chair; but that of *Tenermill* was much greater to ſee her, as it were, brought even to him into his Apartment. Though he had a Houſe of his own at *Paris*, finding himſelf in it without Servants and without Furniture, having left all his People at *Dunkirk*, he had taken no other Lodging than that of the Count's.

Sarah was yet too weak to keep long out of Bed; ſhe accepted of one, that was immediately offered her by the Counteſs. We had the Diſcretion in this firſt Moment not to let any Thing drop from us that might recal her Grief, and ſhe herſelf, perceiving our Views, thought of nothing but ſhewing her Acknowledgments of Gratitude for the Services we were ſo ready to do her. But as ſoon as ſhe had retired into the Apartment that my Siſter had appointed for her, ſhe prayed me to go in with her alone. The Tears I ſaw burſt out, and which for ſome Moments took from her the Power of ſpeaking, diſcovered the Violence ſhe had done herſelf in keeping them in. Alas! ſaid ſhe, after relieving herſelf by ſome Sighs, do you know any one whoſe Fate reſembles mine? I am a Stranger in a Family, wherein I ought to hold the ſame Rank with her, who has the Generoſity to afford me a Sanctuary. I owe only to Friendſhip, and perhaps to Compaſſion, what I ſhould hold by my own proper Rights, if they had not been cruelly uſurped. I have no longer any other Pretenſion remaining to Life or Repoſe but that which they would leave me by Favour, and when the Spite of my Fate, and the Cruelty of Men ſhould ceaſe to cruſh me with new Wounds,

that

that Grief and Bitterneſs, which yet always remains in the Bottom of my Heart, is ſufficient to render me the moſt unfortunate of all my Sex.

She ſtopped, being drowned in Tears, and ſmothered even more by the Multitude of her ſorrowful Reflexions, than by the Abundance of her Sobbs. A Sight ſo moving had ſoftened me even into Tears, and I more than once took out my Handkerchief to wipe them away. At length, reſuming her Words with a feeble and trembling Voice; I have loſt my Father, continued ſhe, I have loſt my Huſband; the Senſe of finding in me ſo little Obedience is about loſing me the Eſteem and Affection of my Uncle: I have loſt every Thing; I have nothing more remaining, my dear Dean, than to beg your Aid to help me to die. Alas! hear me, added ſhe, ſeeing me open my Mouth to ſweeten thoſe black Ideas by ſome Words of Conſolation, ſuffer me to finiſh, and refer your Exhortations and Advice until I have acquainted you with all my Sentiments. You ought not to doubt me, but that in retiring among you to avoid the Perſecutions of my Uncle in Favour of *Angleſey*, I did not reflect that this was to expoſe myſelf to thoſe of my Lord *Tenermill*; and how are they perhaps going to be augmented, when they ſhall appear to him juſtified by the abſolute Loſs of all my Hopes? But I declare to you here what will be more agreeable to him to hear from you than from me; I proclaim my eternal Hatred to whoever ſhall dare to pronounce to me the Name of *Love*, and this Diſpoſition ſhall infallibly continue all my Life. Nevertheleſs as I have nothing but the Sentiments of my Grief to object to him, and that after having loſt the ſole Good that could make me happy, I would not refuſe my Happineſs from him, if I were capable of accepting it from any one, I have no thought either to fly him, or to reject his Cares. I even think of giving him a Token of my Gratitude, which he little expects. I know he is not rich. My Eſtate is uſeleſs to me, as long as the Count and his Spouſe ſhall conſerve the Sentiments they have

for me; which may he enjoy until Death has delivered me from my Pains, or till a Change, that I do not foreſee, ſhall have given me a Reliſh for other Pleaſures than Sorrow and Tears. The ſole Condition I impoſe on him is, never to ſpeak to me of Marriage or Love.

A Declaration ſo formal took from me the very Deſire of oppoſing her Sentiments. But in the Name of *Tenermill*, rejecting the Offer ſhe made of the Uſe of her Eſtate, I prayed her to believe us as capable as herſelf of a generous Sentiment, and not to ſuſpect any View of Intereſt in our Services. My Brother, ſaid I, aſpires to the Happineſs of pleaſing you. He will know how to retrench even from his Cares every Thing that might remove him for this Aim, and I find him happy enough, that you conſent to endure them. It ſeemed to me at the Bottom, that this Preference ſhe gave to him over *Angleſey* was flattering to him, and far from judging of it in another Light, he confeſſed to me, when I went to inform him of what paſſed, that he drew from thence a very ſweet Omen for the Succeſs of his Love. Nevertheleſs upon ſome Advice he had received from *Dunkirk*, he was obliged to be gone the Day following to rejoin his Squadron. The Grief he had in leaving *Sarah*, and the Inſtances with which he recommended to me to cultivate thoſe Seeds of Goodneſs ſhe had expreſſed for him, were perhaps the moſt tender Sentiments that had ever diſturbed his Heart.

Angleſey, impatient of the Delay which he aſcribed to the Daughter of *Fincer*, writ to her more than once to preſs her to make Haſte to *Calais*. He continued to uſe the Name, and to lay a Streſs upon the Commands of her Uncle, whom he ſuppoſed to have croſſed the Seas, and to wait for her at *Dover*. At length, being informed by the Letters of his Agent whom he had left at *Paris*, of the Reſolution ſhe had taken to retire into my Family, and concluding all at once, that ſhe was no longer in the Dark as to the Death of *Dilnick*, and that ſhe had ſurrendered herſelf

to

to *Tenermill*'s Paſſion, he ſent for his Siſters, and embarked himſelf with them for *Ireland*. I had opened all his Letters by the Orders of *Sarah* herſelf, who was willing to ſpare herſelf that Trouble: I had found in the laſt, that he had ſpoke openly of the Misfortune of *Dilnick*, from a Suppoſition that the Knowledge of this Accident, which ſhe might have received from ſomebody elſe, was the Cauſe that hindered her from leaving *Paris*, and following the Will of her Uncle: This Opportunity appeared to me ſo natural to inform her in Reality of her Loſs, that I thought it my Duty to lay hold of it, without any other Precaution than to add to my Account the ordinary Conſolations of Religion. I had to do with a Heart ſo exerciſed in Troubles, that a new Misfortune could add but little Bitterneſs to it. But the Advantage I drew from doing this, was to faſten cloſer the Bonds that had linked her to my Family, by giving her Room to think, there ſcarce remained any Thing in the World ſo near to her. She ſtretched out to me her Hand upon communicating this Reflexion, and conjured me to hold the Place of the Father and Uncle ſhe had loſt.

I had the firſt Day performed the Funeral Offices to *Dilnick*, and from an Impatience to learn News of *Patrick*, had diſpatched my Valet to the Caſtle of the Count *De S*——, to wait for his Return. He had given me the Day following, a Detail that had pleaſed me for many Reaſons. The King had approved of my Brother's vigorous Defence, and had taken upon himſelf to put a Stop to all the Conſequences of it. Nevertheleſs, conceiving that a Rencounter of this Nature might draw on him a Proſecution at Law, and revive the Memory of his former Actions, which might always expoſe him to ſome Danger, he had given him Orders to be gone two Days after to *Spain*, and his Inſtructions had been drawn up without any Delay. Thus there being nothing to call him back again to St. *Germain*, he had taken his Licence of Abſence from the King. Whatever might now

ſtop him, was only Decency to take his Leave of us at *Paris*; but he had thought himſelf, that other Conſiderations ſhould hinder him from appearing there, and had taken the Opportunity of *Jacin* to make his Apologies. His Commiſſion was to be of ſo ſhort a Continuance, that he reckoned to be back in *France* in four Months, and his Intentions were not to carry his Wife with him.

He would have been ſo unlucky as to have come to the Count's, without knowing what he might have found there. I could not be too much pleaſed at the Account that delivered me from this Diſtreſs. Moreover it ſeemed to me, that among the Scruples yet remaining concerning his Marriage, if the Circumſtances of his Departure did not give me Room to propoſe the Reparations I thought neceſſary to cover the Reproach, yet his Abſence would at leaſt leſſen what appeared criminal to my Eyes in a Commerce, that I could not bring myſelf to treat as lawful. I yet flattered myſelf, that this Interval would give me Time to obtain as formal a Conſent as I could deſire from *Sarah Fincer*. Although ſuch a Conſent might coſt her little, after the Manner ſhe had explained herſelf to me, upon the Loſs of all her Hopes, nevertheleſs I thought her Affliction was yet too lively to permit her to conſent openly to the Happineſs of her Rival; and I hoped from Time what the Fear of irritating her Grief had obliged me to retard.

Having communicated the Report of *Jacin* to the Count *De S*———, and to *Tenermill*, who had prepared himſelf to go to *Dunkirk*, I had the Satisfaction to ſee them enter into my Views. We contented ourſelves in ſending back my Valet to *Patrick*, to expreſs to him our Concern, that we could not have the Pleaſure of ſeeing him before his Departure, and the Reaſons that detained us at *Paris*. Our Intention was to give him Notice at the ſame Time, that his Wife ought not to think, during his Abſence, of coming to the Count's. He went away indeed the Day following, and the laſt Letter of *Angleſey* arriving a few Days after,

ter, I thought myſelf from every Quarter at Liberty enough to hope for a little Tranquillity after ſo many Storms and Agitations.

I fancied at leaſt, that all my Duties were going to be confined to the Care of conſoling *Sarah Fincer*, and ſome Journeys to St. *Germain*, from which I could not diſpenſe with myſelf at Times, to attend the Duties of my new Employment. I could not forget alſo another Care, which was to write into *Ireland* to make a Reſignation of my Benefice. My Vicar had ſo well merited this Favour, by the Conſtancy and Zeal of his Services, that I did not look further for a Succeſſor. I was excited nevertheleſs by the Advice of ſeveral Perſons, not to make too much Haſte in taking this Step; and their Reaſons would have made ſome Impreſſion on me, had they been more comformable to my Principles. They repreſented, that in the uncertain Situation of the King's Affairs, Prudence ought not to make me look on the Title and Penſion he had granted me as a very ſolid Eſtabliſhment; and if it ſhould happen to fail, I ſhould perhaps bitterly regret to be deprived of the only Retreat, in which I might reckon my real Settlement. I was ſenſible of the Prudence of this Reflexion; but ſince I had accepted the King's Favours, I did not think myſelf any longer at Liberty to divide my Cares. Religion and Charity are Rules ſo ſtrict, that I trembled to have been removed by ſo long an Abſence from *Coleraine*. The Debt I owed my Flock could no longer ſquare with the Engagements I had taken on me at Court. In fine, whatever Turn the King's Affairs might take, had I not Aſſurances enough in the Friendſhip of the Count and Counteſs *De S*———, to look on their Houſe as an agreeable Retreat, from which I had no Reaſon to fear being ſhut out? If I was obſtructed by any Deſire, it was that of making a Journey to *Ireland*, to turn over in my own Perſon the precious Burthen on my Vicar, of which I had Thoughts of diſcharging myſelf. I foreſaw that the King would ſooner or later employ me in paſſing the Seas, and

bringing over into *France*, *Lynch*'s Treaſure: His Hints had made me judge that he would with Pleaſure receive a Propoſal of this Nature; and two Motives of ſuch Importance, had without Doubt, Power enough to ſhake me. But ſince my Affection for my Family was the principal Reaſon that ſtayed me in *France*, I looked upon that Love as another Duty that called for all my Cares. *Sarah* could not be without my Preſence, and the Marriage of *Patrick* had left in me ſo many Scruples, that it did not give me Liberty to abſent myſelf voluntarily, before I was delivered from them. So I choſe to reſign my Benefice by Letter, and to wait the King's Orders for *Lynch*'s Treaſure.

My Life would have nothing in it diſagreeable during the Abſence of *Patrick*, if it had continued a long Time ſuch as I led for about eight Days. All the Time I did not paſs at St. *Germain* was taken up with an extreme Pleaſure in conſoling *Sarah Fincer*, or in the Enjoyment of a Society full of Charms in the Converſation of the Count and Counteſs, or in the Studies of my Cloſet; Occupations I ſhould never be tired of. But when I had the Spouſe of *Patrick*, (who had taken on her the Title of my Lady) leaſt in my Thoughts, I was informed by *Jacin*, that he had met her in *Paris* in a very brilliant Equipage; and that having had the Curioſity to follow her, he had learned from her Servants, that ſhe had there hired a very ſumptuous Houſe. I admired ſhe was ſo ſoon weary of her Solitude. Nevertheleſs not daring to believe ſhe had quitted it without the Approbation of my Brother, I charged my Valet to dive more fully into her Situation and Conduct.

Jacin aſſured me two Days after, that if ſhe was ſenſible to any Thing, it had little the Appearance of being for the Abſence of her Huſband; or if ſuch Thoughts, added he maliciouſly, made the Torment of her Heart, ſhe ſpared for nothing to ſweeten them by all the Conſolations ſhe could procure at *Paris*. She had given herſelf up to all the Pleaſures that Opportunity preſented. The Play-houſe, Entertainments,

Brilliant

Brilliant Aſſemblies, with her divided all the Day: thoſe of the Night were taken up either in giving Suppers at her Houſe, which laſted till Day-light, or in being an Ornament at the Tables of others, and receiving the Flatteries addreſſed to her Sprightlineſs and Beauty. I eaſily diſcovered from this Detail, that *Jacin* was ill diſpoſed to her, and that he took a Pleaſure, in repreſenting to me, under odious Colours, Circumſtances that might be moſt unſuſpected and innocent. His Inclination had always a Bias for *Sarah*; he had ſeen her moaning, and as it were, ſinking under the Weight of her Misfortunes; while her Rival was in a State of Triumph and Adoration. This then was enough to render the Turn of his Story ſuſpected by me. Nevertheleſs I could not imagine, that he could have the Impudence to alter the Truth, for the Sake of gratifying his Prepoſſeſſions; and I reſolved at leaſt to dive into the Facts, with which, I could not conceal it, but I was deeply wounded.

I had never yet ſtudied with Care enough the Character of Mademoiſelle *De L*———, to flatter myſelf with having penetrated it. The Opportunity I had of ſeeing her familiarly in *Ireland*, had led me only to judge of the Vivacity of her Mind, and the Affections of her Heart, from the Senſibility I had ſeen in her, for every Thing that was capable of afflicting her. But this Diſpoſition is ſo common to Women, that I was not from thence more aſcertained of her Principles. I knew ſhe had been educated with too much Conſtraint. Her Praiſes, which I had heard my Brother ſo often ſound, had given me no Surprize from the Mouth of a Lover. It might be true, that with the two Qualities I have juſt now aſcribed to her, ſhe had drawn both Prudence and Modeſty from her Education. She might even have received from Nature as much Integrity and Goodneſs, as Charms; but *Patrick* himſelf had never ſeen her in any of the Circumſtances, wherein to judge of the Bottom of her Sentiments from her Deportment.

Could it be poſſible, ſaid I, in my firſt Reflexions, that ſhe could have looked upon two Month's Solitude as a ſevere Situation, to make the Amuſements of *Paris* neceſſary, if ſhe had a Heart ſo much filled with Love, as ſhe had perſuaded my Brother of? Or, if it be true, that her Affection had been ſincere, could ſhe have a Mind ſo full of Levity, and an Imagination ſo weak, as not to find a Reſource in herſelf, nor in the Remembrance of what ſhe loved, to ſupport herſelf againſt Fediouſneſs? I could not ſuſpect her of any Thing, that might wound her Duty, and knowing *Patrick*, I could afflict myſelf only in his not having found in the Companion of his Life, what I knew was moſt proper to pleaſe him.

I imparted to the Count and Counteſs *De S*———, the Sorrow I felt from this Conduct. They baniſhed my Suſpicions by divers Reaſons, and I even found in thoſe of the Count, more of Study and Thought than my Complaints appeared to call for. He laid before my Eyes all the Reaſons that ſhould ſeem to make me eaſy in the Affection and Fidelity of Mademoiſelle *De L*——— for my Brother; and not thinking her capable, ſaid he, of loſing ſo ſoon the Memory of a Man ſhe adored, he exhorted me to be fully ſatisfied in the Bottom of her Sentiments. There remained yet with me, a ſtrong Impreſſion from this Manner of Defence; I ſtayed till was alone with him. You have not ſpoke, ſaid I, with all the Openneſs that I expected from your Friendſhip. This Reproach made him agree, that he had concealed from me one Part of his Reflexions; and excuſing himſelf from the Fear he had of being tranſported into any raſh Judgment, he confeſſed, that the Doubts I had of the Character of Mademoiſelle *De L*——— were not a Sentiment new to him. It was not Curioſity, continued he, that made me obſerve her Inclinations. I have ſeen her paſſionately in Love with our dear *Patrick*, and I was charmed with the mutual Teſtimonies of their Affections. But the Opportunity I had of ſeeing her freely during her long Reſidence at *Saiſons*,

ſons, made me take Notice of a Thing which I took no Pains to diſcover. She is Indiſcreet and Senſual. Theſe two Defects are happily enough diſguiſed by an Air of Modeſty, which ſhe is indebted for to her Education; nevertheleſs the Power of her natural Conſtitution has ſeemed to me, to hurry her away in a Thouſand Circumſtances; and I would not tell it you ſo freely, if I made my Judgment only from the firſt of theſe Defects. I have obſerved her Reliſh for Senſuality, which has ſurprized me to ſee in a young Lady, in whom I could not ſuppoſe any Knowledge of the Pleaſures of Love. The Counteſs, who has ſeemed to you ſo reſerved in ſpeaking of her, has made the ſame Obſervations, and we have ſometimes admired together the Prepoſſeſſions of *Patrick*, who always ſhut his Eyes upon a Thouſand Things, that could not pleaſe even a Lover.

In Truth, added the Count, whether it happened that the Innocence of the Thoughts of Mademoiſelle *De L*———, or the continual Preſence of me and the Counteſs, had had the Power of ſerving as a Curb to her, ſhe always contained herſelf within the Bounds of Prudence; and when after her Marriage, ſhe choſe to retire among the *Engliſh* Nuns, I praiſed a Reſolution, that ſeemed to prove the Injuſtice and Temerity of my Remarks. But what I have learned from you To-day, ſeems ſo contrary to all Sorts of Laws, that they have made me recollect Things that were almoſt effaced in my Memory; and my Reflexions have caſt me, as it were in Spight of myſelf, into all the Miſtruſts that you have taken Notice of.

This Confeſſion was not ſufficient to ſatisfy me. I repreſented to the Count, that having more Underſtanding than I, in the Evil he ſeemed to fear, he ought to furniſh me with his Advice, and perhaps make ſome Remonſtrances to Mademoiſelle *De L*——, from whence we may yet hope that ſhe would take no Offence. He anſwered me, that the ſecond of my Demands embarraſſed him; that a Commiſſion of

ſuch a delicate Nature was as little agreeable to his Humour as his Age; but that my Quality of an Eccleſiaſtick, and as the firſt Born of my Family, authorizing me to uſe a Freedom of Speech with the Wife of my Brother, he was perſuaded, that Advice of this Nature could have no greater Influence than from my Mouth.

Nevertheleſs as much as he thought ſuch Inſtances requiſite, ſo much did he recommend to me to ſeparate from them all Harſhneſs and Sharpneſs. It is not always the Force of Reaſon, ſaid he, that will prevail on a Woman to condemn herſelf, and to change her Thoughts or Conduct. Pride and Self-Love, which watch inceſſantly at the Entrance of her Mind, will drive back all Hints that injure them. But with a little Addreſs to gain theſe two Guards, one may come to make her liſten to Reaſon, and not much fail intirely to gain thoſe Watches over, by the tender Methods of Sweetneſs and Pleaſure. This Advice, of which I was ſenſible of all the Wiſdom, became to me a Rule, which held the Place of Experience.

The Day following I determined to pay a Viſit to my Siſter-in-law; for I ought at length to paſs over the Repugnance I had to this Time obſerved, and to give her that Name, of which ſhe had robbed *Sarah*. She ſeemed ſurprized to ſee me. The Sanctuary we had given her Rival, was an Offence ſhe was by no means diſpoſed to forgive us eaſily, and her Reſolution upon her coming to *Paris*, had been to keep up no Commerce with us. I found her in the Condition my Valet deſcribed, adorned with every Thing that might help to ſet off her Charms, and leſs brilliant even by her Dreſs, than by the Air of Joy that animated her Eyes. As ſhe had been prepared to go abroad with a Gentleman, who gave her his Hand, the Remembrance of the Count's Maxim made me fear leſt ſhe took my Viſit as an unſeaſonable Accident, that might give her a Prepoſſeſſion againſt my Remonſtrances. But ſhe preſſed me herſelf to take a Chair, and without appearing conſtrained

ſtrained at the Preſence of the Gentleman, aſked me with ſo free an Air, to what it was ſhe owed the Honour of a Viſit ſhe ſo little expected, that full of the Ideas which poſſeſſed me intirely, I found myſelf under ſome Perplexity to anſwer her. She perceived it herſelf, and imagining that I had ſomething in private to communicate to her, ſhe took me by the Hand with the ſame Air of Freedom to lead me into her Cloſet.

I confeſs this Air of Gaiety, ſo different from the ſweet modeſt Countenance I had always obſerved in her, and in the Circumſtances wherein I expected that my Looks only might be thought a Reproach to her, diſconcerted me even to the taking away that preſence of Mind neceſſary to unfold myſelf to her. Moreover, What Means had I of entering without Preparation into a Matter ſo odious, as that which brought me there? This was to loſe ſight of the Advice the Count had given me a Taſte of, and I muſt of Neceſſity have obſerved, that the Moment ſhe was going abroad, to give perhaps, a Looſe to Pleaſures, was not that I ought to chuſe to load her with Reproaches and Leſſons of Morality. Thus I remained under the moſt painful Uncertainty, and I did not deliver myſelf from it but by confeſſing, that I had an Affair of Importance to diſcourſe with her upon, for which I requeſted a more favourable Opportunity. She anſwered that ſhe would grant it to me freely, but did it with a wandering Air, and an Appearance of Indifference, which perſuaded me that my Requeſt was the leaſt thing in her Thoughts. The Moment I prepared to leave her, ſhe had Notice given her that two Perſons, whom ſhe expected, were in their Coach at the Door. She leaped joyfully at this News, and ſtretching out her Hand to the Gentleman, without giving further the leaſt Attention to me, ſhe went down Stairs to the Coach that waited, and immedately drove off from her Houſe.

In the Amazement of ſo ſudden a Departure, having aſked ſome of her Servants, continued about me, what was become of their Miſtreſs, they anſwered,

that they could not tell. They knew however the two Perſons who came to take her up. One was her common Companion, a Woman of Quality, of a general Acquaintance, and who had obtained an extraordinary Reputation for Magnificence and Gallantry. Her Name was Madame *De S*——. For about eight Days paſt there has been ſo ſtrict Friendſhip ſtruck up between her and my Lady, that they cannot live two Hours aſunder, and one or other of them always takes their Friend in the Coach. They could give me no further Information. The two Lacqueys who attended my Lady might be better informed; but they had Orders to keep Silence. And he who gave me the Account, added maliciouſly, that without Doubt they were well paid for holding their Tongues.

He could not tell me the Names of the two Gentlemen that accompanied the Ladies. I returned to the Count's with this ſole Diſcovery, of which I was in great Haſte to give him an Account. But he had ſcarce heard the Name of Madame *De S*———, but lifting up his Eyes to Heaven: Good God! ſaid he, what do you tell me? Are you ſure you have been well informed? My Memory not having deceived me, I aſked in Turn the Cauſe of ſuch a ſharp Exclamation. You are going to hear it, ſaid he, and without other Preparation he continued to make me this Recital.

Madame *De S*——— was one of thoſe Ladies of *France*, who with a great Eſtate, and much Wit and Beauty, might have expected the higheſt Fortune, and the moſt happy Life by ſome Marriage ſuitable to ſuch great Favours of Heaven. She was educated with theſe Hopes, and did not enter into the World without being propoſed in a manner as a Pattern to all the Rich and Illuſtrious young Ladies of *Paris*. But an Exceſs of Liberty, which her Parents indulged her in too much, expoſed her greatly to the Deſires of a Thouſand young Gentlemen, who had not the ſame Advantages, and her Taſte particularly declared itſelf for a Muſketeer, who had nothing elſe to reccommend himſelf but his Birth and Perſon. Happy both one and the other, if in ſurrendering themſelves up to the Pleaſures of Love

with

with ſo little Prudence, as to be ſoon compelled by Neceſſity to a Marriage, they had found their good Fortune in the conſtancy of their Paſſion; but the Cuſtom of ſeeing one another having in the End brought them to a Diſguſt, Madame *De S* ——————, naturally haughty and proud, perceived the Injury ſhe had done herſelf by her Imprudence, and puſhed her Reſentment againſt her Seducer even to Diſdain and Hatred.

The firſt Mark ſhe ſhewed him of theſe was a comical Reparation for all his Rivals, to whom ſhe reproached herſelf for having preferred him. She called to Mind their Names, and the greateſt Part of them being of known Birth, there was no Difficulty of finding them out at *Paris*. She found the Means of getting them to her again one after the other, and laviſhing her Favours on them, ſhe took care to let them know to what Paſſion they were indebted for them. A Confeſſion of this Nature, which ſhe made them, after glutting her Revenge, took from almoſt all of them the Appetite of keeping up the Intrigue: and the Numbers of thoſe to whom ſhe had granted her Favours, ſoon ſpread this Adventure over *Paris*. I was among the Number of thoſe Lovers one Day, added the Count, and being more diſcreet than the reſt, I never yet intruſted the Matter to any Body but you. Nevertheleſs ſhe found ſome among them, who got over the Diſguſt of a Declaration ſo capable of cooling them, and who ſeriouſly renewed their Attachment for her. Among the reſt ſhe diſtinguiſhed one by a new Caprice. This freſh Paſſion became ſo ſtrong, that not being more happy than at firſt in the Choice of one more rich, ſhe took up the Humour of gratifying at leaſt to the full her Heart, by waſting riotouſly the beſt Part of her Eſtate with a Man, whom ſhe thought ſhe loved excluſively of all others. This beſides was a Piece of Revenge over and above what ſhe deſired to draw on her Huſband. She found ſuch happy Diſpoſitions in her Aſſociate of this Enterprize, that in the Compaſs of a few Years ſhe ſunk herſelf by Expence and Debts. Her Huſband, from whom it was impoſſible that the Noiſe of her firſt Adventure ſhould be altogether concealed, daſhed out

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of Countenance with Shame and Grief, chose to go into the *Emperor*'s Service in the Wars of *Hungary*.

This was about the Time, continued the Count, that I married my first Wife, with all the Advantages that have led me to the happy Situation I now enjoy. Madame *De S*———, being oftentimes reduced to her last shifts, by an absolute Disorder in her Affairs, heard speak of my Fortune, and did not at all Despair to draw some Part of it to herself. She fancied, that as I was condemned to live with an old and infirm Woman, I should think myself too happy to receive new advances from a former Mistress, whose Charms I had known, and who in promising me to carry on the Intrigue with great Secrecy, should induce me to accept of that Consolation she tendered me under my Circumstances. It was not nevertheless by open Proposals that she tempted my Fancy. She had in the Neighbourhood of my Castle a House, of which she had the Enjoyment, though the Rent of it was for a long Time conveyed over to her Creditors. She chose to retire here alone, and all the Artifices she could invent for six Weeks that I lived at my Castle, she employed in persuading me, that it was her former Inclination for me that confined her to this Solitude. I did not open my Ears to her Flatteries: and I ought to hug myself for this Victory. The Supreme Art of Madame *De S*———, and that by the Exercise of which she has found a Resource in her Misery, is to invade and possess the Mind and Heart by her sweet and insinuating Carriage. I should not have cast these Things as a Reproach on her, if she had not made a Practice of them for her own sake only, or, to explain myself more clearly, if she had never abused them by inspiring People of Rank with Tastes, for which she has made them pay most dearly, not in their Reputations only, but in their Purses, and has often by her extravagant Expences brought such to Ruin, who have suffered her to take too great an Ascendant over them. No Body could ever more readily than she, penetrate into the Bottom of a Humour, in order to provoke all the Passions, and discover

ver all the Foibles of it. Thus ſhe leads on her Cullies and her Victims, by Roads ſo full of Charms, that though ſhe thereby ruins their Fortunes and Honour, yet they think themſelves ſtill indebted to her Zeal. I could bring you a hundred Examples of this, if I had Need of other Proofs than my own Teſtimony.

But what makes me tremble here, added the Count, is, that not having diſcovered any other Foible in my Lady than a Taſte for Senſuality, which I have obſerved at *Saiſons*, I already apprehend, that it is by this Way Madame *De S* —— will obtain her Confidence. Though my Conjecture ſhould be falſe, an Acquaintance ſo dangerous would be an Evil always to be dreaded, and you cannot take too many Meaſures to break it: But if my Reflexions be juſt, make all the Haſte you can, as to a Danger the moſt urgent, and fear leſt your Diligence ſhould be too late.

Under the Alarms, into which this Recital caſt me for *Patrick*, I did not ſtop a Moment in demanding any other Explanations from the Count, than ſuch as might ſhorten my Labour in the Execution of the Advice he gave me. He propoſed to me, to make a ſecond Viſit to my Lady, and to inform her, without Diſſimulation, to what ſhe was expoſed by linking herſelf to Madame *De S*——. The Character of this Woman being too flagrant to require any Cautions, he was in Hopes that the bare Knowledge of the Danger would make a young Perſon open her Eyes, who had not yet had Time to harden herſelf againſt her Duty. Try this Way, ſaid he; it is the moſt mild; and we will turn over to the laſt Extremity thoſe Remedies, to which we may be compelled by the common Intereſt of our Honour.

This Choice would without Doubt have been the wiſeſt, if I could have got an Opportunity of unfolding myſelf openly to my Lady. But ſhe had found my Viſit troubleſome from the firſt Moment, and when ſhe had ſo readily offered to lead me into her Cloſet to hear me, ſhe thought only of more ſpeedily getting rid of my Company. She was accuſtomed for a long

Time

Time to look on me as an impertinent Cenſor, whoſe Air and Maxims, without Doubt, agreed little with her Inclinations. According to the new Notions with which ſhe was filled, I had become yet more terrible to her, and perhaps ſhe had already objected to herſelf ſome Weakneſs, of which my Looks alone might ſeem to bear the Condemnation: Moreover, having ſeen me a long Time declare myſelf openly for *Sarah Fincer*, it was impoſſible but ſhe ſhould have ſome Remains of Reſentment againſt me, which my late Services had not intirely extinguiſhed; and the Reſentment even of her Huſband, which he declared ſufficiently in going away without ſeeing us, was a Pretence ſhe could always improve to cover her own. Be that as it will, the ſame Day I ſaw her, and that ſhe appeared diſpoſed to receive me with Pleaſure, ſhe did not go Abroad till ſhe had given Orders to her Porter to free her from my Viſits, and to have always ſome fair Excuſe in Reſerve to refuſe me her Door.

I endured a thouſand Times this Refuſal, without imagining the Cauſe of it. But the Impatience of my Zeal increaſing the more from this Reaſon, I made my Complaints of it to the Count, who ſaw more clearly than I did, into a Conduct ſo affected. The Reſolution I took by his Advice, was to take Aſſiſtance from my Pen. I writ to my Lady in Terms the moſt circumſpect I could poſſibly uſe, and ſparing Madame *De S*—— with as much Caution, I ſpoke to her of the ſtrict Friendſhip ſhe had made with her, as of an Imprudence, the Blame of which I caſt leſs upon the Conduct of her Friend, than upon the Malignity of the Publick; who ſometimes without Reaſon, ſet themſelves up in Oppoſition to Innocence; and without examining into the Bottom of my Advice, I exhorted her to take ſome Informations upon the Character of this Lady, before ſhe puſhed her Friendſhip or Confidence further with her. My Motives, ſaid I, in aſſuming a Liberty, which I prayed her to take in good Part, were not only my Zeal and Tenderneſs, which

which were not capable of being lulled aſleep when ſhe was concerned, but even the lively Intereſt I ought to take in the Satisfaction of my Brother, whoſe Love, without doubt, was ſubject to all the Inconveniences of Abſence, that is to ſay, to a thouſand paſſionate Inquietudes for a Spouſe, whom he only cheriſhed. This Reflexion, being the only one with which I apprehended ſhe could be injured, I added to ſweeten it, every Thing that Friendſhip and Politeneſs could find out moſt flattering; and I prayed her in the Concluſion, to grant me the Opportunity of a Converſation, in which I promiſed to be explicit.

I received no Anſwer to this Letter; and I many times requeſted it in vain. In fine, foreſeeing nothing happy from ſo much Obſtinacy, and giving Way to my Fears, which augmented perpetually, I reſolved, with the Participation of the Count, to ſee Madame *De S*——, leſs for the Sake of diſcovering myſelf to her, than for drawing ſome Light from what ſhe ſhould ſay; and to let her know, that my Family had their Eyes open to the Conduct of my Siſter-in-law, and that if ſhe ſhould engage her in any falſe Step, we knew on what Side our Reſentment ought to fall.

I choſe an Hour for my Viſit, which I propoſed to make very ſhort; and it was in the Morning, with the View of being more ſure to find Madame *De S*——. She was at Home, and the Readineſs with which I was admitted, made me judge, that my Name, which I told at the Door, was not unknown to her. But I owe little Thanks to my Lady, who had informed her of it, and had joined to her Account the Portrait of my Perſon and Character. She had painted me with Features, that muſt have made a lively Impreſſion on Madame *De S*——, ſince her firſt Motion, after having ſeen who I was, had been to riſe briſkly off her Chair, and run directly into her Cloſet, doubting whether ſhe could have Courage enough to endure my Deformity. I judged of her Thoughts by her Poſture. She held the Door of her

Cloſet

Cloſet half open, and only thruſting out her Head with an Air of Curioſity and Fear, ſhe ſeemed to be puzzled at the firſt Glance, whether ſhe ſhould reſolve to return into the Room, or hide herſelf altogether. The Moment ſhe looked at me, I could ſee her Eyes, which ſhe opened with a new Effort. In fine, having conſidered me a Moment, ſhe found me without doubt, leſs frightful than ridiculous; for breaking out into a Laughter, without Reſpect or Caution, ſhe ran forward to meet me, with the moſt extravagant Tokens of Admiration, and for a Quarter of an Hour, did not ceaſe clapping her Hands, and aſking thoſe who were about her, if they ever ſaw a Sight ſo fantaſtical.

I cannot at all diſown, but my Figure might make ſuch an Impreſſion upon a ſprightly and polite Woman at her firſt ſeeing me. This was the Thought I had myſelf of it. Thus, far from being diſconcerted at the Reception ſhe gave me, I only ſmiled at this Exceſs of Pleaſantry, and praying Madame *De S*——— to give me a Moment's Converſation, I made a Sign with my Hand to her Servants, that I deſired to be alone with her. My Courage turned the Scene to my Advantage. It was not the Impreſſion before her, that induced Madame *De S*——— to receive me with ſo little Reſpect to my Character. The Plan of it had been formed between her and my Lady; though they had not foreſeen the Opportunity they would have to execute it. My Letter had almoſt equally offended them. They had judged by Agreement, that not being able to anſwer me with good Manners, without betraying their Reſentment, nor in a harſh and angry Stile, without taking from me perhaps the Courage of ſeeing them again, they reſolved to diſpenſe with themſelves abſolutely from making me any Anſwer, with the Hopes that I ſhould myſelf come to demand one, and the Order of refuſing me Entrance into my Lady's Houſe, had been ſuperſeded at the Gate. Among many Projects of Revenge, they reſolved upon that of turning me into Ridi-

Ridicule, by an extravagant Raillery on my Figure. Madame *De S*——— had paſſed three Days at her Friend's Houſe in Expectation of me, and being prepared for the Outrage intended me, the unexpected Viſit I payed at her Houſe, raiſed in her a Deſire of acting one Part of the Comedy ſhe had ſtudied.

In the mean Time, when I had invited her with a grave and preſſing Voice to be ſeated, in order to hear me, I ſaw her Countenance change, and obſerved Embarraſſment enough in her Eyes, to flatter myſelf that I ſhould ſoon gain ſome Aſcendant over her. A Woman without Wit would have appeared to me more difficult to reclaim, becauſe I ſhould have deſpaired to make her ſenſible of the Force of my Reaſons. But the Count having prepoſſeſſed me with the Character of Madame *De S*———, I did not doubt, but in ſpight of the Irregularity of her Manners, I might engage her in a ſolid Converſation, from whence I hoped to draw as much Advantage for herſelf as for my Siſter-in-law. In one Word, I had propoſed to employ all my Talents and Zeal to make her aſhamed of the Diſorder of her Conduct, and not being diſcouraged at the Reception ſhe gave me, I hoped even more to bring her to a Submiſſion, when I ſaw I had ſo eaſily prevailed in gaining from her ſome Reſpect.

This Hope was natural enough from the Conſideration only of the common Rules by which the Heart and Mind are conducted; but I was quite out in my Judgment to ſuppoſe, that a Coquette, long exerciſed in the Art of maſking her Notions and Opinions by perpetual Impoſtures, could have Honeſty enough to ſubmit to Truth, even at the Time ſhe ſhould gain Light and Underſtanding ſufficient to ſee and be ſenſible of it. Madame *De S*——— liſtened to me. Perhaps ſhe was at firſt hurried away by the Air of Authority that I affected to maintain, and I thought I obſerved this for ſome Moments during the Continuation of her Embarraſſement, from which ſhe had not yet had Time to recover. But ſoon recovering her Aſſurance, ſhe at the ſame Time reſumed an Air

of

of Licentiouſneſs and Gaiety familiar to her. I took Notice of this Change. My Diſcourſe heating her already, I ſhould have expected from it an Effect quite contrary. Nevertheleſs I purſued the Motions of my Zeal, and in all the Complaints I made of my Siſter-in-law, I not only without Scruple, named the Cauſe that alarmed me for her Conduct, but taking Occaſion from my Reproaches, to add to them what I thought moſt powerful in the Principles of Religion and Morality, I flattered myſelf, after a long Harangue, which ſhe liſtened to with the ſame Affectation of Sweetneſs and Complaiſance, that ſhe had at leaſt taken ſome Reliſh for hearing me, and I had the Credulity to interpret it as the firſt Mark of Succeſs I had to deſire.

She appeared indeed glad to hear me, and perhaps had found Juſtice and Method enough in my Expreſſions, to form to herſelf an agreeable Appearance of the Warmth and Zeal with which I explained myſelf. But the Approbation ſhe ſeemed to give to my Diſcourſe, proceeded from a Source quite foreign to my Notions. I ſhould have had a Difficulty to be perſuaded to this, if the Experience I had of it had not been a Proof that admitted of no Reply. In hearing me, Madame *De S*——— had thought me very comical to undertake her Converſion, and ſtruck with this Notion, had lent her Attention to my Reaſons and Proofs, much leſs than to a very whimſical Project that came into her Mind. The Accounts ſhe received from my Siſter in-law, and even the Ardour of my Zeal, of which ſhe had received a convincing Teſtimony, making her eaſily judge, that the Love of Honour and Religion was my predominant Paſſion, ſhe thought herſelf capable of aſſuming ſome Empire over me by thoſe two Foibles; and, puſhing her Views much further, ſhe imagined, that with a Man of my Figure, nothing could be more glorious for her, nor help better to confirm the Opinion ſhe had of her own Artifices, than to employ the Notion ſhe had taken of my Character, by inſpiring me with the Sentiments of Love for her. This Thought had ſo much Force over

her Mind in its Birth, that immediately referring to it all her Pains, ſhe had Power enough over herſelf not only to hear me with the Appearance of a paſſionate Satisfaction, but in the End, to give her Approbation to every Part of my Diſcourſe. The Snare was not at all palpable or groſs: Her firſt Expreſſions were as moderate as her Looks, and the Tone of her Voice appeared to be ſtripped of all Artifice. For ſome Moments ſhe fixed her Eyes on me, as if in the Novelty of the Impulſes which ſhe felt, ſhe had been ſearching into the Cauſe of an Impreſſion that had filled her with Amazement. In fine, appearing to ſurrender herſelf to the Power of thoſe Truths ſhe had juſt heard, ſhe ſtooped her Head towards me: My Dear, ſaid ſhe, with an affectionate Tone, as it is impoſſible for Truth to employ Expreſſions more powerful to make itſelf heard, I confeſs alſo, that it never before made ſo great an Impreſſion on me. Oh! that this were the Moment, that Heaven had marked out for my Converſion! added ſhe, appearing to admire what paſſed in her Heart. You will have at leaſt the Glory of having ſtrongly ſtaggered me, and I begin by promiſing you, that I will give a faithful Account of this Converſation to my Lady. She thought alſo of improving the Opportunity of ſeeing me again, by my Approbation; and I avow, that in the Joy I felt of finding her enter ſo freely into my Views, I had not the leaſt Diffidence in her Sincerity.

Nevertheleſs, relying little on the Work I had begun, if I did not draw an abſolute Promiſe from her to be conducted by my Advice, I furniſhed her againſt myſelf with Arms which were yet more infallible, by propoſing to her two Things, which ſhe deſired as ardently as I; the one was, to receive my Viſits, in order to inſure the Fruit that I aſcribed to my firſt Exhortations; and the other, to diſpoſe my Lady to afford me an Opportunity of Converſation, from whence I had already hoped to obtain the ſame Advantages over her, and to make her return as eaſily within the Bounds from whence ſhe had wandered.

Madame

Madame *De S*———, though ſure enough of making her conſent to every Thing ſhe ſhould propoſe, yet laid a Streſs on the Efforts, ſhe pretended ſhe ſhould have Occaſion to uſe, to engage her to receive me at her Houſe; and the Reaſon ſhe gave me for this Repugnance, being only the Reſentment ſhe ſuppoſed ſhe had againſt my Family, ſhe compleated my Perſuaſion, that ſhe had towards it as much Honour in her Sentiments, as I found Probability in her Diſcourſe.

The ſame Day I communicated to the Count the Hopes I had taken up upon ſuch ſlight Grounds. They appeared ſuſpicious to him, and Friendſhip not ſuffering him to diſguiſe from me his Jealouſies, he inſpired me with a Diffidence that I yet had the Fooliſhneſs to upbraid myſelf with. The Ground of it nevertheleſs remained in me, notwithſtanding the Efforts with which I thought myſelf obliged to oppoſe it; and Charity, that made me fear to make a raſh Judgment, not being able to efface the Traces of it, which continued at leaſt in my Memory, this Aid, that Providence had laid up in Store for me, ſerved to ſave me harmleſs from the moſt dreadful Snare to which the Bias of Nature had ever yet expoſed my Virtue. I ſhould have drawn a Veil over this profane Scene, if there had not been a neceſſary Connection between it and the Hiſtory of my Brothers; and further, if I did not flatter myſelf that the Reflexions it raiſed, would be of ſome Utility to my Readers.

The Day following, I received a Meſſage from Madame *De S*———, that my Lady would receive my Viſit, at her Requeſt; and the Hour being appointed for that Afternoon, I did not fail to follow the Inſtructions given me in her Letter. I found her at my Siſter-in-law's. They had two Gentlemen with them, one of whom I knew to be him I had ſeen there the firſt Time. Although they were both dreſſed out with great Neatneſs, and that their Appearance diſcovered ſome Air of Diſtinction, they affected nevertheleſs to behave to me with ſuch Submiſſion and

and Reſpect, that I could not long believe them to be of a Rank equal to my own. My Lady alſo ſoon put an End to my Doubts, by declaring that one of them was her Maſter of Muſick, and the other her Maſter of Languages, from whom ſhe was learned Engliſh; and acting over with the ſame Air, the Part ſhe had without doubt ſtudied with Madame *De S*———, I think, Monſieur, ſaid ſhe, to make you eaſy all at once. I have been informed by Madame, that ſome Reproaches you have made me in a Letter, were not at all a Banter, and that very black Suſpicions of my Conduct have taken hold of your Mind. I would fain eaſe you of them, by informing you, that it is a Deſire of acquiring new Knowledge, or perfecting myſelf in what I had, that made me chuſe to quit the Country; and I thought that the Abſence of my Huſband could not be better employed. In regard to your religious Maxims, of which Madame *De S*——— hath given me ſuch a faithful Account, I do not imagine that at my Age, you will think to make me follow them in all their Rigour; and if Madame, added ſhe, is ſo moved at them as to put them in Practice, and be already determined to put herſelf under your Direction, I ſhall entreat both one and the other of you, not to diſturb my Mind with Ideas of Perfection, which at preſent ſurpaſs my Strength.

This Diſcourſe pronounced with the moſt eaſy Air, had all the Effect that was expected from it. I found in it as much Innocence in the Conduct of my Siſter in Law, as Sincerity in the Converſion of Madame *De S*———. I made them both Apologies for having given too much Credit to the Impulſes of an indiſcreet Zeal, and even fearing to explain myſelf too openly before the Maſter of Languages and the Muſician, I contented myſelf with Offers of Service and Friendſhip, which were accepted without Affectation. I would very willingly forget, ſaid my Siſter-in law, the juſt Complaints, which cannot paſs ſo ſoon out of my Memory. You ſhall be free to come here as often as you ſhall find any Satisfaction in it; and if your

Zeal, or the new-born Piety of Madame *De S*——— do not confine themſelves to Exhortations which you are engaged to make her at her Houſe, you may continue them here, when ſhe happens to be here with you. But never expect, added ſhe, that I will be a Witneſs of thoſe myſterious Obſcurities, that will make my Mind gloomy, and chill my Blood.

The Liberty they both wiſhed for the Succeſs of their private Views, could not be better eſtabliſhed. Nothing preſented itſelf to my Mind that could awaken the Diffidence, with which the Count had inſpired me. Thus during the Time that my Siſter-in-law hugged herſelf for having diſpoſed me to ſerve as a Cloak before the Eyes of the Publick, and even before thoſe of her Huſband, I looked on this Liberty ſhe had granted me to be with her at all Hours of the Day, on my Side as an Advantage for her, and for the Honour of our Family; and I did not doubt, but it was ſufficient to ſilence all Sorts of Suſpicions. The Count ſurrendered himſelf to this Way of Reaſoning. The Opinion he always had of Madame *De S*——— had made him wiſh, that this Commerce might be abſolutely broken off; but I talked to him with ſo much Force of a Converſion, whereof I congratulate myſelf for being the Miniſter, that yielding at length to my Hopes, he agreed, that a Woman of that Merit might become as dear to People of Honour, when ſhe ſhould change her Principles and Manners, as ſhe ſhould appear odious and contemptible in their Eyes, with the Conduct ſhe had hitherto obſerved.

I ſhould enter badly into the Circumſtances of this unlucky Adventure, if I ſhould too far put off to give ſome Eclairciſments neceſſary in this Place for the underſtanding it. Madame *De S*———, who had a little Houſe in the Count's Neighbourhood, having been not at all diſcouraged at the Efforts ſhe had in vain made to inſinuate herſelf into his Eſteem, had Hopes of ſucceeding better with *Patrick*, when he was retired there with his Spouſe. It had been no difficult Matter for her to ſtrike up an Acquaintance with a

Man, who ſought to amuſe himſelf in his Solitude; but his Departure for *Spain* interrupted her Projects, and making her put off her Hopes to another Seaſon, ſhe had fancied, that for her principal End, which was to repair the Diſorder of her Fortune, by ſharing a little in that of another, ſhe had not leſs Advantages for that End to promiſe herſelf from his Abſence. A young and amiable Woman, ſuch as his Spouſe was, appeared to her an eaſy Conqueſt, and the rather when a few Days of Familiarity and Acquaintance had given her the Opportunity of unravelling the Bottom of a Character, which ſhe had not the Art to diſguiſe. She thought herſelf ſure of Succeſs, as ſoon as ſhe had diſcovered in her a briſk Reliſh for Pleaſure. All her Diſcourſes related only to that End; ſhe often had ſtirred up in the Heart of my Lady, a Paſſion to ſhare in ſome Part of the Diverſions of *Paris*, ſo much the more ardent, as in the Abſence of her Huſband ſhe could find nothing in the Country to ſerve as a Remedy againſt Tedioufneſs.

Nevertheleſs ſhe propoſed at firſt only to paſs a few Days in Town; and Madame *De S*———, who had formed much more extenſive Schemes, was well upon her Guard to combat this Reſolution. Not having any longer the Houſe ſhe lived in, after ſhe had left her own for making the Journey to *Germany*, ſhe took furniſhed Lodgings, which agreed very well with her Intentions of continuing in Town but a ſhort Time; but the Forecaſt of her Companion had ſo well provided for every Thing to encourage her Stay, that two Days after her Arrival ſhe found in the Neighbourhood a Houſe to be let ready furniſhed, and the Rent appeared ſo moderate to my Lady, that added to the Advantage of being abſolutely at Liberty within herſelf, it determined her to accommodate herſelf with it for ſome Months. The Truth was, this Houſe and Furniture were prepared by the Artifices of Madame *De S*———. But this was not the moſt impoiſoned Part of her Services. She had thought, that to ſecure a long Time her Prey, and to engage her in that Sort

of Diſorder, from which a Woman ſcarce ever recovers, ſomething was wanting more lively and poinant, than Balls, Shews, and all the common Diverſions of the Town. It was neceſſary ſhe ſhould have Love. She had by long Experience known all the Irregularities of that fatal Paſſion, and without the Aſſiſtances of her Reaſon, ſhe had no need of any other Leſſons than her own Example. It was upon her own Lovers ſhe had caſt her Eyes to try this Enterprize. With the Knowledge ſhe had of Mankind, her Paſſion always predominant for the ſame Pleaſures that had began her Ruin, ſhe could not fail having under her Banners a well choſen Militia. She detached then two of them, in whom ſhe found by Experience (added to all the Qualities that could pleaſe the Sex) all the Wit and Addreſs that could conduct her to her Views. She aſſociated them in this Enterprize by the common Hopes, and finding lucky Opportunities to introduce them ſucceſſively to my Siſter in-law, ſhe did not in the leaſt doubt, but if one of them did not carry away her Heart, ſhe ſhould not eſcape the other.

It was true, my Lady loved *Patrick* tenderly. A Paſſion of ſo long Continuance, and ſtrengthened by ſo many Adventures and Obſtacles, muſt in a manner have penetrated into the Bottom of her Heart. But ſhe was ſuch a Woman, as the Count had obſerved, too much given to Senſuality and Pleaſures. The very Power of her Senſations was a perpetual Danger to which her Virtue was expoſed, from the Neceſſity it laid her under of employing them; and over a Heart of this Frame, the preſent Object has always thoſe Powers and Advantages, againſt which it is very difficult to make a Defence. The firſt of theſe Lovers, that Madame *De S*——— raiſed up for her, ſeemed to be led only by the Power of Love. A pretended Chance brought him to a Party at a Ball, where my Siſter-in-law was flattered, by receiving thoſe Praiſes that her Beauty deſerved. She ſaw him come in at a Time when perhaps her Self-love was beſt ſatisfied, adorned with every Thing that could ſet off his Perſon,

ſon, and without doubt, if ſhe wiſhed to ſee him among the Number of her Admirers, he affected ſo well his Surprize and Admiration at the firſt Looks he caſt on her, that ſhe thought him more agreeable than any Body elſe, from the Tribute he payed to her Charms. The Union of Eſteem was formed at that Inſtant. She became much more free, as ſoon as ſhe underſtood, that he was one of the beſt Friends of Madame *De S*———, and the Day following he obtained Leave of paying regular Viſits to my Lady:

I ſay nothing but what ſhe told me herſelf in too lively Circumſtances ever to ſlip out of my Memory. It was nevertheleſs not all at once that ſhe ſuffered him to aſſume an Empire over her Heart; and the ſubtile Madame *De S*———, who was ſuch an underſtanding Judge of the Power and Progreſs of Love, deſpaired ſo much for ſome Days of the Succeſs of this firſt Attack, that ſhe made haſte to form a ſecond. She had taken care to make Choice of two Men of different Miens and Conſtitutions, to give under one or the other Form, a ſure Aim to the Shafts of Love. The one was fair, the other brown. Strength and Vivacity appeared to be the Character of the one, and all the Delicacies and Graces ſeemed to fall to the Lot of the other. It was nevertheleſs with extraordinary Preparations, that the ſecond was brought upon the Stage. The marvellous ſtrikes apparently on the Imaginations of Women. A Duel was counterfeited near my Lady's Door, at the Moment ſhe had withdrawn at Night. Madame *De S*——— knew the wounded Combatant, who lay ſtretched at length two Paces from the Door, and who had taken Care to make a ſlight Scratch on himſelf, after having blooded on Purpoſe his Shirt and Cloaths. They ſeemed to be in doubt whether he were not actually dead. Generoſity and Compaſſion did not ſuffer her to refuſe a Sanctuary to a Man of Quality, who ran an equal Hazard for his Life, either from the Law or his Wound. He was taken into the Houſe of my Siſter-in-law. The Story of his Quarrel ſoon became the moſt

moving Part of his Adventure. His Character was Tenderneſs and Sweetneſs itſelf. He had drawn this Misfortune on him, by having too eagerly eſpouſed the Intereſt of an unfortunate Woman. He had to do with the moſt hot-brained Brute, and moſt formidable Swordſman of all *Paris*. In fine, the Surgeon, who had been gained over, not thinking he could be removed without imminent Danger, my Lady was obliged by her natural Goodneſs, to give him an Appartment in her Houſe, and in the Condition he was, Madame *De S*——— had given her Opinion, that this Favour might be granted without Scandal.

Such were the Enemies ſhe let looſe againſt the Virtue of my Siſter-in-law. The Names they had aſſumed of Maſters of Languages and Muſick, impoſed in reality on my Credulity, and the ſubmiſſive Behaviour they always ſhewed me, confirmed me a long Time in that Error. Nevertheleſs I could not but be much ſurprized from the firſt Moment to ſee them uſe an extraordinary Familiarity with the two Ladies; and if I from thence ſuſpected nothing that was capable of alarming me, I did not leſs condemn it as one of thoſe Exceſſes of Prepoſſeſſion and Taſte for Talents, which ſometimes allows too great a Conſideration and Favour for the Poſſeſſors of them.

I was always ignorant what Progreſs they had made in the Heart of my Lady, and the very Concluſion of this ſorrowful Adventure, did not inſpire me with Curioſity enough of ſeeking after further Lights into it. But I remarked, that they always regulated her Buſineſs; and under Pretence of Muſick Meetings, and other Aſſemblies, which, as they ſaid, had ſome Relation to their Studies, they manifeſtly engaged her in all the Parties of Pleaſure ſuitable to their Views, or particular Taſtes. Even the very dextrous Colours that Madame *De S*——— gave to ſuch continual Diſorders, took away all Suſpicions that might have raiſed in me a Deſire to watch them; and being gained over, (for I owe this Confeſſion to Truth) by the Hopes of her Converſion, with which ſhe wonderfully

fully fortified me, I ſometimes reproached myſelf for having had ſuch a bad Opinion of her Conduct, taken up from Stories and Teſtimonies, that I could not accuſe of any thing but Raſhneſs. To make me open my Eyes, I ſtood in need of an Adventure as dreadful as what I have to relate.

I was often at the Houſe of Madame *De S*———, or at that of my Siſter-in-law; and the more effectually to baniſh all Miſtruſts, they agreed to give me Notice of the Times they could receive me with Freedom. Thus under the Pretext of providing for the Quiet and Calmneſs neceſſary for ſuch ſerious Converſations as ours ought to be, they found Means of getting me out of the Way at all Times, wherein my Preſence might be troubleſome; yet nevertheleſs, they every Day gave me Notice ſo unaffectedly of the Hour they expected to ſee me the Day following, and they appeared ſo ſatisfied with my Viſits, that it never once came into my Mind, that this exact Order of them might be a concerted Game. I paſſed whole Hours with Madame *De S*———, and if my Zeal made me think them ſhort, the Deſire ſhe had of bringing her Adventure to a happy Concluſion, or perhaps the Satisfaction that fed her Vanity, by reaſoning with me upon the moſt important Points of Religion and Morality, and receiving the Praiſes that I often could not refuſe to her Wit, hindered her from thinking them tedious. It was eaſy for me to obſerve in her Behaviour, and even in her Looks, an Air of Complaiſance and Affection, that I found ſometimes carried too far; but in a Woman who had been given up all her Life to the vain Amuſements of the World, I looked on it as the Remains of her antient Cuſtoms. If I was deceived ſo dangerouſly by her exterior Appearance, which on the contrary was not made up of ſo much Affectation, as to endeavour to gain any Empire over my Senſes, yet ſhe fell into a much more ridiculous Error in Relation to my Behaviour, in which ſhe could not have diſcovered any Thing but an Ardour for the Intereſt of her Soul. The Fire,

that the Warmth of a long Converſation made ſparkle in my Eyes, and a Chriſtian Love and Benevolence, from whence poſſibly ſome Expreſſions leſs circumſpect than my Thoughts might have eſcaped, appeared to her as ſo many Marks of the Progreſs ſhe made in my Heart. She did not in the leaſt doubt, but I had penetrated the Deſign ſhe had to pleaſe me, and that ſtopping at that Point which was moſt flattering in it for me, according to this Way of thinking, that I had the Weakneſs to be ſenſible of it, in ſo much, that having begun on both Sides to take our mutual Motions from the Meaning ſuitable to our Deſires, we ſhould ſoon come to the Point of thinking ourſelves equally ſure of Victory. Perhaps Madame *De S*—— did not at firſt propoſe to puſh her Enterprize ſo far. Her Notions were corrupted without doubt by Degrees; and in the Mind of an artful Coquet, the ſole Deſire of amuſing herſelf with ſo ridiculous an Adventure, was a Motive capable of making her forget all Decency and Decorum. However that be, having one Day tendered me her Hand, upon which I imprudently let fall my Head, without any Intention of touching it with my Lips, but on the contrary, to diſpenſe with myſelf from receiving it in mine, ſhe took this over-haſty bowing of my Head for the Motions of a Heart that trembled to explain itſelf more openly and apparently, with a Deſign of letting me know ſhe underſtood me, ſhe ſtretched her Hand forward to my Face, and laying her Fingers to my Mouth, preſſed them againſt my Lips for a Moment. If this Familiarity gave me ſome Surprize, I nevertheleſs conſidered it as a light Tranſport, which proceeded from the Satisfaction of a Heart, wherein a Reliſh for Virtue was beginning to ariſe from the Influence of my Advice. This Reflexion, which was not mixed with any Doubt, was confirmed immediately by a Propoſal that Madame *De S*——— made with ſome Air of Embarraſſment. As I had preſſed her often to a Review of all the Irregularities of her Life, and that ſhe had always made ſome Pretence for retarding that mortifying

mortifying Action, the Meaning of her Diſcourſe did not appear to me at all ambiguous. Come to me, ſaid ſhe, ſinking her Voice, at Ten o'Clock this Night, I will open to you my Heart, and you ſhall not have the leaſt Reaſon to complain of my Sincerity. I immediately was convinced, that ſhe at length had vanquiſhed all the Difficulties ſhe had to combat, and that if ſhe took the Night-time to diſcharge her Conſcience of the Load of her Sins, it was owing to the Remains of Confuſion, of which her ſpringing Piety had not yet the Power to ſhake off the Yoke.

It would be drawing an ill Picture of her Character to imagine, that her Diſpoſition was that of Love, and her Deſign, that of leading me from Weakneſs to Weakneſs, to the Point of inſpiring me with Inclinations, from whence ſhe expected to gather the Fruit. In flattering herſelf with having ſoftened my Heart, ſhe propoſed no other Pleaſure from it than to triumph over the Chaſtity of a mortified and auſtere Man, who had himſelf attempted to triumph over her. She would humble him, who thought himſelf capable of inſtructing her, and who after having endeavoured to frighten her by his Menaces, had Hopes of gaining the Power of moving and convincing her by his Reaſons. In fancying ſhe had ſeduced my Mind and Heart, ſhe did not in the leaſt think of taking any Advantage of her Victory; but a cruel Malignity had put it into her Mind, to make my Weakneſs ſerve to divert as well as to revenge her. She had communicated this Scheme to my Siſter-in-law, and the Empire ſhe already had over her, made her eaſily ſucceed in aſſuring herſelf of her Conſent, and even Aſſiſtance. They had agreed, that as ſoon as my Virtue ſhould have abandoned me, Madame *De S*——— ſhould propoſe the Aſſignation, which ſhe had already effectually appointed me at her Houſe, and that inſtead of coming to it herſelf, ſhe ſhould ſend in her Place a Woman extremely deformed, that Care ſhould be taken, to deceive me more readily, that the Place of Rendezvous ſhould be dark, and when they ſhould

think me given up to all the Licentiouſneſs of my Appetites, as they imagined, the two Ladies ſhould appear with Lights, and load me with juſtly-merited Reproaches. It was conceived, that this Scene would afford ſome Pleaſure to the Ladies, without obliging them to a Conduct, from whence I had been deſirous of laying down Leſſons of Prudence, and following this Plan, I ſhould even have Thanks to give them for keeping Meaſures with me, in order to ſave at leaſt my Reputation. In the mean Time, Madame *De S*——— no ſooner thought herſelf ſure of my Defeat, than ſhe changed her Thoughts; and nothing was more worthy of the Corruption of her Heart, than the new Project ſhe formed. She reſolved, without diſcovering herſelf to my Siſter-in-law, to puſh the Adventure herſelf to a Concluſion, as much to make a Trial of my Conduct in an Experiment, wherein ſhe had Reaſon to think me a great Novice, as to enjoy her Triumph in greater Perfection; and in the End, to make the Advantages ſhe ſhould acquire over me ſerviceable to her other Views.

The Integrity of my Heart having then baniſhed all Shadow of Suſpicion, I did not fail to attend punctually at the Aſſignation. All my Zeal in a manner reviving at the Approach of the Hour, I prepared for the Miniſtry, which I thought myſelf ready to exerciſe, by redoubling my Prayers. I appeared at Madame *De S*———'s Door, and found there a Woman who ſeemed to expect me, and who introduced me with many Circumſpections up a pair of Privy-Stairs that led to her Apartment. She recommended nothing to me but Silence, and I was not a little ſurprized, that a Ceremony, not uſual in ſuch a Houſe, was accompanied with ſome Air of Myſtery. The Door of the Apartment being opened, I was deſired to walk into the Cloſet with the ſame Cautions. At length I perceived Madame *De S*———, who was ſeated in a negligent Poſture, but adorned and ſet off with all the Care, and leſs Decency than I ought to have expected. The only Thought that this Affecta-

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tion raiſed in me, was a Reflexion upon the Aſcendant of Vanity, that does not abandon a Woman even in the moſt holy Exerciſes of Religion. In fine, the Door of the Cloſet being ſhut on me by the Chamber-Maid, who introduced me, I was all alone with Madame *De S*———.

I rejected an Impulſe of my Mind, that inclined me to reproach her for the Ornaments of her Dreſs, and thinking ſome Indulgence due to thoſe Remains of Weakneſs, I approached her, and deſired to know, if the Diſpoſitions of her Heart correſponded with thoſe ſhe had taken up, for employing the Solitude and Tranquillity we now enjoyed. This Diſcourſe was perhaps equivocal, although the Circumſtances had inſpired me naturally with it. It might without doubt have been taken in a Senſe directly contrary to my Thoughts, ſince helping to confirm Madame *De S*——— in hers, it gave Room for ſome Moments to the moſt extravagant Converſation. Her Anſwer was ſuch, as one may imagine it to be, from the Prepoſſeſſion ſhe was in. She talked to me of the Diſpoſitions of her Heart, as of a Love the moſt lively and impatient. What had it not coſt her to delay the happy Moment we were arrived at; and if my Ardour was equal to hers, what could be wanting to the Perfection of her Happineſs? Upon diſcovering herſelf with ſo much Warmth, ſhe took me by the Hand, and preſſing me to ſit down near her, ſhe poſſibly would have opened my Eyes all at once, by the Vivacity of her Action, if in the Thoughts ſhe was in, that I burned for her with an ardent Paſſion, ſhe had not deſired to have an agreeable Sight in the unravelling of my own Projects. Thus, with the Appearance of moderating herſelf all at once, ſhe complained only of not ſeeing my Eagerneſs correſpond better to hers; ſhe even drew back her Hand, with which ſhe had yet held mine, and looking on me with a tender Air on the Elbow-Chair whereon I ſat, ſhe immediately aſked me, for what Reaſon, with the Views that brought me there, I had come in a long Gown, which was ſo

little ſuitable to ſuch Circumſtances? I juſtified my Garb from the Reaſons of Decency, that even obliged me to wear it on this Occaſion, if I had not been accuſtomed to do it at all Times. Our Diſcourſe upon this Matter became a Series of Obſcurities, into which I could not fancy ſhe ſaw more clearly than I did. However ſhe had this Advantage over me, of perſuading herſelf, that ſhe comprehended ſomething in my Reaſons, that thinking me withheld by a Remainder of Modeſty and Fear, ſhe could underſtand the moſt obſcure of my Expreſſions as a Veil, in which I wrapped up my true Sentiments; in lieu of which, not ſuſpecting her at all of any other Views than of ſpeedily diſburdening her Memory of a Load of Faults, it happened almoſt at every Word ſhe pronounced, that I was ſtopped by ſome Difficulties, of which I did not underſtand one Word.

I attributed her Notions at firſt to an Impatience, and even a Trouble, of which the Soul is ſometimes capable in the firſt Approaches of Zeal; but I began to fear at laſt, that in an Imagination overheated by the grand Objects, with which I thought it filled, there was not ſome Revolution made that Reaſon was little ſenſible of.

During this Time, ſhe held the End of my Girdle, which ſhe rolled about her Fingers, ſometimes pretending only to amuſe herſelf with it, ſometimes ſqueezing it cloſe, and drawing it to her, with Looks in which her Ardour ſeemed to redouble. Tired at length with an Exceſs of Reſervedneſs, of which ſhe nevertheleſs accuſed my Baſhfulneſs, ſhe got up, ſaying, that theſe Men were ſtrange Creatures to employ all their Artifices to ſeduce the Heart of a poor Woman, and then to take Advantage of their Gravity and Strength of Mind, to abuſe their Victory. This was a miſchievous Irony, which ſhe thought to uphold by a thouſand paſſionate Careſſes, with which ſhe bore me down all at once

The firſt Efforts I made to defend myſelf from her being taken, it may be, for an Effect of the ſame Embarraſſment

raſſment to which ſhe had attributed my Coldneſs, and the Silence that my Surprize hindered me from breaking, helping yet to maintain her in the ſame Thoughts, ſhe did enough in a few Moments to have made my Reaſon rebel in her Favour: and this was without doubt a more powerful Succour, than that of my feeble Virtue, which delivered me from ſuch a frightful Peril. I ſummoned up all my Strength to tear myſelf from her Arms, and all out of Breath as I was, recovering with Difficulty the Power of ſpeaking, I ſeated her in an Elbow-Chair, where her own Confuſion detained her as much perhaps as the Words I ſpoke. Madam, ſaid I, with a diſturbed Voice, if it be a ſtraying of your Mind, an Illuſion of the Enemy of your Salvation, or any other Forgetfulneſs of yourſelf, that in ſpite of your Teeth tranſports you from your firſt Reſolutions into ſuch unworthy Exceſſes, recal your Judgment, arm yourſelf with thoſe great Principles, which I have laboured to inſtil into you, and be perſwaded that the Aſſiſtance of Heaven is always ſuperiour to Temptation. I perceive, added I, the Wrong I have done by ſwerving from the ordinary Cuſtom to hear your Confeſſion: I ought as much for myſelf as for you to fear the Danger of Solitude. But if the Corruption of our Nature ſometimes makes our Falls ſo ſudden, we can raiſe ourſelves as ſpeedily by Repentance; and from one ſingle Motion of the Heart often proceeds both Sin and Innocence.

As I made her this Diſcourſe I had my Hand leaning on her Arm, from a Remainder of Miſtruſt that made me fear, leſt ſhe ſhould fall again into a new Fit; and I obſerved even her Eyes, from thence to diſcover from what new Species of Tranſport I had to ſave myſelf harmleſs. I know not whether this Patience, with which I continued near her, gave her Room to believe, that I might yet be vanquiſhed, or whether ſhe took it may be, the ſoftneſs of my Reproaches only for the Diſguiſe of an Hypocrite, who feared to diſcover himelf with too little Caution; but taking Advantage of the Situation I was in to attack me with more Succeſs, ſhe gave greater Strength than ever to

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the Temptation both by her Careſſes and Looks. Some tender and animated Reproaches, that ſhe added to them at Intervals, her Sighs, that ſeemed to ariſe from the Bottom of her Heart, an Air of Languor diffuſed over her Countenance, and all her Attitude, in fine, the whole Equipage of Softneſs and Senſuality, which ſhe ſeemed to reunite about her, might perhaps have made me ſenſible, that Man is always too weak when he voluntarily expoſes himſelf to Danger: if this Thought itſelf which came into my Mind from the Expreſſions of the ſacred Pages, had not made me take a Reſolution of retiring haſtily. A ſhort Apoſtrophe, addreſſed to my Enemy on turning my Back to her, gave her to underſtand how remote ſhe was from her Triumph. However there was leſs of Anger and Harſhneſs, than of Compaſſion in what I ſaid. I pity you, ſaid I, from whatever Source this Exceſs of Corruption comes; and if you are ignorant of the Judgments of Heaven, I muſt tell you, that they are terrible againſt a hardening of the Heart, which proceeds even to a Contempt of its Warnings and Graces.

I haſtened to get out of this infected Place, thanking the Author of my Strength, which ſupported a faithful Chriſtian in the Love of Virtue; and being as little ſenſible of the Shame of being deceived, as not fearing to give up to Heaven the Judgment of my Intentions, I prayed him out of his infinite Mercies to place to my Account the Ardour and Purity of my Zeal. But having deplored the melancholy Succeſs of ſo great Hopes, I did not fail to let my Reflexions fall on my Lady, and I began again to ſee with another Eye, all thoſe Things that my Illuſion had as it were accuſtomed me to look upon without Diffidence or Alarms. My firſt Suſpicions nevertheleſs did not at all turn upon her two Lovers: On the contrary, I did not forbear to take them for what I was told they were, and I was pleaſed in the Midſt of my Fears, to find yet the ſame Likelihood in the Reaſons that brought my Siſter-in-law to *Paris*. Suppoſing, ſaid I, to hearten myſelf, that her Intimacy with Madame

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De S——— may have a little diſordered her Principles and Conduct, yet the Evil is not ſo inveterate, as to be afraid already of its Progreſs. Her Deſign in quitting the Country, was not all a formed Reſolution of giving herſelf up to Diſorder. She had in it an Intention, which ſhe is carrying into Execution; and when her unworthy Friend had raiſed in her a Deſire of it, to take Occaſion from thence, to engage her inſenſibly in the ſame Corruption, even the Neceſſity under which ſhe thought herſelf to employ this Pretence, ſhews ſufficiently, that ſhe had need of Time and Labour to ſucceed in ſuch a horrible Project. I encouraged myſelf alſo to hope ſomething from her Motives of coming to Town, which were not abſolutely without Probability and Force; but I ſhould have made one Reflexion much more juſt, if I had thought, that Vice is not ſo ſlow in its Progreſs as Virtue, and that the Bias of Nature, which ſo often is of itſelf ſufficient to hurry us along, will become a Torrent by its Rapidity, where it has received the unhappy Inſtigation of Counſel and Example.

Self-love never had Dominion enough over my Mind, as to make me look on the Confeſſion I had made the Count of the mortifying Succeſs of my Adventure, as a great Sacrifice. He always had his Miſtruſt of it, which he in vain laboured to communicate to me. I I confeſſed to him, that his Eyes were more penetrating than mine, and that this Adventure was a new Leſſon to me, of which I humbly acknowledged the Uſefulneſs. My Frankneſs proceeded even to diſcover to him the Reaſons I had to diſpel my Fears as to the Conduct of my Siſter-in-law, without which I ſtill confeſſed to him, that I ſhould have thought myſelf the moſt culpable and unhappy of all Men, to have by my miſtake deferred thoſe Remedies, which we might with Eaſe have applied earlier to the Diſorders. He let nothing drop in his Anſwer that could increaſe the Grief I felt at finding myſelf deceived; but recollecting one Part of the Advice he had given me, when I had declared my firſt Fears, he added, that if

Decency

Decency had permitted him at that Time to enter deeper into the Conduct of that Affair, he would have began with every Thing that would have forced my Lady to break with Madame *De S*——. Though, ſaid he, the Union that attaches me to you be very ſtrict, yet it would not be proper for me to take up the Voice of a Reformer in your Family, eſpecially in regard to a Woman, who has entered into it, as I have done, only by Alliance. But to whatever Degree the Evil be ſpread, you may be aſſured, added he, that if there remains any Hope of reforming it, yet it is not to be done, but by removing the productive Cauſe thereof. He pauſed a Moment, as if it were to give himſelf up to his own Reflexions. If I might explain myſelf with Freedom, ſaid he, you are not from henceforth a more proper Perſon than I am, to undertake the Enterprize in which you appear to be employed: As to me, I muſt have a Right to interfere, which I have not. As to you, ſince the ill Succeſs of your unlucky Experiment, as you muſt have loſt all Hopes that Exhortations of Zeal, and Maxims of Religion, can be ſufficient to reclaim Minds but little ſenſible of them; as to you, I ſay, you muſt have an Air of Boldneſs and Courage, which in a Man of your Gown and Character, cannot be ſuch as the Occaſion calls for. Conſider, added he ſtill, that of the two Means which are only proper to heal the Diſorders of which you complain, there is not one of them can become you. In Truth, the firſt can be proper for no Body, and I ſhould think it almoſt as dangerous as the Evil we fain would cure; that is, to employ the Authority of the Court, or that of the Law, to oblige my Lady to enter into a Convent until the Return of her Huſband: And this Method cannot be undertaken without making a great Noiſe, which may cauſe us more Confuſion and Grief, than we hope to avoid. But the ſecond Way, and conſequently the only one that remains to be taken, and which conſiſts not only in expoſtulating with my Lady boldly, but in uſing ſome vigorous

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Means to baniſh all Perſons from her Houſe of either Sex, that may not be thought convenient to be ſuffered in it: This Way requires a Man of the Sword, who may join to the Right you have Expreſſions, and perhaps Actions, that your Profeſſion excludes you from. Thus, added the Count, as long as we would avoid making a Noiſe in taking Care of, and conducting our Honour, I ſee no Body but my Lord *Tenermill*, who can be charged with an Affair of ſuch a delicate Nature with any Hopes of Succeſs.

I found Prudence and Truth in this Council; but to what Point did it reduce us? To remain in a State of Inaction till the Return of *Tenermill*, of which the Time was very uncertain. It was even probable, that *Patrick* would return before him; and one of my Views had always been to ſpare this dear Brother the Concern and Vexation he would infallibly feel, to find ſo great an Alteration in the Character and Conduct of his Wife. I was not at all diſcouraged at the Objection the Count made againſt himſelf, although it ſeemed to carry in it a formal Refuſal of interfering in the Intereſts of *Patrick*. I thought him more proper than he appeared to think himſelf for this Enterprize. In agreeing with him, that it no longer required a Man of my Profeſſion, think, ſaid I to him, that though you belong only by Alliance to my Family, you are nevertheleſs, in the Abſence of *Tenermill*, the neareſt Perſon to it. You conſequently ſucceed in all the Rights of my Brother, and, in the Caſe we now are, his Duties become yours. I added to this Way of Reaſoning, ſuch ſtrong and preſſing Inſtances, that they determined him at length to acquieſce in them.

He demanded a Delay of a few Days to give him Time to obtain more Knowledge in the habitual Actions and Conduct of my Lady. Without having ever known what Ways he employed, he informed me a few Days after what I have related of the two Lovers. Surprize and Grief raiſed a cruel Revolution in all my Senſes. But this was not all he had to tell me. From whatever Quarter he had got his Information, he had learn-

learned, that my Lady had already consumed in less than two Months, all the ready Money she had at the Departure of her Husband; and those could not be small Sums, since over and above her current yearly Rents, we remembered that she had 50000 Franks in her Coffers, when the Affairs of the Count had made his Friends believe, that he stood in Need of a pecuniary Assistance to put an End to his Law-Suit. This Waste and Consumption, not making her think of diminishing her Expences, she had already been obliged to the common Expedients, such as taking up Money on high Interest, and the pawning of many valuable Jewels. As she had no Passion for Gaming, and that her Table was not regular enough to throw her into so considerable Expences, it seemed manifest to the Count, that all these Sums had been lavished away on Love; that is to say, either on Madame *De S*———, who was a great Woman at laying out for Pleasures, or on her fortunate Gallants, whose Assiduities and Cares she apparently payed for: And to give more Credit to this odious Imputation, the Count had been assured, that among a great Number of Lovers, who perpetually swelled my Lady's Court, there were many who had the Reputation of being well with her, and who had from thence taken Occasion to appear with a more magnificent Retinue. I took great Care, said the Count, perceiving the Impression this frightful Relation had made on me, how I blindly believed the Slander; it magnified every Object, especially when added to the Vanity and Indiscretion familiar in the Mouths of young People. But reuniting all my present Informations to my former Conjectures, I had no Room for Doubts left me, but that there was a strange Alteration made in the Behaviour of my Lady, and that this Corruption gained Ground daily.

It remained for him to inform me, in what Manner he proposed to break this Matter to my Lady. I received Yesterday, said he, a Letter from *Patrick*, who supposing her yet at my Castle, prayed me to be watchful

watchful over her Health, and to ſee her myſelf, notwithſtanding our domeſtick Coldneſs. He complained of not having often enough received Letters from her. This Forgetfulneſs would appear to him ſurpriſing, if he had the Misfortune of knowing the Cauſe of it. But this gives ſuch a natural Opportunity to me to go and ſee her, that I reject all the other Schemes I have formed. Be aſſured, added he, that having once conſented to do him the Service you deſire, I will leave nothing undone about her, until I acquit myſelf of my Commiſſion. He confeſſed to me nevertheleſs, that with the View of inſpiring ſome Terror into the Guilty, he had already given Notice to Madame *De S———*, that ſhe was already threatened with ſome Diſgrace, which would be the Effect of her Intimacy with a Lady, whom the World accuſed her of having hurried into diſorderly Courſes. He told me, he did not at all doubt, but that this Advice had immediately been communicated to my Siſter-in-law, and that finding herſelf perhaps already greatly alarmed, he ſhould from thence have the greater Eaſe in flaggering her upon his firſt Viſit. He had even flattered himſelf, that if he ſhould have put her into this Diſpoſition, it would not be impoſſible for him, by magnifying a little the Motives of Terror, to engage her on the Spot to quit *Paris*, and to wait the Return of *Patrick* in the Country.

He choſe the Day following for his Viſit. Fatal Day! After ſo many Circumſtances he had related to me, he did not tell me, that he had diſcovered the favourite Lover of my Siſter-in law, and that he had already had a very warm Expoſtulation with him. This was the firſt Object he met in her Apartment. Paſſion has no Curb upon ſuch violent Occaſions. Seeing him come out alone from my Lady's Cloſet, he ſtopped him boldly, and without uſing the leaſt Caution in his Expreſſions, he forbid him with the moſt violent Menaces, ever again to put his Foot within a Houſe he had diſhonoured. This miſerable Wretch, who was little acquainted with the Sentiments of Honour,

nour, pretended to go out without making any Anſwer. A Scene ſo little foreſeen had heated the Count. He went into the Cloſet with the Remainder of the ſame Warmth, and obſerving fewer Meaſures than he had at firſt propoſed, he reproached my Lady openly with a Conduct, of which it did not appear to him that ſhe even feared the Scandal. The Name of her Huſband, that of her Brothers-in-law, all was employed to augment her Fear and Confuſion. In fine, having laid before her Eyes every Thing that he had judged moſt certain from the Informations he had procured of the Diſorder of her Manners, he declared, that, from the Right he had over her in the Abſence of *Patrick* and my Lord *Tenermill*, he gave her the Choice of two Things; either to return immediately to his Caſtle, there to take up a Reſolution of living a more regular Life, till the Return of her Huſband, or to retire into a Convent, which he would leave her the Liberty of chooſing.

The Evil he pretended to cure, was great enough to require a Remedy of ſuch Violence; but the Habit of the Diſorder not being yet ſtrong enough in my Lady, to have hardened her Front againſt ſuch ſevere Reproaches, the firſt Impreſſion ſhe felt, was more piercing than perhaps the Count had Reaſon to apprehend. Under ſo terrible an Embarraſſment, ſhe had neither the Preſence nor Inſtigations of Madame *De S*—— to ſupport her. The Count had not yet Familiarity enough with her, to enure himſelf to uſe a noble and lofty Tone with her, which he knew how to aſſume in his Reprimands and Menaces, better than any Perſon in the World. She thought ſhe ſaw all the Evils together, ready to tumble down upon her Head; and whether ſhe was in Reality as guilty as we fancied, or whether Remorſe or Fear had magnified her Faults in her own Eyes, ſhe remained under a deep Silence, that ſeemed to amount to a Confeſſion of every Thing with which ſhe heard herſelf reproached. In the mean Time, the Count preſſing her to come to ſome Reſolution, ſhe opened her Mouth with

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an Air of Confuſion and Fear, to entreat for Time to recover herſelf. He was unwilling to puſh his Rigour ſo far as to refuſe her ſuch a ſlight Favour; but miſtruſting that ſhe had Thoughts of conſulting Madame *De S*———, he declared to her, that ſhe muſt renounce all ſuch Hopes, and that, during two Hours he gave her to deliberate upon thoſe two Propoſals, he would go to that Lady, and would not conceal from her, that it was to her he aſcribed all thoſe Diſorders. If he added a few Words, it was only to lay before her the Shame of giving herſelf up to a Woman ſo odiouſly infamous, with the Hopes of haſtening her Repentance, by increaſing her Confuſion.

He went out indeed, in order to go to Madame *De S*———, to whom he was willing to renew openly the Advice he had given her by better. The Impatience I had to know, with what Air ſhe would receive his Viſit, had made me wait at ſome Diſtance from my Lady's Houſe. I got into his Coach; he embraced me, and the ſame Time congratulated me for his having found leſs Reſiſtance than he had foreſeen, and for being near the Point of executing his Commiſſion without Violence and Noiſe. Such agreeable News raiſed in me all the Joy that I ought to feel from it. I approved the Deſign that led him to Madame *De S*———'s, and left him to wait for the Succeſs of it with the ſame Hopes.

It being agreed that we ſhould return to my Lady's together, and offer her in Concert our Services and Cares for either of the Choices ſhe ſhould make, he took me up in the ſame Place he had left me. I was but little amazed at what he related to me of Madame *De S*———, after the Experience I had of her Character. She received his Menaces and Reproaches like a Woman above ſuch little Adventures, and even confeſſing with a malicious Jeſt, that my Lady had in a ſhort Time made an extraordinary Progreſs in Gallantry, ſhe excuſed herſelf from having had the leaſt Share in any Thing that had the Appearance of Diſorder or Exceſs. Facts of this Nature being difficult

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to be verified by Proofs, the Count had been obliged to hold to his firſt Declarations, and the principal Advantage he thought he had drawn from this Viſit was, to prevent ſo dangerous a Woman from infecting the Mind of my Lady by new Advice.

Not above an Hour had paſſed during the Interval of theſe two Expeditions. We proceeded to the Houſe of my Siſter-in-law. The Door of it was freely thrown open to us, and we went up into her Apartment without finding any further Obſtacles. The Count, finding the Door of the Cloſet ſhut, ſuffered no more than one Lacquey to go forward and give Notice that we were there. We muſt conceal, ſaid he, with great Prudence, as much as is poſſible of this grievous Scene from the Servants. This is a Precaution, added he, that I ſhould have recommended to my Lady herſelf, and ſhall be vexed if ſhe has not obſerved it. We knocked ſoftly at the Door. No Body made Haſte to open it. The Count having raiſed his Voice to give Notice who was there, we heard that of my Siſter-in-law, who after ſome obſcure Words, one Part of which even eſcaped us, gave Orders to her Chamber-Maid to let us in.

She was alone with this Woman ſitting at a Table, and holding a Pen in her Hand, with which ſhe was writing. With Difficulty ſhe got up to receive us, and we ſoon remarked, that ſhe had ſcarce Strength enough for any further Motion. Her Countenance had a Paleneſs in it, that I could compare to nothing but that of Death. The Alteration in all her Features, the Diſorder of her Eyes, in fine, an Air of Aſtoniſhment and Fright, that ſpread itſelf over her whole Form, gave us ſenſibly to underſtand, that ſhe was agitated by ſomething more terrible than Confuſion and Grief. The Count, to whom the Office of unfolding our Thoughts ſeemed to belong, began by obſerving ſome Marks of Diſturbance we were in for her Health, and aſked her Chamber-Maid, how ſhe could ſuffer her Miſtreſs to be in this Condition, without propoſing to her to ſend for Help. Alas! anſwered

ſwered this Woman, ſhe would by no Means ſuffer me; and ſhe has obliged me to ſtay here this Hour paſt whether I would or not. To what the Count ſaid to herſelf to draw from her a Confeſſion of her Misfortune, ſhe anſwered nothing, but by ſtretching out her Arm before her, with a Sign of Averſion to all our Cares, which ſeemed to make her fear the ſeeing us too near her. In fine, as it was of her own Accord ſhe had ordered the Door to be opened to us, ſhe prayed us to hearken to what ſhe intended to ſay to us, without any other Precaution, than by ordering her Chamber-Maid to go out of the Cloſet, and attend a little from the Door.

If you have brought Mr. Dean here, ſaid ſhe to the Count, caſting down her Eyes, only to redouble my Confuſion by his Preſence; you loſe your Labour; I am in a Condition which muſt make me inſenſible to thoſe little Conſiderations and my Shame, or your Reproaches cannot be an Evil very inſupportable to me, with the Certainty I have of ſeeing them very ſoon at an End. On the contrary, I rejoice in having you both Witneſſes of my laſt Thoughts. You will apprehend better from my Mouth, than from the Letter I was about writing to you, what paſſes this Moment in my Heart, and if you condemn the Exceſs or Deſpair coming to hurry me away, you are at free Liberty to make what Uſe you pleaſe of my Secret.

As the Aſtoniſhment the Count and I were in, obliged us almoſt at every Word to caſt our Eyes on each other; I know not, ſaid ſhe, what ſignify ſo many Looks; but if they proceed from the Obſcurity of what I ſay, which poſſibly may cauſe you ſome Embarraſſment, I have Occaſion but for one Moment to clear them up, and I will then leave you to determine, whether I merit your Horror or Compaſſion. It is true, continued ſhe, that the Attractions of Pleaſure, and the miſerable Counſels of Madame *De S*———, have made me ſwerve from my Duty. Give, if you will, to my Diſorders the Name of Infatuation

fatuation or Blindneſs, but do not be ſo unjuſt as to think, that the Forgetfulneſs of myſelf, into which I have fallen by Degrees, has been ever voluntary. Circumſtances have every Day contributed to this Depravation, and I have been ſurprized myſelf to ſee myſelf in the Midſt of the Abyſs, without having once opened my Eyes to ſee the Way that led me into it. How, for Example, the Love and Veneration with which I was filled for my Huſband have not better defended me againſt the firſt Motions of a diſſolute Love; and if I was capable of any Weakneſs, ought it to have been at the Expence of a Taſte ſo dear, which Time and my own Choice had ſo perfectly confirmed? Without acknowledging myſelf ſo criminal as you have ſuppoſed by your Reproaches, I confeſs, added ſhe, that you have not been deceived in one Part of the Exceſs you have imputed to me. I owe this Confeſſion to Truth, in the dreadful Moment I am in; but it diſpenſes with me from giving you a Detail, which without Doubt would bring a Torment to my Huſband.

We interrupted her, by ſhewing ſtrong Proofs of our Compaſſion, in order to baniſh that Diffidence ſhe ſeemed to remark of our Diſcretion, If you had known us to have been Men of Honour, ſaid the Count, you would not be apprehenſive, that your Huſband could ever hear from us what you yourſelf are going to make us forget, by ſuch ſtrong Marks of your Repentance. Ah! replied ſhe, interrupting us in her Turn, you are ignorant of my Situation, when you aſcribe any Thing to my Fear. I have nothing further to expect, when I have no longer any Claim to Life; and praying us to hear what ſhe would tell us in two Words, ſhe informed us, that far from thinking we had any Knowledge of her Intrigues, ſhe had been ſo terrified at the Count's Reproaches, that her Spirit, which had ſupported her during his Diſcourſe, entirely failed her the Moment he went out of the Cloſet. Remaining ſome Time in a Swoon, the Wretch, whom the Count had forbid ever to appear

pear again in the Houſe, and who nevertheleſs had only retired into a Chamber hard by, returned into the Cloſet as ſoon as he had ſeen the Perſon go out of it, the Sight of whom he durſt not bear. He did not in the leaſt doubt ſeeing my Lady in ſuch a deep Swoon, but that ſome Scene had paſſed between her and the Count, which was the Conſequence of that he had juſt before been expoſed to from him, and of which the Effect would infallibly be the Loſs of thoſe Reſources he had hitherto found in the Credulity of my Siſter-in-law. The ſame Fund of Artifice and Knavery, that had attached him to her, inſpired him with the deteſtable Thought of taking Advantage of her Condition, to rob her all at once of what ſhe had already much impaired by the Help of Madame *De S*———, and which they had fully made ſure of carrying off by Degrees. From a long Familiarity he had known the Caſket, in which my Lady, together with her Jewels, kept all the Deeds and Contracts that were the Sureties of her Eſtate. He ſeized them, and as he got into the Street, meeting no Body but the Chamber-Maid, who was accidentally going into her Miſtreſs, he pretended ſmiling, that my Siſter-in-law had given it him in Charge to ſecure that precious Burden, out of Fear leſt the Count *De S*———, who had ſome Difference with her, might ſo far aſſume the Aſcendant he deſired over her, even to the ſeizing of her Papers.

The Chamber-Maid went in to my Lady, who had recovered out of her Swoon the Inſtant ſhe entered the Cloſet, and perceiving in her only the Remains of a Paleneſs, which is the Conſequence of ſuch Accidents, ſhe had ſo much the leſs Miſtruſt of the Cauſe, as her Miſtreſs reſtrained herſelf enough from giving her any Room of making a Diſcovery of it. Nevertheleſs, as ſhe was buſied about her, ſhe could not forbear mixing in her Words, what ſhe had juſt ſeen and heard. My Lady as it were Thunder-ſtruck, by immediately ſeeing a Proof of the Robbery before her Eyes, nevertheleſs had Power enough in the Exceſs

of her Trouble, to become Miſtreſs of her firſt Tranſports; yet ſhe had too quick a Senſe of her Misfortune. All Things capable of caſting Deſpair and Conſternation into her Soul, joined together to overwhelm her. Together with the terrible Conſequences, with which ſhe thought herſelf threatened from her Huſband, ſhe found herſelf reduced in a Moment to Indigence, by the only Man of the World on whom ſhe had moſt extravagantly laviſhed her Subſtance and Confidence. Being without Experience or Underſtanding in the Practice of Affairs, ſhe could ſee no Remedy for recovering the Loſs of the Caſket, and ſtopping the Conſequences of the Robbery. In fine, ſeeing no Appearance of Hopes, and preferring Death to a Thouſand fatal Extremities that ſhe thought inevitable, the only Thought from whence ſhe drew any Conſolation, was to remember, that among many Elixirs come to her from her Father, and which ſhe had choicely preſerved, ſhe had a Poiſon, of which he had boaſted of the Virtue. She did not heſitate a Moment in ſwallowing it, without giving the leaſt Notice of it to her Chamber-Maid, who on the contrary imagined, that what ſhe had taken was ſome Remedy for her Health. She afterwards called for a Pen, to give us an Account of the Reaſons ſhe had to put an End to her Life, and to intereſt us even for the Honour of our Family, not to reveal ſuch a tragical Adventure.

What ſhe could add to this Account ſeeming to us of leſs Importance than the Neceſſity of giving her Aſſiſtance, we cut her Words ſhort to call in her Chamber-Maid, whom we ordered in the moſt preſſing Terms, immediately to ſend for the firſt Phyſician that could be got; and to neglect nothing in the Interval, the Count viſiting the Caſket of Elixirs, luckily found among them divers counter Poiſons, with their Names, and diſtinguiſhing Marks, and forced my Lady to take this Aſſiſtance. Her Oppoſition was long and obſtinate; but ſhe yielded at laſt from two Hopes he gave her; one, that if ſhe was reſolved to re-aſſume

re-aſſume a Reliſh for her Duty, her Huſband ſhould never be informed of the Misfortune ſhe had of injuring it in his Abſence; the other, that the very Robbery of her Papers was not yet an irreparable Miſchief; becauſe the Duplicates of them were for the moſt Part preſerved in the publick Regiſters; and as to thoſe that it was impoſſible to make good this Way, they had at leaſt the Remedy of giving out publick and particular Advertiſements, which would infallibly ſecure the beſt Part of them. Theſe two Motives prevailing on her to take the Aſſiſtances that might recal her to Life, ſhe caſt herſelf at our Knees, and her Promiſes appeared to us to be as ſincere as her Thanks.

There was ſo little to fear, in the Diſpoſition I now ſaw her, that ſhe would make any Difficulty in following my Advice or Orders, which only tended to engage her to take Medicines, and even quit *Paris* immediately, if her Situation ſhould permit her, I preſſed the Count not to delay a Moment in taking the neceſſary Meaſures for preventing the Conſequences of the Robbery. He went off with this Deſign. The Phyſicians, who came immediately, found the Effects of the Poiſon leſs advanced than I could fancy from the Appearances. Whether the Elixir had already loſt its Strength, or whether it required a longer Time to work, they aſſured me, that it had not yet communicated itſelf to the Vitals, and that they would eaſily maſter it. In Reality, my Lady found herſelf ſo much relieved by their Care, that in leſs than an Hour ſhe was in a Condition to get into her Coach with me, and drive to the Count's Caſtle. This Alteration was made with ſo many Precautions, and ſuch Decency, that her Servants not having any more Suſpicion of the Cauſe of her Departure, than of the Reaſons of her Sickneſs, I ſtill comforted her by improving the preſent Bleſſing into the moſt favourable Omens of what was to come; and I perſuaded her at length, that ſhe had nothing to fear from the Secrets lodged in the Count's and my Hands.

Nothing could excuſe me from paſſing ſome Time with her, as much to keep from her Madame *De S———*, whoſe Indiſcretion I feared would yet attempt to ſeek the Means of ſeeing her again, as to confirm her in thoſe Reſolutions ſhe had taken, in which I was not yet convinced that Neceſſity had not a greater Share than the Inclinations of her Heart. So my Abode with her was a continual Exerciſe of Charity and Zeal, by the Care I took conſtantly to lay before her Eyes ever Thing that might call her back to herſelf, and make her forget what ſhe had loſt. She opened her Mind to me in ſuch a Manner, as left me not the leaſt Doubt of her Repentance, and which would have convinced me what ſtrong Dependance I might have on her Reſolutions, if on the other Side her very Frankneſs had not helped to inſpire me with a freſh Diffidence of the future, by giving me Room to penetrate more and more into the natural Bottom of her Character. With the firſt Hints given me by the Count, and thoſe of a fatal Experience, which had but too well confirmed them, I could not lay hold of her Change, nor ſhe indeed give it me, as an Alteration in the leaſt of her Inclinations. I was as well acquainted with her Heart as with my own. I ſaw in it a ſincere Reſolution of vanquiſhing thoſe Inclinations, with which ſhe accuſed herſelf for having had too much Indulgence; but this only helped me to diſcover, that ſhe yet had them, and that ſhe would perhaps be always obliged to a Conflict with them. Her Condition, on which ſhe had the Ingenuity to open herſelf, was only a violent Condition, which conſequently ſuppoſed that ſhe was not in the leaſt what ſhe had an Inclination to be, and which muſt make it doubtful, as long as the Combat ſhould laſt, to what Side the Ballance would one Day incline: And if this Obſervation was indubitable, I had nothing to expect either from her proper Efforts, or from the Ardour of my Zeal, to heal the Evil in its Source. That had been to attempt to change Nature; an Enterprize ſurpaſſing the Power of Man,

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and which Heaven is not even engaged to place always among the Miracles of its Grace.

Nevertheleſs, it was of ſo little Importance for the Honour or Repoſe of a Huſband, whether his Wife were reclaimed to Virtue by a natural Reliſh, or an Effort of Reaſon, and I had ſo little Doubt of my Lady's knowing how to triumph over herſelf, when ſhe ſhould have for a Curb, not only the Preſence and Looks, but even the Love and Complaiſance of my Brother, that if I had any Scruple upon the Renewal of their Union, it was not from a Doubt of the Love of the one, or the Fidelity of the other they ſprang. I only applied myſelf to conſider what the Lot of *Patrick* was going to be, who finding his Wife the ſame in Appearance as he had left her at his Departure, was about laviſhing on her all the Careſſes that a Huſband owes to a Conſtancy of Duty and Love, whilſt ſhe had abuſed them ſo cruelly, that, according to the common Precedents of Honour, what was his Duty to her was perhaps a cruel Death, or a Puniſhment which made his Life more inſupportable than Death. This Reflexion did not at all proceed from an Inclination I ſometimes had, of raiſing or magnifying Difficulties; it is the common Manner of thinking upon Events of this Nature. The moſt contemptible and mean of all Men, being conſulted upon the Situation of *Patrick* at his Return, would judge that no Condition could be ſo cruel, and conſequently to reduce him to it with as much Freedom as Knowledge, would not this be to betray him with the utmoſt Cruelty? I did not examine this Queſtion by the Laws of Men, which would have given me too much Perplexity; and moreover, I had no Occaſion to conſult them, when *Patrick*'s Misfortune being unknown, it was not the Impreſſion it might make on another, that I ought to take for the Foundation of my Reflexions. I turned myſelf to Heaven, the Laws of which are never equivocal, even when they do not accord with the Opinions of Men. It ſeemed to me, that the Faults of a Woman not diminiſhing either the Rights

or Property, or Reliſh of a Huſband, they draw their Enormity leſs from the Wrong they do him, than from the Corruption of the Heart that made her commit them. Thus when Ignorance on one Side puts the Imagination under Shelter, and on the other Side, no Change is obſerved to make it doubted whether a Woman has been faithful to her Duty, there is in this nothing of the Situation of a Man betrayed to make it as cruel as People fancy. The Crime and her Shame appear in the Eyes of God only from what ſhe has committed; and both the one and the other ſhould vaniſh equally when they are effaced by Repentance.

But I confined myſelf to uſeleſs Diſcuſſions; and I ſhould have been excuſed from them by the Diſpoſition Heaven had given to theſe Events, if I had been able to have penetrated them. With whatever Hopes I had laboured to ſooth my Siſter-in-law's Mind, a Remorſe for her Weakneſs, and a Fear of her Husband, had acted upon it with more Force than all my Conſolations. If the Diligence of the Count *De S*——— had preſerved one Part of her Wealth, it nevertheleſs could not prevent many conſiderable Bills from paſſing immediately into ſtrange Countries with him who had ſtole them away, and who had taken Care to make ſure of all the Profit he could draw from his Crime. The Sums, which there were no Hopes of recovering, amounted to more than two hundred thouſand Franks. It was not poſſible but *Patrick*, perceiving ſuch a conſiderable Loſs, ſhould ſhew a great deal of Curioſity, by enquiring into the Circumſtances of the Robbery, and that he would ſooner or later come at further Intelligence. This Thought, joined to a thouſand Inquietudes, which augmented in Proportion as the Return of my Brother drew near, joined to a continual Remorſe for having failed in Love and Fidelity to a Huſband ſo worthy of thoſe two Sentiments, joined perhaps to the Effects of the Poiſon, of which it was hard to think, but that ſome Part of it had deceived the Care

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and Skill of the Phyſicians, threw her into a languiſhing Sickneſs, which made me believe from the Beginning of it, that her Death was not far off. Nothing was neglected for the Recovery of her Health. I did not leave her one Moment, and my Services were as eager, as if I had the moſt precious Life in the World to preſerve. The Count and his Spouſe paid her as much Attendance, and with as great Ardour, as they could have done to *Patrick* himſelf. She ſeemed to have ſuffered much Diſturbance from the firſt Viſit of the Counteſs; and I eaſily obſerved, that the Preſence of a virtuous Woman was to her a dreadful Sight. Nevertheleſs, I diſburdened her Imagination from one Part of this Load, by aſſuring her, that my Siſter was entirely ignorant of her Adventure. This Perſuaſion that ſeemed to her a Security for the ſame Diſcretion in Reſpect to her Huſband, appeared to make her laſt Breath undiſturbed enough. She conjured me not to leave her Bed-ſide. All the Intervals of Strength and Freedom of Mind, that her Diſtemper left her, were employed in regretting her Crimes. She prayed me to count over her Misfortunes, by that Means to ſoften the Horror of them in her own Eyes; and ſhe told me, that knowing ſhe had not Reſolution enough to endure the Looks of her Huſband without expiring for Shame and Grief, ſhe conſidered it as a Favour from Heaven to ſpare her this Puniſhment, by taking away her Life during his Abſence.

The Count and I lamented her ſincerely: A Woman ſo amiable merited a different Fate; and it is yet to me an impenetrable Myſtery, that the moſt perfect Qualities of Nature are ſometimes matched with odious Vices that diſfigure them. The Count puſhed this Reflexion further. In a material Body, ſaid he, wherein every Thing depends on a Mechaniſm, which has not Rules abſolutely certain, and whoſe different Movements form nevertheleſs what they call the Paſſions, it does not appear to me ſo ſurprizing as to you, that the Inclination to Vice or Virtue ſhould be ſubject to great Variety and Alteration; but what I admire,

added he, is, that Women have found the Art of diſguiſing their moſt contradictory Inclinations, under Appearances nevertheleſs reſembling each other; inſomuch that nothing can aid us in piercing this deceitful Veil, which gives to their moſt irregular Inclinations the ſame Outſide as to their Virtues. Would *Patrick*, added he, have been deceived by his Wife, if length of Time and Obſervations could have given him Room to penetrate with a ſharp Eye through thoſe thick Darkneſſes? Without oppoſing the Count's Reflexion, I deſired him only to obſerve, that the Difference he made between what he called an Inclination to Vice or to Virtue, proceeded leſs from Nature, than from a thouſand Circumſtances, that are the Sources of our Habits. Theſe two natural Inclinations of Love and Hatred, to which all the others may be referred, never in themſelves deſerved the Name of vicious Inclinations; they only become ſo by the evil Quality of Objects, towards which we direct our Intentions; This is ſo true, that of what Nature ſoever theſe Objects be, the Affection of the Heart is always the ſame. Why do you hold then, added I, that Nature had given different Appearances to one Thing that is not at all capable of Change. The Change at leaſt, if we muſt acknowledge one, not proceeding but from exterior Cauſes, which juſtly or without Reaſon excite the natural Deſires and Affections, it is not more reaſonable to wiſh, that the Change ſhould manifeſt itſelf outwardly, and by ſenſible Differences, than it would be to hold, that Fire takes the Colour of the Objects before it, and upon which its Action is always alike, although the Difference be ſometimes very wide in the Effects.

We immediately paſſed from theſe abſtracted Ideas to Conſiderations more urgent. Although the Sickneſs of my Siſter-in-law had been long enough to give Time to adviſe *Patrick* of it, yet the Embarraſſment that her Adventure gave us, and, if I durſt ſay it, even the Hopes we had to get out of it by her Death, made us chuſe entirely to conceal it from him in our Letters.

Letters. But if every Thing had changed its Face by this Event, we were under no leſs Difficulties what Addreſs we had need to uſe in communicating to him ſuch ſorrowful News. His Journey, which was intended to continue but four Months, was prolonged by new Negociations, with which he was commiſſioned by the King to the Court of *Spain*. His Impatience to return to *Paris*, was nevertheleſs the only Thought uppermoſt in his Letters. What Means had we to inform him by ours, of an Accident ſo much the more terrible to him, as Prudence, which was yet more neceſſary, did not permit us to add to it other Eclairciſments? That common Griefs have their Bounds, we knew well enough by domeſtic Experiences; but in the Heart of ſo tender a Brother, the Count as uncertain as I, aſked me, if I did not apprehend that it was capable of vaſt Exceſs; and both of us trembling for the Conſequences, that from thence ſtared us in the Face, we were a long Time in taking a Reſolution, which did not at firſt ſtrike our Minds.

In fine, not fearing that he would have ſo little Moderation as to reproach me for it, when the Queſtion only was to give a Demonſtration of my Affection and Zeal to my Brothers, I thought myſelf to make the Journey to *Madrid*. Pretences could not be wanting to a Man ſo curious as I to get Experience. This was the ſole Motive I reſolved to make uſe of to the King; for I was willing to avoid every Thing that might diminiſh the Opinion his Majeſty had of my Brother's Steadineſs and Reſolution. My Siſter-in-law was not enough known to excite the Attention of the Publick by her Sickneſs and Death; this News had not yet reached St. *Germain*, and I did not doubt but we might alſo keep it concealed as long as we thought convenient for our Intereſts. The Day following I went to Court, and without any Explanation obtained of the King his Licence, to make a Journey to *Spain*. He nevertheleſs aſſigned Bounds to my Abſence, but ſtill with an obliging Motive for it.

According to the Hopes he had of ſeeing his Arms ſucceed happily in *Ireland*, he aſked me if I would not make Haſte enough to ſwell his Court, when the Succeſs of his Affairs would enable him to take Poſſeſſion of his Kingdoms. He fixed my Return to the Beginning of Winter, that is to ſay, when at the End of the Campaign he ſhould be able to make a Judgment of his Fortune. Vain Expectation, which failed by a Train of Events quite oppoſite! But for the ſame Reaſon, he ſome Weeks before dropped the Deſign of ſending me to *Ireland* to bring over my Lord *Lynch*'s Treaſure. Whatever Facility he had found in doing ſo according to his firſt Views, when he imagined that I might have been ſeconded by his Troops, he then judged ſo favourably of this Expedition, that thinking himſelf every Day at the Eve of a ſignal Victory, he reckoned upon going to receive this Treaſure with his own Hands.

BOOK X.

I WAS confidently determined to go to *Madrid*, and my Preparations never requiring much Time or Pains, I did not put off my Departure further than the Day following. An Accident, that never ſo much as came into my Mind, delayed my Journey, and very near obliged me to abandon it altogether. Could any one imagine what Obſtacles they were that had been capable of ſtopping me, if I did not declare before-hand, that this was the only one that could make me relinquiſh any Thing even more urgent; or, with the ſame View, form Enterprizes a thouſand times more toilſome and difficult?

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Nothing appearing to lay us under the Obligation of imparting the Death of my Siſter-in-law, nor the Deſign of my Journey to *Sarah Fincer*, I propoſed to take my Leave of her with the ordinary Marks of Eſteem and Affection, without ſpeaking to her otherwiſe of my Departure, than to recommend to her the Care of her Health during my Abſence. Nevertheleſs, upon my Arrival from St. *Germain*, I underſtood that ſhe had enquired for me ſeveral Times with great Eagerneſs; and going to her, my Aſtoniſhment was extremely great to hear her ſpeak not only of the Death of my Siſter-in law, but of the Project of my Journey, as if ſhe had been informed of it by myſelf, or by the Count, even in the moſt minute Circumſtances. Some Words, which eſcaped her in the Warmth of divers Motions, of which I did not of a Sudden diſcover the Nature, gave me alſo to underſtand, that ſhe was not at all ignorant of the Adventures of her Rival, or that ſhe knew at leaſt every Thing relating to them, which had not been confided only to the Count's and my Diſcretion. I looked on her with Surprize, expecting where this Prelude would end: At length, riſing off her Chair with ſo briſk an Action, that I could not for a long Time underſtand myſelf to be the Cauſe of it: Ah! my dear Dean, ſaid ſhe, do you think I will let you go alone to *Spain*, and when Heaven reſtores me to Life by ſuch happy Events, is there any Perſon elſe in the World to whom I can truſt the Succeſs of my Hopes? I am acquainted with your Friendſhip by the moſt generous Proofs, and if I could chuſe to repoſe my Intereſts on any other than myſelf, I ſhould not go further to look for a Protector or Agent. But what I aſk of you at preſent is to be my Guide. Lead me, added ſhe, with a more open and declared Ardour; I have no more Obſtacles to vanquiſh than in demanding the Conduct of your Prudence; I wiſh for nothing but to arrive at *Madrid*, and I dare from thenceforth hope every Thing from the ſole Power of Honour and Love.

Having had Time to recover myſelf during this Diſcourſe, I apprehended a Thing, which I now confeſs, that the Multitude of my Notions and Occupations did not hitherto permit me to conſider on; that is to ſay, that the Death of my Siſter-in-law gave juſt Hopes to *Sarah*, and that in Effect not having any Thing more than Grief to combat in my Brother's Heart, it was not impoſſible but he might take for her thoſe Sentiments, which, as I have remarked a thouſand Times, it had afflicted him not to be in a Capacity of paying her. Why ſhould he continue obſtinate in refuſing her his Heart? Would he not find there all the Virtue and Charms that he could not poſſibly forbear admiring? I even thought that her Patience, in the Midſt of ſo many Misfortunes, had given to them a new Luſtre; and whether it were that my Love for her had magnified her Accompliſhments in my Eyes, or whether ſhe had really drawn theſe Advantages from Adverſity, I had remarked a thouſand Times ſince ſhe had been at the Count's, that her Wit, her Sweetneſs, her Politeneſs, were improved and wrought up to Perfection by continual Advancements. The Moment I was making theſe Reflexions on what was paſt, I could not avoid one Remark on the preſent, that ſtruck all my Attention. As I perceived ſhe was informed of the Irregularities of my Siſter-in-law, I could not but admire, that ſhe never dropped an ill-natured Reflexion, or the leaſt Mark of that inſulting Joy, which Ladies ſo commonly do over the Misfortunes of a Rival Scarce did ſhe pronounce her Name, and this Effort on herſelf redoubled the Opinion I always had of her Mildneſs and Modeſty.

In the mean Time, her Propoſals, which I ſo little expected, threw me into a Perplexity from whence I could not eaſily recover. I had need of ſome Deliberation to examine whether they did not injure any Right. Could a Marriage diſſolved with a good deal of Noiſe be renewed? And if the Divorce had been lawful, could it be cemented together again by a new Lien? Moreover, what Appearance was there of diſ-

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poſing *Patrick* to receive a new Spouſe the Moment he heard of the Loſs of her whom he had loved excluſive of all others? This laſt Thought, being ſufficient of itſelf to furniſh me with an Anſwer, I turned over the Diſcuſſion of the others to a Seaſon more free; and without making any further Objection to *Sarah*, than what ſo naturally occurred, I aſked her, if the firſt Moments of Grief were a proper Time to give a good Iſſue to her Hopes. She agreed in the Force of this Obſtacle; but not continuing from thence leſs ſteady in her Reſolution, ſhe propoſed to me a thouſand Expedients, that ſhe thought capable of reconciling all Difficulties. I will be exactly careful, ſaid ſhe, not to appear at firſt with you. You ſhall ſee him alone, and inform him of his Loſs. Your Zeal and Prudence ſhall be beſtowed in moderating the firſt Motions of his Grief; and when you think him diſpoſed to receive my Viſit, I will labour in my Turn to make him reliſh my Conſolations. If it be the Pleaſure of being beloved, that he regrets, alas! he ſhall ſoon ſee, that what he has remaining of that Pleaſure ſurpaſſes every Thing he has loſt.

This Exceſs of Love and Goodneſs drew Tears from my Eyes, and Compliments and Praiſes from my Lips; but ſtill afraid of a Project, in which I thought I ſaw a Thouſand inſurmountable Difficulties, if I was not ſtiff in condemning it, I at leaſt inſiſted that it ſhould be communicated to the Count and Counteſs of *S*———, and I made my Conſent depend on their Anſwer. How great was the Grief of *Sarah*, when ſhe found them in no leſs Oppoſition to her Deſires? In her firſt Motions ſhe proteſted to me, that nothing was capable of ſtaying her; and that if I refuſed to ſerve her as a Guide, ſhe ſhould know how to find the Road to *Spain* without me, and to get to *Madrid* as quickly as I ſhould. I conſidered then whether her Intereſt itſelf and that of *Patrick*, ſhould not oblige me to abandon the Deſign of my Journey. My Letters might lead my Brother by Degrees into the Knowledge of his Loſs, and in like manner inſenſibly in-

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ſpire into him thoſe Conſolations that might reſtore Peace to his Mind. I imagined I had a Foreſight, that after having as it were exhauſted in his Abſence the firſt Impetuoſity of his Grief, he would be ſatisfied enough to find here a more agreeable Remedy in the Love of a Lady, whom he never had hated, and by whom he was ſure of having been conſtantly beloved. I ſhould perhaps have fixed in this Reſolution, if the Counteſs had not ſucceeded by other Motives to make *Sarah* change hers. She repreſented to her, that without looking on her as a Woman that had any other Relation to my Brother than from the Deſires of Love, Decency impoſed Laws on her, which ſhe ſeemed to forget. This Advice, without perhaps having all the Solidity in it that the Counteſs perſuaded herſelf it had, made ſo great an Impreſſion on a Nature ſo virtuous as *Sarah*'s, that it ſtifled her moſt impetuous Deſires. But with what Ardour did ſhe not then conjure me to embrace her Intereſts, ſince ſhe had loſt the Hopes of ſolliciting them herſelf. She repeated to me twenty Times, even the Terms and Expreſſions with which ſhe deſired me to ſerve her. She would write them down, and charge me with her Letter. It was after a thouſand Reaſonings and a thouſand Efforts, that I obliged her to own the Power of my firſt Objections, and confeſs, that Precipitation was no Way expedient for her Hopes.

In fine, I had the Liberty to go alone, and my Diligence correſponding with my Zeal, I ſcarce took any neceſſary Reſt during ſo long a Journey. *Patrick* received me with an Openneſs of Heart, which all at once gave me Room to judge, that I ſhould find in this amiable Brother all the good Qualities that had rendered his Friendſhip ſo precious to me. There did not ſubſiſt in his Memory the leaſt Traces of our Differences. But the Haſte and Eagerneſs with which he enquired after News from his Spouſe, declared to me almoſt as ſpeedily, all the Difficulties of my Enterprize. He renewed the Complaints, which he had often made by Letters, of the too long Time ſhe took

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in anſwering his; and all in a Breath aſking me a hundred Queſtions of her Health, her Employments, and her Love for him, he did not relieve my Embarraſſment, otherwiſe than by the Right he gave me of anſwering him with the ſame Confuſion. I had leſs Difficulty in giving a probable Colour to my Journey. The Deſire of ſeeing him, and the Opportunity, that his Reſidence at *Madrid* had given me to get ſome Knowledge of *Spain*, were ſuch natural Reaſons, that thereby perſuading him of my Views, they inſpired him with all the Warmth I wiſhed to give me Satisfaction. It was in the Wanderings and Abſence of Mind, that this Exerciſe might cauſe him, wherein I hoped to find a favourable Moment for my Deſign, and not being preſſed by Time, which afforded me as many Days to chuſe out of as he had till his Return to *France*, I had not the leaſt Doubt, but that an Enterprize conducted by ſo many Steps and Precautions, would in the End have the Succeſs that I had ventured to promiſe myſelf from it.

This Facility in flattering myſelf increaſed yet more by a Diſcovery I made during my firſt Days, and which an Appearance of Truth made me take in a Senſe proper indeed to augment it. By the Care I took of informing myſelf from my Brother's Servants, what Acquaintance he had made at *Madrid*, I underſtood, that he familiarly viſited a young Lady, whoſe Merit had made an Impreſſion on him. She was a Widow, and that Condition giving her the Freedom of receiving Strangers, he ſpent at her Houſe almoſt all the Time he did not employ in his Buſineſs. Perhaps I ſhould have relaxed a little from my Principles, by deſiring that he had taken an Inclination for her; and even the Intereſt of *Sarah Fincer* did not prevent me in the leaſt from wiſhing her this Obſtacle. Beſides, as I could not have a Fancy ſtrong enough to make me fear any conſiderable Difficulty to overcome, this was the ſurmounting one ſo powerful as the making myſelf Maſter of his Grief, that all the reſt appeared to me a mere Jeſt. If I had not been

aſſured by himſelf all at once of his Inclinations for a Woman, whoſe Charms were ſo highly exalted, this was only to draw from thence more Advantage in making ſubſervient to my Deſigns, thoſe Lights and Hints that I would have endeavoured to have procured ſome other Way, without his having the leaſt Miſtruſt of it.

Many Perſons being named to me, from whom I might procure Informations, I contented myſelf in making an Acquaintance with a *Spaniſh* Gentleman, who often viſited the ſame Lady, and who, ſpeaking *French*, every one had an eaſy Acceſs to him, who could diſcourſe him in that Language. From the only Quality of Friend to this Lady, I ſhould have thought him linked to her by the ſame Motives, that I deſired *Patrick* ſhould be, if in the firſt Opportunity I had to talk to him of her he had not drawn a Portrait of the Lady that did not appear to me to proceed from the Pencil of a Lover. He repreſented her to me as an experienced and diſciplined Coquette, who under a falſe Semblance of Modeſty and Gentleneſs, concealed all the Artifice, of which a Woman, ſeeking only to pleaſe, is capable, and who not limiting herſelf to hold a ſingle Lover in her Chains, laboured continually to extend her Conqueſts, with the Care only of diſguiſing herſelf with ſuch Addreſs, that every one of her Favourites might think himſelf confident of having no Rival. He himſelf had been cured of an unhappy Paſſion, that he had a long Time nouriſhed for her, by the Experience he had found of her Treachery, which nevertheleſs did not hinder, but that the Eſteem he had of her Wit, and a hundred uncommon Qualities, which he yet acknowledged in her, had made him conſerve for her a kind of Attachment, which he rather choſe to call a Fancy or Reliſh for her, than a Friendſhip. When he underſtood from me in the Sequel of our Converſation, that *Patrick* was my Brother, he plainly declared, that ſeeing him very aſſiduous about this fair Widow, he little doubted but that Love had the greateſt Share in his Viſits;

Viſits; and he counſelled me moreover to give him ſuch Advice, as I ſhould think proper, to preſerve him from the Danger. At leaſt I am convinced, added he, that he makes it his Study to pleaſe her, and offered to make me judge of it by my own Eye-Sight.

Far from being affrighted at this Picture, it was exactly an Inclination of this Sort, that I ſhould have thought capable of amuſing *Patrick* enough to render him leſs ſenſible of the Wound I was about giving him; without expoſing him nevertheleſs to the ſoftening of his Heart enough, ſo as not eaſily to receive a Remedy, which would be perhaps in the End much ſtronger than the Evil. I accepted the *Spaniſh* Gentleman's Offer with Joy, and the ſame Day informing my Brother of the Opportunity I had of converſing with a Lady of his Acquaintance, I put off my Viſit no further than to the next Day. You will ſee, ſaid he coldly, a Lady of diſtinguiſhed Merit, and you will have no need of any other Perſon than me to introduce you to her. I found in what he ſaid an Air of Confidence, that confirmed all my Notions. I had even ſo little Doubt thereof, that I could not defend myſelf from ſome Reflexions upon the Inconſtancy of the Heart, which one ſingle Paſſion was not ſufficient to poſſeſs entirely; and if this Thought gave me more Hope than ever of adjuſting Matters eaſily with *Patrick*, it perhaps ſerved to inſpire me with a more ſtrong Compaſſion than I had ever felt for my Siſter-in-law.

Patrick put me in Mind himſelf of the Engagements he was under with me. Having preſented me to *Donna Figuerrez* with a Character, ſuch as was decent from the Mouth of a Brother, he gave me Room ſoon to perceive the Conſiderations ſhe had for him. I ſhould have began my Obſervations from the firſt Moment, if the *Spaniſh* Gentleman, who was already in the Aſſembly, had not come up to me ſo near as to engage me in a particular Converſation, which I could not avoid. The Remains of the Vexation, which

which he yet preſerved from his Adventure, without Doubt induced him to give me a Character of his Rivals. One of them, whoſe Mien and Figure were very prepoſſeſſing, had been the firſt Lover of *Donna Figuerrez*, after the Death, and perhaps, added he maliciouſly, in the laſt Seaſon of her Huſband's Life. Poſſibly he is the only Perſon whom ſhe has ever loved ſincerely; but being without any Eſtate, it would become too great a Clog to her in the moderate Fortune ſhe poſſeſſes, if ſhe ſhould be touched with a Conſtancy ſo as not to make her think of any Body but him. It would not be impoſſible in this Manner to juſtify her Coquetry in its Source. However that may be, a Misfortune, ſtill worſe than Poverty, obliged this Lover to remove from *Madrid* the Moment ſhe had ſubjected to her Charms a rich old Man, whom you ſee there, whoſe Wealth poſſibly might have afforded her more Pleaſure than ſhe could have found in her firſt Engagement. She conſequently loſt on the Side of Love as much as ſhe gained on the Side of Fortune: But to repair this Damage, ſhe immediately made a new Slave of that Officer, continued he, pointing to him oppoſite to me, whom ſhe has deſtined to fulfil the Functions of the abſent. It was about this Juncture, added he, that I took up for her that fatal Paſſion, which has a long Time blinded me. I am rich, and of an Age that has nothing in it forbidding, no more than there is in my Form. She appeared to be charmed with my Application and Diligence, and all the Addreſs in the World was employed to confirm my Defeat. Ignorant of what the Sequel made me luckily diſcover, I thought myſelf the ſole Maſter of a Heart, that I judged to be of an ineſtimable Price, or at leaſt I had but a ſlight Jealouſy on the Score of the old Man, who had not Steadineſs of Mind enough to diſguiſe a good Fortune, of which he thought himſelf the ſole Poſſeſſor. I remarked to her ſome Alarms, which ſhe turned into Banter. In one Word, the Officer being more reſerved, and enjoying in private thoſe Rights he had acquired, and the

the old Man paſſing in my Eyes for a Rival little dangerous in her Wiſhes, whom I ſaw reduced to ſome favourable Looks, we aſſociated ourſelves all three in the ſame Happineſs; and perhaps my Illuſion would have yet continued, if the firſt Lover had not come to draw me out of it againſt my Will. Having obtained Licence to return to *Madrid*, he immediately took the Place he had abandoned; and if he perceived he had got Competitors, the Preſence of the old Man and mine, which was always accompanied with many Liberalities, of which he had a Share, did not at all wound his Delicacy. But not thinking himſelf in the leaſt obliged to the ſame Conſtraint, which ſhe had the Art of exacting from others, he betrayed himſelf by ſo many Indiſcretions, that they opened my Eyes; and without breaking too harſhly with the Lady, I retrenched myſelf inſenſibly in a Commerce of Friendſhip with her, in which I have yet the Weakneſs to find ſome Pleaſure. The Tranquillity of this Affection makes me reliſh without Bitterneſs all the good Qualities, that I cannot help obſerving in her. I join to this Satisfaction a Pleaſure, which you perhaps will think leſs innocent; that is, of watching her Conduct, and obſerving with what Addreſs ſhe ſwells every Day the Train of her Lovers: A Collection of my Diſcoveries would compoſe an engaging Hiſtory full of Variety and Pleaſure. But what I have not yet penetrated, added he, are the Views ſhe has on my Lord, your Brother, and the Manner in which he anſwers them. I know the Original of their Acquaintance. She is Niece and Heireſs of our Ambaſſador in *France*; the Opportunity of living in the ſame Neighbourhood, gave her the Means of making an Acquaintance with an amiable Man, under Pretence of enquiring after the Health of her Uncle. See with what Care ſhe ſeeks to pleaſe him; obſerve the Attention ſhe ſhews for every Word that drops out of his Mouth, and the Air of Flattery that accompanies all her Anſwers. He will fall into the Snare, if he has not the Misfortune to be already caught,

caught, and you will do him a brotherly Office, by giving him Notice of it.

I perceived indeed, that *Donna Figuerrez* was wholly taken up by her Attentions on *Patrick*. The Moment I turned my Eyes on her, having done hearkening to the Gentleman, I obſerved the Tone ſhe uſed in ſhewing her Satisfaction or Admiration. Prepoſſeſſed by the Account I had juſt heard, and even full of my Adventure with Madame *De S*———, I thought I penetrated into this diſguiſed Cheat, and did not find her as deceitful as ſhe was repreſented to me. Nevertheleſs the Poſture and Diſcourſe of *Patrick* continued to make me think, that he was more dazzled than I, and I did not in the leaſt doubt in ſeeing him ſuſtain the ſame Air of Prepoſſeſſion, but that he was more deeply engaged than perhaps he imagined himſelf.

In the Evening having the Liberty of a private Converſation with him, he did not wait till by my Queſtions I ſhould lay him under the Neceſſity of diſcovering himſelf. You have ſeen *Donna Figuerrez*, ſaid he with a ſerious Air, and you have found her without doubt of a Merit ſuperior to her Sex. I was willing to give you Time to know her, before I informed you of the Reaſons I have for ſeeing her. He continued to tell me, that having made an Acquaintance with her, on Occaſion of ſome Letters he had received from the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador at *Paris*; he had taken ſuch a Reliſh for her Wit, that in the Converſations they had together, he had diſcovered to her a Share of the Events of his Life. The Hiſtory of his Marriage had not been forgotten, and not having in the Sequel the Power of diſſembling from her his Chagrin of having received ſo little News of his Spouſe, this Confidence had engaged *Donna Figuerrez* to offer him the Aſſiſtance of the Ambaſſador to procure an Account of her. Although it was not very natural to employ a Way ſo foreign, when he had all his Family at *Paris*, the Fear leſt we ſhould ſtill retain ſome Reſentment againſt his Spouſe, which might make

make them too cold in his Service, had made him accept her Offers, which were inconvenient or improper for no Body to do. The firſt Letters of the Ambaſſador had filled him with a thouſand Notions, which he could not yet clear up. They had repreſented my Siſter-in-law in a Condition ſo brilliant, that he could not again know the Situation he had left her in. The Ambaſſador in praiſing her Charms, of which he affirmed he had the Knowledge by his own Eye-ſight, had ſpoken of the agreeable Life ſhe led at *Paris*, and had laid her down as a Pattern of Graces united to Fortune and Beauty. This Letter, of which ſhe had read only the Articles of this Nature to *Patrick*, had raiſed in him ſome Inquietudes, which *Donna Figuerrez* had obſerved. She had made but little Advantage from thence, towards penetrating deeper into the Secrets of my Brother, and putting thoſe Things which ſeemed to diſturb him in a better Light, ſhe had employed all her Addreſs to repair the Evil ſhe had imprudently done. The Letters which came afterwards had never brought any Accounts that were not conformable to the Deſires and Ideas of *Patrick*; and as we had in all our Letters avoided with Care to inform him of any Thing that might to no Purpoſe trouble his Repoſe, he had come to that Paſs as to be convinced, that the Ambaſſador was deceived in his firſt Relation.

You conceive, ſaid he, that with the tender Alarms I continually have for my Spouſe, I ought to be fond of an Acquaintance, which procures me every Week ſuch certain News of her Health and Situation. I have had the Injuſtice to believe them leſs certain from your Hand, and from that of my Siſter; and I have had the Vexation to receive Accounts but ſeldom from my Spouſe herſelf, who manifeſtly does not find the ſame Pleaſures in an Epiſtolary Correſpondence as I do. Neverthleſs, the Ambaſſador has conſtantly taken the Pains to inform me of every Thing that relates to her; and this Notice has ſerved me as a Remedy againſt the Torments of Abſence, and conſoles me for the

the new Orders of the King, which retain me yet here in his Service. I ſee *Donna Figuerrez*, added he, as a Reſource, which in favour of my Love I have huſbanded at *Madrid*. I ſpeak ſeldomer to her of herſelf than of my Spouſe; and the Agreeableneſs of her Converſation ſerves me inſtead of a Happineſs, which I can find no where but in *France*.

It may eaſily be imagined, how much Admiration this Diſcourſe, which ſuppoſed my Siſter-in-law living, and her Conduct ſtill as regular as her Affections, muſt raiſe in me. The Fidelity of my Brother frightened me; and from the Indignation I had of ſeeing him ſo cruelly deceived by Strangers, in whom I could not ſuppoſe the ſame Motives as I had for ſuſpending the Ecclairciſment of his Fate, I was ready to diſſipate all ſuch dangerous Darkneſs from his Eyes, that ſeemed neceſſarily to conceal ſome odious Myſtery. Nevertheleſs, a Moment's Reflexion on the Importance of the Matter he had to penetrate, made me immediately moderate this Warmth. I even affected to enter into *Patrick*'s Ideas, and without imparting to him what I had learned of the Character of *Donna Figuerrez*, I avoided every Thing that could lead us to that Converſation, in order to obtain the Liberty of diving the Day following into the Artifices that I would not willingly remain ignorant of.

No other Way offered to procure me thoſe Diſcoveries, than by Means of the *Spaniſh* Gentleman, to whom I was under the Obligations I have related. Notwithſtanding the Attachment he preſerved to his former Miſtreſs, I had perceived in him a Fund of Reſentment, which diſpoſed him always to give Ear to every new Proof he could diſcover of her Perfidy, and to ſet it off in the ſtrongeſt Colours, apparently to confirm himſelf in the Reſolution he had taken, never to have any Thing more to ſay to her in the Way of Love. I perceived the ſame alſo by other Proofs, if I had been deceived in this Conjecture, and thinking I might open myſelf to him without any Hazard, I related to him all I had learned from my Brother, with-

without concealing from him that many certain Facts, abſolutely deſtroying all *Patrick*'s Suppoſitions, made me ſuſpect *Donna Figuerrez* of ſome black Impoſture. A Scene ſo new to him, excited all his Ardour to diſcover the ſecret Wheels of this Machine. As it was not from herſelf he could expect any Inſight, he concluded after a Number of Reflexions, that he could hope for no more certain Diſcovery of it, than from her Letters. He knew the Place where ſhe kept them, and the Pleaſure he had already formed within himſelf from finding her guilty of ſome new Treachery, was ſuch a powerful Motive, that he reſolved to riſque every Thing to make himſelf Maſter of her Secret, by ſtealing them. I admired, that the ſame Day he found the Means of ſucceeding in an Attempt, of which he was ſenſible of the Difficulty himſelf. He gave me Notice to come to him, and triumphing in what he had already diſcovered, as ſoon as he perceived me at a Diſtance, he ſhewed me a Pacquet of Letters, which he had carried off, with the Caſket containing them.

He did not inform me of the Way he had employed to ſerve me; and whatever Satisfaction I felt in ſeeing ſuch ſure Proofs in his Hands, I durſt not commend his Raſhneſs, which had ſomething grating in it according to my Principles. I even began by reproaching him for an Action ſo little weighed, and inſiſted, that at leaſt all the Letters that had no Relation to our Views, ſhould have remained inviolably ſafe. He was obliged to read a great Number of them, to get to the Bottom of a horrible Combination. The Ambaſſador had conceived a violent Paſſion for my Siſter-in-law, at the ſame Time that *Donna Figuerrez* had taken up the ſame Sentiments for *Patrick*. The firſt News he ſent to *Madrid* was attended with the Confeſſion of his Love, which ſhe took Care not to read to my Brother. Obſerving on the contrary, that the plain Relation of my Siſter-in-law's Diverſions had made a deep Impreſſion on him, and that the Diſquiet he ſeemed to ſhew, might become ſtrong enough

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to make him ſpeedily leave *Spain*, ſhe had taken the Advantage of the Hints ſhe had drawn from him to engage the Ambaſſador to write nothing but what correſponded with the Ideas my Brother had of his Spouſe. Her Hope was to ſoften his Heart inſenſibly, whilſt the Ambaſſador ſhould have the ſame Liberty of forming his Attacks againſt that of my Siſter-in-law; and when after divers Events, of which I have related only thoſe that to that Time had come to my Knowledge, ſhe had learned the unfortunate Death of my Lady, ſhe from thence conceived but too lively Hopes of ſubduing *Patrick*, and of bringing him perhaps to offer her his Hand with his Heart.

The Ambaſſador then was among the Number of thoſe who had conſpired againſt the Virtue of my Siſter-in-law, and his Letters afforded a Proof, that he had not thought himſelf the moſt unhappy of them. He often lamented nevertheleſs in the Anſwers to his Niece's Queſtions, that the Object of his Paſſion had not taken up ſuch ſerious Sentiments for him, as he could have deſired to compleat his Happineſs. He treated her as a fickle and capricious Woman, who ſeemed to look for nothing but Amuſements in her Pleaſures, and who made the Repoſe and Satisfaction of a Lover the leaſt Part of her Cares. Theſe Complaints were capable of re-eſtabliſhing her a little in my Opinion: I thought I diſcovered from an unſuſpected Teſtimony, that though ſhe had ſhewed ſome Irregularity in her Conduct, yet ſhe had not taken up a groſs Reliſh for Debauchery, otherwiſe than from the Levity of her Humour, or, as the Count *De S*——— had thought, from the Luxury and Softneſs of her Paſſions. Whatever Idea might be formed from my Recital, I owe her this Juſtice, that the Ambaſſador, in confeſſing the Degree of Favour he thought he had in her, hugged himſelf on his Reliſh for a Lady ſo charming, as if it had been the moſt glorious Fortune Love could offer him in *France*. What Way nevertheleſs, was there to conceive, that ſhe could

could have the Power of concealing from him her Commerce with another Lover, without believing her to have Subtilty enough of deceiving him by a falſe Outſide? And under this Suppoſition, muſt not he have looked on her as a Coquette ſo much the more refined, as in ſuch a tender Age being indebted only to her Addreſs for her Experience, he muſt have aſcribed her Practices to the Corruption of her Mind, and the natural Perverſity of her Diſpoſition? Unleſs one would do Honour to the great Artifice and Cunning of Madame *De S*———, who had no Occaſion perhaps, of a very long Space of Time to form her Pupils.

But what was *Patrick*'s Fate, to find himſelf fallen again in *Spain* into the Hands of a Woman of the ſame Character? He had nothing but the Integrity of his Heart to defend himſelf from it: For being ſo methodically attacked by a Lady of ſuch expert Addreſs as *Donna Figuerrez*, I never conceived he had any other Means to ſave himſelf from a Danger, that gained freſh Strength every Day. Filled with the Idea of his Spouſe, he could not ſo entirely loſe the Memory of her, as to leave Room for another Woman to think of pleaſing him. Thus the Coquetries and Advances of the *Spaniſh* Lady were all loſt Labour. He did not aſcribe her Behaviour and moſt flattering Expreſſions to any Thing but the natural Allurements of her Wit, and the gallant Turn of her Imagination, which prevail commonly enough in *Spain*. This Reaſon, added to the Pleaſure he had of receiving News of his Wife through her Conveyance, gave him more Satisfaction in her Company, than in all the Aſſemblies in *Madrid*, where his Merit and Birth had given him a diſtinguiſhed Reception. He had not taken the ſame Care, as I had, in gaining Informations, which would have made him look on his Acquaintance with a Woman ſo irregular with another Eye. He was then her ſincere Friend, and all the Shifts of Coquetry had never raiſed in him a more tender Paſſion.

Having read over all the Ambaſſador's Letters with great Attention, I engaged the Gentleman to diſpoſe again in Order all thoſe that had no Relation to our Deſign into the Caſket, and prevailing on him to leave the others with me, I thanked him for a Service, by which I was fully convinced he ſought to ſatisfy his own Curioſity rather than mine. It remained for me to turn ſo many important Pieces to Account. I repreſented to my Imagination, what had been the Confuſion of *Donna Figuerrez*, when learning from my Brother that I was come from *Paris*, and that having not been ignorant of the Death of my Siſter-in-law, it had been the firſt News I had imparted to him on my Arrival. She had thought indeed all her Deſigns overturned; but one Glance of her Eye having given her Room to remark the Tranquillity of *Patrick*, ſhe had immediately judged, that for ſome Reaſons I had to conceal her Death from him, it was impoſſible he was informed of it; and keeping cloſe to this Thought, ſhe had made no Change in her ordinary Gaiety. Nevertheleſs, ſhe did not think my Silence to be without ſome Myſtery, and her Impatience to diſcover it left her no Reſt. Thus at the very Time I thought myſelf of viſiting her privately, to engage her perhaps whether ſhe would or no in being ſerviceable to my principal Deſign, ſhe had the ſame Paſſion to talk to me; and at my Return to *Patrick*'s I found a Billet, whereby ſhe preſſed me to go to her Houſe.

I went there immediately. The Advantage ſhe might be to me, reduced her to conduct with Addreſs the ſorrowful Overtures ſhe had to make to *Patrick*. I made light of his Deſigns, which did not ſeem much to be feared on that Side; and knowing nevertheleſs the Power ſhe had over his Mind, I did not doubt but ſhe would have the ſame Cunning to conſole as to pleaſe him. It was of little Importance to whom I was to have been indebted for this Obligation, and ſhe who was capable of inſpiring me with Gratitude, laid me under no Neceſſity of granting her my Eſteem. She received me with an Air of Sweetneſs and Inſi-

nuation,

nuation, which obliged me to be watchful over her Views. The Example of Madame *De S*——— returned upon my Mind without Intermiſſion. It gave me nevertheleſs great Advantages over her, that ſhe confeſſed upon beginning our Converſation, that ſhe built great Hopes upon my Goodneſs; and continuing in the ſame Tone, ſhe told me, that ſhe had ſufficient Eſteem for my Brother, to wiſh, that he would take an Inclination for her; that having been informed of the Death of his Spouſe, ſhe had not judged it ſeaſonable to give him an Account of it, and that I had apparently ſome Reaſon to keep it a Secret from him, ſince it did not appear that I had given him the leaſt Hint of it: that her Reaſon for concealing it was the Fear of giving too great an Affliction to a Man, for whom ſhe had the moſt tender Affection, though ſhe had not been yet happy enough to touch his Heart; that ſhe knew from his continual Confeſſions, the lively Paſſion he was prepoſſeſſed with, and that foreſeeing the Exceſs of Grief to which he would abandon himſelf upon diſcovering her Death, ſhe had wiſhed to inſpire him a little with Love, before ſhe opened his Misfortune to him, with the View of fortifying him againſt ſuch unforeſeen Strokes; that if I would lend my Aſſiſtance to her Deſign, by deferring in Concert with her thoſe Diſcoveries that might be eaſily ſuſpended, ſhe did not deſpair of triumphing in the End over his Heart; and that by informing myſelf of her Birth and Rank in the World, I might find perhaps, that ſhe was not altogether unworthy of bearing one Day the Name of my Siſter-in-law.

From theſe Words and a thouſand Perſuaſions ſhe added to them, during the Doubt I left her in for ſome Time by my Silence, I pauſed only on the Propoſal for deferring the Diſcovery I was to make my Brother for as long a Time as ſhe wiſhed for the Succeſs of her Views. Setting all the reſt aſide, I anſwered her after ſome Moments Conſideration, that my Brother thinking his Spouſe yet alive, his Error obliged him to the ſame Fidelity for his matrimonial Engagements.

and that conſequently I could not enter into a Combination, which expoſed him to wander from his Duty. But for what Reaſon, ſaid I, ſhould we take ſo long and ſo uncertain a Time? Is it not more natural, and more conformable to your Deſires, to take Advantage from the Diſcovery that we now ſtop at, of the preſent Reliſh my Brother has for your Merit, and to poſtpone inſpiring him with more tender Sentiments, till after the Service you ſhall have done him by making your Wit and the Power of your Charms help to his Conſolation? Gratitude will perhaps procure you that Favour, which you lament not to have obtained from his Love. The End of theſe Words had not all my ordinary Sincerity in them; but it was ſufficient at the ſame Time, that my Sincerity was not injured by them with a Woman from whom I had nothing to expect but Artifice. She ſeemed to reliſh my Advice, and without informing me what Means ſhe intended to employ, ſhe took upon her the Charge of acquainting my Brother with his Loſs, and the Reaſon of my Journey.

The Days following I avoided going to her Houſe. Whatever Method ſhe had choſen to begin with, I perceived *Patrick* did not enjoy his uſual Tranquillity; and not doubting the Cauſe of his Troubles, I was ſurprized he did not open himſelf to me by more profeſſed Declarations of his Diſquiet. In fine, four Days had not paſſed over, when returning in the Evening to his Houſe, from whence I took Care not to be abſent, he came up into my Apartment with a furious Air, and his Voice being in a Manner ſtifled by the Violence of his Agitations, he threw himſelf into an Elbow-Chair, where he continued ſome Time without the Power of ſpeaking a Word. He recovered his Speech nevertheleſs, but it was to addreſs Heaven with a thouſand Complaints of his Fate, before he once turned his Eyes on me. I prevented him. What Tranſport! ſaid I, and what have you heard terrible enough to diſturb you to this Exceſs? Ah! all your Conjectures will never come near it, anſwered he, redoubling

redoubling his Fury, and if you knew with what Horrors they come to empoiſon my Mind, you will deteſt the Malice of Men, which ſeems to employ itſelf againſt nothing but Innocence and Virtue. Hear me, hear me, added he, with an Air that did not promiſe a very coherent Diſcourſe, and you who make Honour and Virtue your Profeſſion, learn from the Example of another what Recompence you are to expect from them? Are not all Men of Honour, and Women of Virtue in the World intereſted herein? And mingling his Words with a great Number of Exclamations, he told me, that *Donna Figuerrez*, having for many Days paſt given him a Foreſight of an important Secret, that ſhe ſeemed under a Perplexity to impart to him, had at length juſt then made him a horrible Relation of his Wife; that ſuch black Impoſtures had not given him one Moment's Trouble, ſince they were not attended with the leaſt Air of Probability; that he would make me judge of it myſelf, me, who had ſo long and familiar an Acquaintance with her, and who had always had ſo many Lights to let me into the Bottom of her Character; that inſtead of that Modeſty, which I knew ſhe had, and whereof one might ſay ſhe was a finiſhed Model for her Sex, *Donna Figuerrez* had aſcribed to her a laſcivious and diſſolute Conduct; that they had repreſented her at *Paris*, as having a Reliſh for all Sorts of Debauchery, ſhe, whom he had left, as I well knew, at the Count's Caſtle, and who had always preferred the Solitude of the Country to her living at *Paris*. But, what he could not repeat without Indignation and Fury, ſhe ſpoke of her as of a Woman of Intrigue, who was well known by more than one Affair of Gallantry, and who did not pique herſelf upon treating her Lovers with too great Rigour. It was *Donna Figuerrez*, who had vomited out to him all theſe Horrors, and who had ſo little Shame as to lay a Streſs upon them, as upon a Piece of important Service; ſhe, whom he had taken hitherto for his Friend, and whom he had judged to have as much Goodneſs and Candour, as

Wit and Charms. He could not nevertheleſs accuſe her of being the Author of ſuch a black Exceſs of Calumny, and knowing that ſhe had a Correſpondence by Letters from *France*, he choſe rather to perſuade himſelf, that ſhe had been deceived by ſome ſcandalous Intelligence: But in the Heat wherewith he was raiſed by ſo many infernal Accuſations, ſhe proteſted that ſhe had advanced nothing of which ſhe had not the Proof and Particulars in a Number of Letters. She imagined, continued *Patrick*, that I ſhould have the Credulity to believe her on her Word. I demanded the Proof ſhe offered by her Letters, and I ſhould have been willing indeed to have acknowledged, that it was ſome perfidious Wretch, that durſt ſo impudently truſt the Malignity of his Heart to Paper. But what is it come to? *Donna Figuerrez*, having excuſed herſelf a long Time, under the Pretence of not ſetting People together by the Ears, at length pretended to go ſearch for the pretended Letters, and returning the ſame Inſtant with diſſembled Exclamations, complained of the Loſs of a Caſket, wherein all her Papers were locked up. Judge, added *Patrick*, what an Impreſſion ſuch a coarſe Artifice muſt make on me. I quitted her immediately, thinking I did her a Favour in not loading her with Injuries, and I have ſwore never to ſee her more.

Nevertheleſs, added he, looking on me with a mournful Eye, is it not true that I am the moſt unhappy of all Men living? What would this *Figuerrez* have with me? What Reaſon has induced her to deſtroy the Reputation of my Wife, and to fill my Imagination with ſuch dreadful Chimeras? Is it ſhe who has invented them? Has ſhe in Reality received them from the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, or from ſome other Correſpondent? Ah! if I durſt think that *Sarah Fincer* had been capable of ſuch an unworthy Revenge———.

I interrupted him, and this reſpectable Name ſeemed to me to be ſo unſeaſonably mixed among ſuch a Number of Invectives, that I made him aſhamed of

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a Suſpicion unworthy of him. I had liſtened patiently till now, and reflecting upon every Word I heard, I found no Difficulty in comprehending the full Meaning of what he had related. It was evident to me, that *Donna Figuerrez* had thought ſhe had taken the moſt prudent Courſe to prepare him for the News of his Loſs, by informing him, that his Wife deſerved to be little regretted. The Letters ſhe would have produced were thoſe I had in my Hands. So *Patrick*, who did not ſee me give any Sign of Amazement, nor any other Mark of Diſturbance and Heat, but at the Name of *Sarah Fincer*, appeared to look on me with ſome Air of Confuſion. It ſeemed, notwithſtanding all his Prepoſſeſſions in Favour of his Wife, that my Silence raiſed ſome Doubt in his Heart, and that he waited for my Explanations to get rid of this Uncertainty; and was my Perplexity much leſs troubleſome? What could I anſwer him without engaging too far, and of being laid under the Neceſſity of coming all at once to a Point, which I would willingly avoid till he were properly prepared by ſome new and diſcreet Management; Far from thinking as *Donna Figuerrez* did, that it was neceſſary to begin with the Infidelity of his Wife, I had thought it my Duty to leave him in eternal Ignorance of this odious Article; and without having any experimental Knowledge of Love, I judged, that of all Loſſes, thoſe that are experienced by Perfidy, are the moſt mortifying, and the moſt cruel. But was it poſſible to repair an Indiſcretion, which I had not in the leaſt foreſeen? Could I do it at leaſt without falſifying Truth, which deſerved to be even yet better huſbanded? And ſince ſooner or later he muſt inevitably come to the Knowledge of the whole, why ſhould I neglect an Opportunity that *Patrick* himſelf threw in my Way, and by which I ſhould have ſpared him in ſome Sort, all the Troubles he had hitherto felt?

Nevertheleſs, the Reaſons that had till now hindered me from this Courſe, ſtill continued more forcible. I found in them even a new Motive in the injurious

Doubt he had raiſed in Regard to *Sarah Fincer*. Being eaſily prepoſſeſſed againſt thoſe whom he thought ill diſpoſed to his Wife, who could be my Security, that he would not have the ſame Injuſtice for me, and that I ſhould not become odious to him all at once, from the only Reaſon that I could not appear under as much Affliction as he for his Misfortune? It ſeemed moreover, that *Donna Figuerrez*, for the Readineſs ſhe ſhewed in following my Advice, did not deſerve to remain under the Embarraſſment into which I had caſt her by keeping her Letters; and though her Coquetry deſerved to be puniſhed by ſome Mortification, yet I had no Reaſon to contribute to her Correction. It depended on me, by cauſing her Letters to be privately returned, to put her in a Condition, not only of juſtifying the Truth of her Story, but of finiſhing all at once the Attempt ſhe had undertaken; and if there was any Fear that *Patrick* ſhould take up too violent a Hatred againſt the Source from whence thoſe frightful Diſcoveries ſhould come, there was yet ſome Reaſon to deſire, that his Reſentment ſhould fall on a Coquet, who ſought leſs to ſerve him, than to gratify her own Vanity and Ambition, by labouring to ſeduce his Heart.

My Anſwer then bore ſuch an equivocal Turn, that *Patrick*, being eager to lay hold of every Thing that flattered his Notions, ſaw nothing in it but the Refutation of the injurious Secret of *Donna Figuerrez*. A Huſband, leſs blinded by Love, would have had ſome Miſtruſt of the Air and Tone I affected; for not only my Expreſſions, but all the exterior Motions that accompanied my Voice, were conducted with Circumſpection and Care enough not to expoſe me to the Reproach of having deceived him by falſe Appearances; and I reckoned leſs upon what I laid before him in a favourable Light, than upon his Diſpoſition in hearing me: So his Reflections themſelves had a Tendency to the betraying me into Danger. I could not hear him ſpeak of his Happineſs in Tranſports, and to pretend to be ſo much the more happy in

Proportion

Proportion as he ſtirred up Envy enough in People to provoke their Calumny and Spight, without lamenting his Blindneſs, and exhorting him in a Manner openly to moderate the Opinion of his Happineſs, which the Inconſtancy of human Affairs made ſubject to great Revolutions and Croſſes. Nothing was capable of making him have any Suſpicion of his Prepoſſeſſions. He called me a thouſand Times as a Witneſs of the Modeſty and Virtue of his Wife; and not giving any Attention whether I anſwered or not, he continued to hugg himſelf in having a Woman fall to his Lot, whoſe Prudence was at leaſt equal to her Charms.

I abandoned to Heaven the Care of healing ſuch powerful Prejudices without Violence; and the Day following employed all my Addreſs in procuring the Ambaſſador's Letters to be returned to *Donna Figuerrez*, without her ſuſpecting to whom ſhe was indebted for this Reſtitution. I had foreſeen very juſtly, that ſhe ſhould no ſooner ſee this Treaſure again in her Hands, but ſhe would give Notice of it to my Brother. He heſitated whether he would return to her Houſe again, and informing me of the Motives ſhe had to pray him to do ſo, he jeſted with me on her Obſtinacy, which began to give him a Suſpicion that there was ſome Medly of Love in it. His Viſit was ſhort. I ſaw him return, penſive indeed, and his Countenance enough dejected to perſuade me, that his Mind was not in a State of Tranquillity; but ſo determined nevertheleſs to reject all Kinds of Diſcoveries, that affecting a Smile, as ſoon as he ſaw me, he ſaid in an ironical Tone, that he had juſt come from ſeeing the Maſter-piece of the Malignity. I have read many Letters, added he, which indeed contain Part of what ſhe has related to me; yet you will not have a Moment's Doubt, but that *Donna Figuerrez* has had them written ſince Yeſterday, to repair her Imprudence, in having been a little too forward.

I confeſs this great Truſt raiſed my Embarraſſment to the Height; I made no Reply but by a Motion of my Head, which did not hinder him from proceeding. But, added he, what you will have a Difficulty to comprehend, it is ſo extraordinary, ſhe has carried her Aſſurance ſo far, that being piqued at my Refuſal to give my Aſſent to what ſhe affirmed, and apparently to ſtrengthen her Calumnies, ſhe maintained to my Face, that my Wife is dead. Moved with Indignation in ſpite of me at this ridiculous Piece of News, I could not forbear anſwering her moſt ſeriouſly, that you had arrived very lately from *France*, and that without Doubt ſhe had forgot to have ſeen you at her Houſe within theſe two Days. She told me, that you knew, as well as ſhe did, of the Death of my Wife, and that I might have from you the ſame Aſſurances. This extravagant Effrontery made me leave her Apartment without making any Reply.

Notwithſtanding the undiſturbed and ſmiling Air he yet laboured to maintain, he looked on me ſo attentively during his Diſcourſe, that I ſtood in Need of all my Steadineſs to keep me from changing Countenance. I conſidered, as I liſtened to him, what Tone I ſhould uſe in making him an Anſwer, and when he had done, I found nothing more ready to ſay to him, than to make a ſimple Reflexion upon the Ardour of *Donna Figuerrez*, whoſe Motives I aſcribed to thoſe Sentiments of Love, of which ſhe was already ſuſpected. My Coldneſs, added to the Addreſs I uſed in avoiding to anſwer him directly, convinced him ſo well, that all he had come from hearing were ſo many Chimeras, that if he added any Words, it was only to pity *Donna Figuerrez*, whoſe Head he imagined to be more diſturbed by an Acceſs of Folly, than her Heart was by Love.

If any Body ſhould be ſurprized, after I had wiſhed he might receive from her thoſe Diſcoveries I had ſo much Repugnance to make myſelf, that I took no Advantage of a Beginning which ſhe had carried ſo far, and eſpecially when there was no Queſtion but one

one Word from me would finiſh her Work, I cannot juſtify myſelf but from the Aſtoniſhment I was in to ſee him as far from opening his Eyes, upon his Return from her Houſe, as he was when he went there. In Truth, there was Need but of one Word to give him thoſe fatal Diſcoveries, againſt which he ſo ſtedfaſtly armed himſelf; but on this Word hung all the Effects that I was in fear of producing. Thus returning to my firſt Notions, that had brought me into *Spain*, I reſolved to wait till the Ripeneſs of Time, and the further Removal from him of his Loſs, ſhould make the Enterprize more eaſy. It was not indeed a very ſmall Advantage to give him Room to think at leaſt, that the Misfortunes declared to him were poſſible; and I did not doubt but that his having had a Sight of them under ſome Uncertainty would be a Reaſon of conſoling him more eaſily, when he ſhould find without any Doubt, that they were only too true.

He broke off all Acquaintance with *Donna Figuerrez*, and during ſome Weeks of Intermiſſion from his publick Buſineſs, he propoſed to me to viſit with him the Parts adjacent to *Madrid*. I conſented freely to attend him; but not being able to excuſe myſelf from ſeeing again the *Spaniſh* Lady, I ſtole ſome Moments before our Departure to acquit myſelf of that Viſit. She was under an extreme Impatience to hear the Succeſs of her Diſcoveries; and I ſtruck her ſpeechleſs with Aſtoniſhment, by aſſuring her that they had not made any Impreſſion on the Mind of my Brother. But have you then added nothing, ſaid ſhe, to confirm my Teſtimony? She was offended at my Sincerity in anſwering her, that very powerful Reaſons, of which I prayed her to ſpare me the Detail, had made me ſuſpend my Reſolutions; and proteſting to me, that ſhe knew how to take other Meaſures to let my Brother know, that ſhe had deceived him leſs than I had done, ſhe threw me into a new Diſturbance, which I could not get rid of during the whole Courſe of our Journey. I obſerved during the laſt Converſation,

that *Patrick* had been more in her Affections, than I could have imagined from a Coquet ſo ſubtle and refined, as the *Spaniſh* Gentleman had deſcribed her to me. She ſpoke to me of him with ſo tender an Air of Intereſt, ſhe ſet off his good Qualities with ſo many Praiſes; ſhe appeared ſo afflicted at the Opinion he had taken up of her, ſince he had thought her capable of impoſing on him by Calumnies, and ſo piqued againſt me, whom ſhe with Reaſon accuſed of having forſaken her in the Precipice, into which I had engaged her, that I could not doubt but the Merit of my Brother had made a real Impreſſion on her Heart.

The King's Orders, the Execution of which detained *Patrick* in *Spain*, had been fulfilled by his Zeal, and the ſole Cauſe of his Stay, was the Delay of the *Spaniſh* Miniſters, who had fixed him a Time remote enough to receive their Maſter's Anſwer. I was induced from the Fear I had of the Menaces of *Donna Figuerrez* to lengthen out our Jaunt to the Time in which I foreſaw our Return into *France* might be retarded. My Brother, to whom I made this Propoſal, reliſhed it without penetrating into the Motives thereof. We left one of our Servants at *Madrid*, with Orders to hold our Equipages in Readineſs againſt the Day we had appointed for our Return; and the Anſwer of the Court, being an Affair of Moment, we reckoned to begin our Journey to *France* the Day after it. Nothing could further flatter the Impatience *Patrick* had to ſee *Paris* again.

During the Continuance of our little Journey, a thouſand Circumſtances offered me the Opportunity to diſcover myſelf to him; but having deferr'd it ſo long, I did not think I had any Reaſon to be in Haſte; and length of Time ſince his Misfortune, adding ſtill Weight to the Delay by its Continuance, I perſuaded myſelf in the End, that it would not be too late to come to the laſt Diſcoveries when we were upon the Road from *Madrid* to *Paris*. Our Converſation during the Jaunt we made to ſatisfy our Curioſity in the Places adjacent to the Capital of *Spain*, rolled upon

Subjects

Subjects quite oppoſite to the principal Object, of which I was full. The natural Qualities of the Country, their Policies, Religion, Learning, daily furniſhed over-abundant Matter to two Travellers, who endeavoured by their Application to acquire ſome Knowledge. We had not a Moment's Trial of the Languiſhment of Tireſomeneſs. Nevertheleſs, I could not be always near *Patrick*, and ſee him in ſuch Tranquillity, without lamenting his Situation. Sorrow, Death, all the violent Paſſions ſeemed to me without ceaſing to flutter about him, with a cruel Eagerneſs to find an Entrance into his Heart. I had this melancholy Spectacle perpetually before my Eyes, and in the Bitterneſs I felt from it, my Love and Zeal made me often addreſs my ardent Prayers to Heaven, which coſt me a double Effort to conceal from my unfortunate Brother.

Our Scheme being executed without any Obſtacles, we quitted *Madrid* almoſt as ſoon as we arrived there; and our Diligence to haſten our Journey was proportioned to *Patrick*'s Ardour to ſee once more what he held moſt dear. It was Time to think that Delays, Diſſimulation, Lenitives themſelves, could be no longer of any Uſe to me. It was not nevertheleſs the firſt Day of our Journey, that I undertook the ſorrowful Office, which for a long Time had been the Torment of my Heart. I let eight Days of it paſs over, which I employed as much in overcoming my Repugnances, as in preparing my Expreſſions. It ſeemed to me, that it was gaining ſomething to defer it. In fine, a little Village, wherein bad Weather obliged us to paſs the Night, gave me that Opportunity (which I had before a thouſand Times rejected) by the philoſophical Turn our Converſation took there. I interrupted *Patrick* in the Midſt of an excellent Reflexion, and foreſeeing the Point to which what he had already ſaid might lead him, Stop dear Brother, ſaid I, with a deep Sigh, and make no Difficulty of telling me your Mind ſincerely. Are you ſenſible of all the Courage and Steadineſs that appear in your Prin-

Principles; and do you think, that the Practice of ſo high a Philoſophy does not ſurpaſs your Strength? He ſeemed to be ſurprized at this Queſtion. Nevertheleſs, without heſitating on his Anſwer; perhaps, ſaid he, I cannot promiſe you, that I have the ſame Strength and Vigour of Mind every Moment of the Day, and I remember a thouſand fatal Occaſions, in which I have found myſelf more feeble than my Maxims. But in an Inſtant ſuch as this, filled as I am with all the Ideas we have juſt debated, and in the Degree of Heat with which they have animated my Reaſon, there are few Trials which I ſhould not think myſelf able enough to reſiſt. Ah; Dear *Patrick*, added I, make then a good Uſe this Moment of your Courage. I have concealed it from you with Regret; and Heaven is my Witneſs, that all my diſſembling and Delays had no other Source than the tender Friendſhip I have for you. But you are drawing near the Moment, in which you will have it cleared up to you, whether I will not. Your Wife is dead, ſhe is dead for ſome Months paſt; and if it be any Conſolation to you to know, that her Conduct has not rendered her worthy of your Affliction, I confirm at leaſt one Part of the Accuſations of *Donna Figuerrez*. I ſhould have continued, if the Motion I ſaw him make had not been capable of inſpiring me with Terror. A furious Air of Trouble and Deſpair at firſt chaſed away that Sweetneſs, which was the natural Ornament of his Countenance; which nevertheleſs did not hinder him from lending all his Attention even to my laſt Word: But having in Appearance joined together the Facts and Proofs of them, not ſeeing any Pretence to miſtruſt me, and recollecting all the Accounts of *Donna Figuerrez*, of which I had ſo preciſely confirmed the greater Part, he loſt for a Moment all Government of himſelf, even ſo far as to clap his Hand haſtily on the Pommel of his Sword, as if he had thought of nothing but thruſting it into his own Heart. I could aſcribe his ſecond Motion, by which he ſupported himſelf againſt the firſt, to nothing but the Aſſiſtance of

of Heaven, or the real Strength of his Mind; for I was too far from him to put a Stop to ſo bold a Tranſport. If he put his Hand with ſo much Fury to his Sword, he drew it back with the ſame Air after a Moment's Reflexion, and throwing himſelf on the firſt Chair, lifting up his Eyes, and ſtretching out his Hands to Heaven, he continued a long Time without ſpeaking one Word, or fetching one Sigh. I came near him; he thruſt me back with one Hand, whilſt he covered his Eyes with the other. One would have taken him for a Criminal, who was under the Terrors of his own Conſcience; and the Crime of another raiſed in him as much Horror, as his own could have done, had he been guilty.

The Motion of his Hand did not at all eſcape my Obſervation, and convinced by that which immediately ſucceeded it, that he had rejected the firſt Tranſport of his Heart, I made no Haſte in ſhewing any Deſire of diſſipating the Grief and Confuſion in which I ſaw him ſwallowed up. Theſe were Thoughts from whence I apprehended no longer the ſame Violence. I affected even to obſerve for a long Time a mournful Silence, to give him Room to perceive, that I ſincerely took a Share in his Grief; and that if I had ſhewed a Cruelty in cauſing them, I had began much ſooner than he to feel them. I expected that after having abandoned himſelf inwardly to the full Impreſſion of a Stroke ſo terrible, he would begin to addreſs me with juſt Imprecations againſt her Perfidy, or Complaints more ſorrowful and tender, which I ſhould take Care how I oppoſed or condemned; but riſing after a Quarter of an Hour's Silence, and continuing to cover his Eyes with his Hand, he made a Sign to his Valet de Chambre, whom I had already called to attend him, to ſhew him into the Room where he was to paſs the Night. As he went by me he made a reſpectful Bow, which encouraged me to uſe ſome Perſuaſions to detain him. The ſame Sign of his Hand, by which he had already removed me from him, gave me to underſtand, that it was in vain I

ſhould

ſhould attempt to follow him. I gave Orders to his Servants to remove from him all his Arms, and every Thing elſe, that ſometimes ſerve too readily as a Relief to Grief.

Having retired to my Chamber, to what an Exceſs of Bitterneſs did I not deliver myſelf up? What Exclamations did I not uſe? What tender and doleful Cries did I not addreſs to Heaven? O Brother, worthy of a better Fate? What Sweetneſs would you not have found in my Compaſſion, if you had ſeen all the Exceſs of it, or if it were any Conſolation to you under your extreme Misfortune to ſee a tender Heart, who ſhares it you?

I added to the Orders I had given his Servants, that of watching at the Door of his Chamber, and to go in without affecting to do it on Purpoſe, at the leaſt Motion they ſhould hear. During the whole Night, that I ſpent on my Knees before Heaven, my Heart big with Groans, that vented themſelves only by the Ardour of my Prayers, it came a thouſand Times into my Mind to go and ſurprize him, and make him, whether he would or not, receive the Aſſiſtances of my Zeal. But I knew his Humour, incapable of betraying himſelf outwardly, when his Mind was taken up with any Affection; jealous in Solitude even of the moſt ſlight Intereſts capable of moving his Heart; how then would my Importunity redouble his Grief? I expected nevertheleſs, that he would the next Day grant me the Liberty of ſeeing him, and I had already prepared a Diſcourſe ſuitable to my Sentiments, and his Situation. My Hopes were vain. Coming to his Door in the Morning, I was informed by his Valet de Chambre, that his Deſire was to remain abſolutely alone, and that I was not excepted out of this Order. I did not inſiſt further on ſeeing him, contented enough with the Moderation he had paſſed the Night in; his Sighs being the only Noiſe he made. All the Day was to me a new Exerciſe of Compaſſion and Grief. My Troubles redoubled in the Evening, upon hearing from his Valet

de

de Chambre, that he was attacked by a dangerous Fever, and that upon touching his Hands, as if by Chance, he had found them ſo burning, that he could ſcarce bear the Heat. I made a new Attempt to ſee him, and if he did not reject my Propoſal with too much Harſhneſs, yet he ordered an Anſwer to be given me that was a Law even more powerful for the Affection of my Heart. He ordered me to be told, that he could eaſily fancy how highly I was moved at his Grief, and he had a juſt Senſe of my Compaſſion; but in the violent Tranſports he had to combat with, he was reſolved not to go out of his Chamber but dead, or in a State of Tranquillity. All the Compaſſion I was pierced with, did not hinder me from ſmiling tenderly at this Anſwer. I choſe to truſt him to the Excellence of his natural Temper; being as ſure that he would render himſelf worthy of the Protection of Heaven, as I was that Heaven would not abandon ſo much Integrity and Goodneſs.

We had already paſſed a Day and two Nights in a miſerable Place, where we ſcarce found the Conveniencies moſt neceſſary for Life. In the Morning of the ſecond Day, going out of the Inn to take the Air, I ſaw at a Diſtance a Chaiſe driving in Poſt Haſte; before and after which, were many Servants on Horſeback, who gave an Air of Importance to the Owner of the Equipage. A Motion of Curioſity having made me wait to obſerve the Retinue as it paſſed by me, I was ſurprized to hear myſelf called by Name, and ſtill much more to ſee *Donna Figuerrez* appear at the Boot of the Chaiſe, who added divers Signs of Joy and Friendſhip to the Cries by which ſhe endeavoured all at once to make herſelf known to me, and to ſtop her Poſtillion.

Although in my firſt Thoughts I looked on her Appearance as an unſeaſonable and croſs Accident, I could not nevertheleſs refuſe her thoſe Compliments, that I owed as much to our Acquaintance as her Sex. She was earneſt in aſking whether my Brother was with me. I muſt have done too great a Violence to Truth

to

to conceal it. I answered, that we arrived together at that Village, and that a sudden Disorder, which fixed him to his Bed, obliged us to stay there. Then recollecting immediately the Vexation she must have felt to have passed in his Eyes, as the Author or Accomplice of a Multitude of Calumnies, I thought that Chance having thus brought her on our Heels, I ought to take Advantage of the Opportunity to repair the Share I had in her Trouble. It entered readily into my first Reflexions, that since she had shewn such a great Esteem and Relish for my Brother, her Zeal might be of some Service to his Consolation; and from all these Notions I concluded, that without injuring Decency, I might invite her to alight, and repose herself a Moment in the same Place: O Heaven! Cried she out immediately, do you doubt that my Journey is not at an End, when I have met with what made me undertake it? This Village is my Limit, since I find you here. And giving me her Hand to help her out, she embraced me with as much Affection and Ardour, as if she had taken me for the Object of her Journey and Caresses.

She began by expostulating with me on the Wrong I had done her, as much in having left my Brother in an Error, which she took to Heart from the Loss of his Esteem, as in obliging him so speedily to leave *Madrid*, that he had neglected to take Leave of a great Number of his best Friends. I interrupted her Complaints by my Apologies, that I thought I owed her on the first Particular, and confessed without going about the Bush, that if I was guilty of any Thing at *Madrid*, I had repaired my Fault within these two Days, by the Discovery I had made my Brother. You will judge, said I, by the Condition you are going to see my Brother in, of the Reasons I had to delay my Discovery. Her Impatience encreasing, she spoke of nothing but being shewed directly to his Chamber; but I moderated this Heat, by informing her, that he could not be seen but with great Precautions, and that I myself, who flattered myself with being beloved, had

had been two Days ſolliciting Leave to ſee him. She promiſed me to obſerve the ſame Meaſures, and following me on Foot to the Inn, ſhe had Time to relate the Motives that engaged her to come to *France*. I have three Motives for this Journey, ſaid ſhe with thoſe Graces that never forſook her, and I confeſs that I ſtood in Need of the firſt to ſerve as a Veil to cover the other two. The Ambaſſador being my neareſt Relation, I anticipated a Deſign I had a long Time of taking the Opportunity of his Embaſſage to make a Journey to *Paris*. But why ſhould I diſſemble? I have the Image of your Brother in my Heart; I cannot be comforted under the Opinion he has taken up of me. I would go to the End of the World to follow him, and prevail on him to do Juſtice to my Intentions. You have drawn on me his Hatred, are not you obliged, added ſhe, to uſe Means to convince him of my Innocence? I could not diſown but that this was a Duty incumbent on me, and had been at length fulfilled by my Diſcovery to my Brother. We arrived at the Inn. I ſent a Meſſage to *Patrick*, to know if he would receive our Viſit. The Name of *Donna Figuerrez*, and her unexpected Arrival, awakened him from his deadly Heavineſs. He not only reproached himſelf for having treated her with Scorn, but calling to Mind all the Meaſures ſhe had obſerved in giving him the firſt News of his Misfortune, he with that Gratitude, that he thought due to her Friendſhip, reſumed all the Sentiments of Eſteem, that he ever had for her Merit. Nevertheleſs, he contented himſelf to give her theſe Aſſurances by his Valet de Chambre; and excuſing himſelf on the Score of his Diſorder, with which ſhe could not doubt but he was afflicted, he prayed her to take in good Part his Excuſes for not admitting her.

She did not ſeem offended at this Refuſal: On the contrary lamenting her Situation, of which ſhe drew a ſorrowful Picture, ſhe ſaid to me in a Tone that already ſuppoſed a Familiarity well eſtabliſhed: Ah! My dear Dean, we will wait until he conſents to ſee

us,

us, and we will have the Pleaſure of thinking, that he knows we are very near him. I did not oppoſe her Reſolution to ſtay with us. The Solitude of *Patrick* could not continue ſo long as he ſeemed to propoſe to himſelf. The King's Affairs neceſſarily called him to St. *Germain*, and if his Fever ſhould not become a Diſtemper important enough to juſtify his Delay, I knew, that having given Notice to the King of our Departure from *Madrid*, he muſt be perſuaded his Majeſty would count the Days of our Journey. I charged his Valet to put him in Mind of this Particular, and I even looked upon this Advice as a Matter that would give me Room to make a Judgment of the Depth and Danger of his Wounds. He made no Anſwer to the Meſſage of his Valet de Chambre, as if he had been equally inſenſible to the Cares of his Duty and his Life.

This Obſtinacy appeared to me to be ſo dangerous an Effect of his Grief, that I began to conſider more ſeriouſly on the Means of drawing him out of his Lethargy; but the Day was not ended before *Donna Figuerrez*, more dextrous, or leſs reſerved than I, had found Means to be admitted into his Chamber, and relying on the Familiarity in which ſhe had lived with him a long Time, obtained by her inſinuating Carriage, as much as by the Surprize her Preſence had raiſed in him, to oblige him to endure and hear her. She informed me herſelf, when ſhe came from him, what paſſed in this Converſation. He had made her very humble Amends for the Difficulty he had ſhewed in giving Credit to her Teſtimony; and ſpeaking of his Misfortune, like a Man who did not hope to ſurvive it, he prayed her to charge me with a Commiſſion, which, ſaid ſhe, he had not the Power to acquit himſelf of in Perſon. The Sight of the Dean, did he ſay, is a Torment more inſupportable to me than Death. He triumphs, without Doubt, in the Subject of my Troubles. I always found him in a conſtant Oppoſition to my Marriage. He muſt for the ſame Reaſon have wiſhed to ſee it turn out unluckily.

luckily. And how will he ever perſuade me, that having my Wife before his Eyes, and being a Witneſs of her Conduct, he might not have given an Oppoſition to every Thing, that you have related to me of her Irregularities; he, to whom the Voice of a Cenſor is ſo natural, and who has all his Life made it his Study to vex and perplex his Family by the Exceſs of his Morals? Depend upon it, he has taken a malicious Pleaſure in ſeeing my Wife fall by Degrees, and in Reality huggs himſelf at an Effect that ſeems to prove the Superiority of his Views to mine. I do not, continued he, intruſt this with you as a Secret; tell him from me, that I cannot have the Courage to reproach a Brother; but that I am ſure I ſhall never pardon him. And, as I have the Charge of the King's Affairs, which conſiſts only in putting into his Hands the Treaty I have juſt made in his Name with the Court of *Spain*, deſire my Brother to finiſh my Commiſſion, by carrying it to the Court of St. *Germain*. I ſhall owe him a double Obligation, by delivering me from his Preſence, and procuring me the Liberty of flying equally from the Sight of all Mankind, with whom I will not any further have the leaſt Commerce.

Donna Figuerrez, flattered by the Confidence he had expreſſed for her in theſe Words, and without Doubt foreſeeing, that to cure him of his Melancholy, as much as to aid the Deſign ſhe had in gaining his Heart, it would be more eaſy in my Abſence to employ all her Wit and Artifice, had made no Anſwer otherwiſe than by approving his Intentions, and exhorting him not to change them. In giving me this Account, wherein ſhe affected not to ſoften any Thing that was mortifying in it by the leaſt Compliment, ſhe endeavoured to perſuade me alſo, that Reſt and Solitude, being what was moſt ſuitable to his Situation, I ought to agree to the Satisfaction he required, and repoſe on her the Care of calming his Mind. Then thinking to give a greater Probability to this Promiſe, by a formal Confeſſion of her Affections, ſhe declared

to

to me, that not thinking herſelf unworthy of the Love of a Man of Honour, her Hope was to merit that of my Brother by all the Marks ſhe could give him of a virtuous Paſſion, to bring him, if it were poſſible, one Day or other to grant her the Name of his Spouſe. You ſhall, ſaid ſhe, ſee me engaged from this View not only to ſpare nothing for the Recovery of his Health and Repoſe, but to bring him to change his Diſpoſition towards you, and to make a Merit in conſerving Peace and Amity in your Family. Go, my dear Dean, take Charge of the Commiſſion he turns over to you, and do not doubt but by my Diligence you ſhall find him ſuch as he ought to be towards you, when we meet at *Paris*; for you may judge well, added ſhe ſmiling, that I will make him lay aſide his Hatred for the World, and his Reſolution of flying it.

With whatever Peeviſhneſs I liſtened to this long Diſcourſe, I found myſelf leſs afflicted at the Injuſtice of my Brother, which Friendſhip made me immediately look on as the Raving of a ſick Heart and Mind, than I was piqued at the Preſumption of a Woman, whom I never had ſeen four Times in my Life. How could ſhe arrogate to herſelf the Right of regulating my Conduct, and the Intereſts of my Family? *Patrick* had been her Friend, and I could comprehend well enough, that during more than four Months he had paſſed at *Madrid*, having been few Days without ſeeing her familiarly, he might have placed in her a Confidence, and made her ſome Overtures upon which ſhe might build a Part of her Hopes. But was ſhe already ſo ſure of his Love, as to think herſelf authorized to aſſume an Empire over every Thing that related to him; and on the other Hand could ſhe fancy, that I had any other Dependance on my Brother, than that of an Affection of Blood and Zeal for Religion? Perhaps a little Spice of Jealouſy had taken Poſſeſſion of him in this Reſentment; but could I think it juſt, when I conſidered, that *Patrick* had granted to a Stranger thoſe Marks of Confidence and Friendſhip, which

which he had refuſed to me? The Suſpicion he had of my Sentiments appeared pardonable in the firſt Agitations of his Grief; but I could not paſs over his abandoning himſelf to his Injuſtice, even to the making a Noiſe of it by a Behaviour ſo ſevere as his Diſcourſe. In fine, far from yielding to the Propoſal made me on his Part, I proteſted to *Donna Figuerrez*, that nothing ſhould oblige me to conſent to forſake him a Moment, and that I would not do him ſo much Wrong as to finiſh a Commiſſion, of which the King could expect an Account only from the Perſon he had charged with it.

Without Doubt *Donna Figuerrez* had made a Merit with him by the offenſive Exactneſs with which ſhe had reported to me his Expreſſions; and I durſt not warrant it, that ſhe had not added ſomething to mine, with a View of poiſoning my Anſwer. The reſt of the Day paſſed over without any Incident, and I ſpent it only in reflecting upon the unhappy Reward of my Zeal, which had yet drawn from my Brother nothing but Vexations and Mortifications. Towards Midnight, at the Time when the Bitterneſs of my Thoughts had baniſhed Sleep from my Eyes, I heard the Noiſe of Horſes and Carriages, which I took for the Equipage of ſome Traveller. The kind of Reſt I enjoyed from the Liberty I had at leaſt of giving myſelf up to my ſorrowful Reflections, was not diſturbed by the Noiſe, eſpecially as I had not the leaſt Miſgiving of the new Afflictions that threatened me. But on my Upriſing, which was a little late, occaſioned by the reſtleſs Night I had paſſed, *Jacin*, my old Valet, informed me, that *Patrick* was gone away with all his Servants, and that he had left a Letter for me, which was not delivered to *Jacin* himſelf till he had got out of Bed. I opened it with all the Trouble that ſuch an Information could cauſe me. It contained in a few Lines, that not being able to bear the World, nor me, nor himſelf, he was going to retire into ſome Solitude, where he would have no further Acquaintance but with mute and inſenſible Beings, who could not be capable of perſecuting

perſecuting and betraying him. He had left, added he, in his Chamber a Caſket, in which I ſhould find the Inſtruments that he ought to have delivered to the King, with ſome Inſtructions he had added to them for me, and that they would be ſufficient for me to anſwer, as fully as he himſelf could, the Expectations of that Prince. He prayed me to make his Excuſes to him, building ſo much on his Goodneſs, as not to doubt but he would find them juſt.

I had not the leaſt Doubt but *Donna Figuerrez* was gone with him, and this Thought encreaſing my Grief, I let fall before *Jacin* a thouſand Complaints, which made him diſcover one Part of my Troubles. In Regard to *Donna Figuerrez*, he immediately informed me, that ſhe was yet buried in Sleep, and he was much deceived, if ſhe had been better informed than I of the Departure of my Brother. I found my Courage revive upon this Aſſurance, and forming immediately a Deſign, which would pleaſe me as much in relation to *Donna Figuerrez*, by giving me the Opportunity of an innocent Revenge on her, as on the Part of my Brother, by giving me ſome Hopes of being uſeful to him in Spite of himſelf, I gave Orders to *Jacin* immediately to put the Horſes to my Chaiſe. I was reſolved to be gone on the Spot, that is to ſay, before the *Spaniſh* Lady ſhould awake, and to follow *Patrick* with ſo much Haſte, that having no other Road to go than that of the Poſt, I ſhould overtake him before the End of the Day.

My Orders were executed. I left the Inn before *Donna Figuerrez* had called her Servants, and puſhing my Revenge as far as I thought I could without injuring Charity, I charged one of her Train, as I got into my Chaiſe, to tell her, that ſhe owed me ſome Thanks for the Care I had taken of not diſturbing her Reſt. When I had ſuppoſed, that the ſame Motive, that had made her quit *Spain*, had induced her immediately to follow us upon the Track, I was ſure, that there were not Horſes enough to be got at the Poſt-Houſe to furniſh her for her Journey before the

Return of ours, and I conſequently reckoned that we ſhould get the Start of her ſo far, that ſhe would find it difficult to overtake us.

This Way of Reaſoning ſuppoſed nevertheleſs, that *Patrick* would purſue the Road to *Paris*, out of which one could not always find regulated Poſts for a Communication to other Towns. With this Thought I purſued forward as far as *Orleans*; continually enquiring at what Diſtance he was before me, and if he had ſhewed no Deſign of going out of the Road. It was at *Orleans* I loſt the Track of him. They informed me at the Poſt-Houſe, that he had come there three or four Hours before me, and that having committed his Chaiſe and ſome other Parts of his Equipage to the Care of the Maſter of the Houſe, he had gone away on Foot with three Servants he had in his Train. I quitted the Deſign of continuing my Journey, and thinking of nothing further than to diſcover him, I flattered myſelf that his Care would not require any long Search in the provincial Town. In the mean Time, having to no Purpoſe employed a Part of the Day, I learned towards Evening, that he had hired a Boat, into which he and one of his Servants went, having diſmiſſed the other two; and that not diſcovering himſelf either as to the Place he was bound to, nor even the Time that would be neceſſary for his Paſſage, they could not give me any other Information till the Return of the Boat-men.

What a new Subject of Embarraſſment!— Prudence would not permit me to proceed further at a Hazard. I was obliged to wait two Days for a Diſcovery which I could not get but by the Way propoſed to me. I paſſed theſe Days in a thouſand Alarms, which the Uncertainty of their Duration yet rendered more cruel. At length the Boatmen arrived to put an End to them luckily. They had conducted *Patrick* to a Benedictin Abbey ſome Leagues from *Orleans*, ſituated on the Banks of the *Loire*, and had returned very well contented with his Mildneſs and Liberality. Not being able to obtain any other Informations, they only in-

flamed the Desire I had of overtaking him. Could his Despair, said I, have made him think of breaking absolutely with the World, and be capable of burying himself in a Solitude, with a Design never to come out of it? I should think ill of the Resolution formed thus in the midst of his Grief, and should apprehend bad Consequences from it. These great Sacrifices ought to be the Fruits of a quiet Meditation. Reason and Grace would be but little able to support a violent Choice, when they were not the Fruits of Inspiration. I hastened to be gone with the same Boatmen that had carried him.

BOOK XI.

UPON my Arrival at the Abbey, I was informed at the Gate, that *Patrick* had presented himself to the Superior, under a Name different from his own. He had not concealed his Country, nor his Birth; but confessing that extraordinary Troubles having driven him in Quest of Solitude, he requested it as a Favour, that they would not attempt to dive further into them; and on his Side he had promised, that he would give no Trouble to the House by the Kind of Life he proposed to lead. Having agreed for the Price of his Pension, he pitched upon the most solitary and remote Apartment in the House. The Neighbourhood of a very thick Wood had flattered his Melancholy. He caused some Books to be brought to him there, which he described by their Titles; and agreeing with the Superiour, that he would not be disturbed by any Person in the World in this Retreat, if he did not sometimes request such an Amusement himself, he shut himself up in it in a graceful Manner, together

gether with his Valet de Chambre an Hour after his Arrival.

As an Event ſo extraordinary had made a good deal of Noiſe in the Houſe, they could not hear that I was enquiring after it with much Curioſity, without expreſſing as much Earneſtneſs to ſee and hear me. My Deſign had been alſo to ſend for the Superiour, and learn from his own Mouth, what I feared I had only an imperfect Information of before; but the Porter, whom I was yet talking to, ſhewed him to me ſtanding among others, whom Curioſity had brought towards me. I took him aſide with a good deal of Precaution, in order that the reſt ſhould not ſee me; being apprehenſive leſt the Impreſſion of ſo remarkable a Figure as mine might continue in their Minds, and from thence *Patrick* might ſooner or later come to underſtand that I had diſcovered the Place of his Retreat, and had come to the Monaſtery two Days after him. From the firſt Notion I had taken of his Project upon the Porter's Relation, far from finding it contrary to Reaſon, I was convinced he might draw great Advantage from it for the Eſtabliſhment of his Repoſe; and I had taken up a Reſolution not only to avoid diſturbing him by my Viſit in the firſt Experiment of his Solitude, but to leave him even ignorant that I had travelled ſo cloſe on his Heels. Yet I was well pleaſed to make an Acquaintance with the Superiour, as well to aſſure myſelf of the Means of receiving News from him regularly, as to engage him by my Civilities to contribute all in his Power to the Recovery of my Brother. Without diſcovering myſelf more than he did as to our Name, and without as much as acquainting him how near I was related to him by Blood, I omitted nothing that might make him dear and reſpectable to the Community; and I had the Satisfaction of learning from the Superiour, that at firſt Sight he had taken all the Sentiments of Reſpect and Friendſhip for him.

My Heart was ſo comforted by this happy Diſcovery, that daring to promiſe myſelf already the moſt

agreeable Fruits from it, I thought of nothing but going immediately to *Paris* to haſten the Effects of them. Knowing the natural Goodneſs and Piety of the King, I had no Fear that he would be offended at the Choice my Brother had made; and I had not the leaſt Doubt, but that with the Inſtructions *Patrick* had left me, I ſhould eaſily ſupply his Abſence. But I found more Pleaſure yet in foreſeeing, that Solitude reſtoring him by little and little to that Tranquillity of Mind and Heart, which he had for a long Time loſt, his Reaſon would ſooner or later aſſume Strength enough to make him ſenſible of what he owed to *Sarah Fincer*, and to diſpoſe him at length to re-eſtabliſh her in all the Rights that her Rival had uſurped. I forbore fearing any Thing on the Account of *Donna Figuerrez*. I had no Doubt but ſhe had continued her Journey, and ſince I had left her, I could not defend myſelf from a Fear that continually troubled me on the Road. If I had in *Spain* but little dreaded the Love ſhe might have inſpired my Brother with; becauſe being there, as it were, on the Theatre of her diſorderly Courſes, I might every Moment take off the Veil from the Eyes of *Patrick*, and let him know, either by my own Account, or by the Relations of a Number of others, that her Conduct rendered her unworthy of the Hand of a Man of Honour; but I had not the ſame Reſource in *France*: on the contrary I apprehended, that the Diſtinction, with which her perſonal Merit, and the Quality of Relation to the Ambaſſador was about making her ſhine in at *Paris*, was not ſo capable of dazzling the Eyes of *Patrick*, as her Removal from *Madrid* would without Doubt be to ſhut them againſt thoſe Reproaches and Accuſations, which it would be difficult for me there to make good by Proofs. The Choice he had made diſſipated all my Miſtruſts. He had but little Affection for her, ſince his Confuſion and Grief had made him capable of leaving her without Regret; and though ſhe ſhould join to all the Charms I knew ſhe had, all the Prudence ſhe had not, to attack the Heart

Heart of *Patrick* with ſuch forcible Arms, I ſhould propoſe to myſelf to act ſo vigorouſly in Favour of the unfortunate *Sarah*, and by Ways to which he was naturally ſo ſenſible, that I thought myſelf already almoſt aſſured of Victory.

I entertained myſelf with thoſe Thoughts on my Return to *Orleans*, where I had left my Chaiſe, when putting in to the Banks of the *Loire* to get out of the Boat, I ſaw *Donna Figuerrez* come out of a neighbouring Houſe, attended by her Servants, who immediately came up to me with as much Joy to ſee me again, as I felt Vexation at this Meeting. I immediately underſtood what brought them there. Having purſued my Brother's Steps and mine, they had diſcovered, as I did, at the Poſt-houſe of *Orleans*, that *Patrick* had left there his Chaiſe; and an Eagerneſs to find him out had laid hold of *Donna Figuerrez*. After a great many haſty Searches, ſhe came, as I had done, to get ſome imperfect Accounts of him on the Banks of the *Loire*. The Boatmen, who had carried him to the Abbey, not having had Time at their Return to relate the Circumſtances of their Voyage, becauſe my Haſte to make them go back the Way they came, had not allowed them one Moment to reſt, *Donna Figuerrez* could from thence gather nothing clear and certain of the End of our Journey. She waited, as I had done before her, till they ſhould return to aſk them ſome Queſtions; and although ſhe had Reaſon to be diffident of my Preſence, yet it never came into her Mind, that I had the leaſt Intereſt in concealing from her the Road my Brother went.

Nevertheleſs, as much Joy as I ſaw in her Countenance, as much was I mortified at this Meeting; and in my firſt Perplexity not thinking on any Thing ready enough to deliver me, I turned about to the two Boatmen, to whom I promiſed double the Sum I had agreed for my Paſſage, if they would keep the Secret two Days Even this Precaution not appearing to me ſufficient, I deſired them to follow me, under Pretence of paying them at the Place where I had left

my Chaiſe; and I gave Orders to my Valet to carry them there, whilſt I ſhould ſtop a Moment with *Donna Figuerrez*, whom it was impoſſible to avoid. Indeed ſhe was already ſo near me, that having made me ſome haſty Reproaches on my Departure, and continuing with the ſame Nimbleneſs of Tongue to aſk me, where I had left my Brother, I could find no other Medium between the Neceſſity of betraying my Secret, or of deceiving her by a Lie, than to declare to her bluntly enough, that ſhe aſked me an idle Queſtion. She was offended at my Anſwer; but as if my firſt Harſhneſs had diſpoſed me further to obſerve no Meaſures with her, I reproached her ſo briſkly for the Indecency of the Motive that made her go in Queſt of *Patrick*, that in the Confuſion ſhe felt at ſome of my Words, ſhe ſtood ſpeechleſs, and fell into Tears, which ſhe wiped away with her Handkerchief. I was left alone by the Departure of *Jacin* and the Boatmen. One of her Servants, affronted at the Inſult I had offered his Miſtreſs, advanced fiercely, and treating me with an Aſſurance that ſurprized me from a Servant, ſeemed only to wait for a Word of her Mouth, or a Wink of her Eye, to follow his abuſive Language with Blows. His Violence affrighted me. But *Donna Figuerrez* commanded him to be ſilent with an Air of Authority, which obliged him to be ſo all at once, and even threatened to puniſh his Impudence, that made him fail in Reſpect to an Eccleſiaſtick.

I ſhould have paſſed over this Incident, if it had not taught me an uſeful Leſſon, that I have found the Benefit of ever ſince. Although the Vexation I felt at being maltreated, added to the Hope of Succeſs by the Way I had taken of concealing the Retreat of my Brother, made me immediately be gone, yet I could not think on the Impreſſion my Words had made on *Donna Figuerrez*, and her Goodneſs in taking Part with me againſt her Servant, without acknowledging myſelf more guilty than that ſaucy Valet, whoſe Inſolence had offended me. Do then the

Cuſtoms

Cuſtoms of the World, and the Politeneſs of Men inſpire more Softneſs and Sweetneſs of Temper into our Behaviour, and more Regard for Decency, than the Principles which I have made my Study all my Life? Such was my firſt Reflexion. But is it not I, continued I immediately, that have not penetrated far enough into the full Extent of my Principles? And paſſing through the Diſcuſſion of this Point in the ſame Method I had often uſed, I found indeed, that in the Principle of Chriſtian Charity are included all the Duties of Politeneſs, which form the principal Band of civil Societies. Then puſhing further this Obſervation, I concluded from the Motive of Charity, which always tends to the Good of our Neighbours, with a Proportion of that Reſpect one owes to the Weakeſt, that Women, from an infinite Number of Reaſons peculiar to their Sex, have a particular Right to this Sort of Regard, which is named Politeneſs, and conſequently, to neglect to pay them it is in ſome Sort a double Failure of the Precept of Charity.

During the Fervour of this Reflexion, I ſhould have returned voluntarily to *Donna Figuerrez*, to make her an Apology for the Air and Manner of ſpeaking I had uſed to her, if I had not thought myſelf excuſed from this Sort of Reparation by the Sentiment of my Heart, wherewith I promiſed Heaven to lay down to myſelf an invariable Rule, and from the Importance it was not to expoſe myſelf anew to be preſſed to diſcover the Retreat of *Patrick*. The Merit of this Lady appearing to me to be more dangerous from the Greatneſs of the Perfections I obſerved in her, I began to fear more than ever for my Brother; ſo that not thinking myſelf ſure enough of the Boatmen by their Word and the Price I offered to pay for their Fidelity, it came into my Mind to ſend them far from *Orleans* for ſome Days, to lay them under a Neceſſity to keep their Promiſes to me for ſo long a Time. The only Way was to engage them under ſome Pretence to follow me to *Paris*. Intereſt being all-powerful upon People who gain their Livelihood only by their Labour, I propoſed to them,

if they would go with me, ſuch a Sum of Money as ſoon diſpoſed them to it.

Thus Events of Affairs, and the Neceſſity of providing for all Circumſtances, formed in me from Day to Day a Sort of Prudence, of which I never could find the Rules in my Study. It was from Reaſonings of this Nature that I prepared myſelf for the Part, which my Brother had given me in Charge to act at the Court of St. *Germain*. Politicks had never made a Part of my Occupations; but conſidering, that even for the Honour of *Patrick*, who had relied upon me for the Execution of his Commiſſion, I ought not to appear abſolutely without Experience and Judgment in the King's Eyes, I ſtudied the Inſtructions my Brother left behind him with ſo much Diligence, and from his Care of incloſing in them a Number of intereſting Obſervations, I ſo perfectly put myſelf in a Condition of making the beſt of them, that the King having done me the Honour of diſcourſing me a long Time in his Cloſet, ſhewed a high Satisfaction in my Brother's and my Services. He ſeemed no leſs moved at the Neceſſity, to which his Misfortunes had reduced him, of retiring for ſome Time into Solitude. I gave no other Colour to his Choice, and the King's Curioſity extending no further than to know he had loſt his Wife, I luckily avoided a Detail, which I feared his Orders would have obliged me to have given.

Although I had not forgot in leaving *Madrid*, to give Notice of our Departure to the Count *De S*——— and to *Sarah Fincer*, my Deſire of daily maintaining not only the Liberty of regulating the Duration of our Journey, but that of managing the Circumſtances of our Arrival, and above all, not to expoſe *Patrick* to a Meeting perhaps with *Sarah Fincer* the Moment we leaſt thought of it, had made me ſpeak of our Journey, and of the Day we might expect to be at *Paris*, as of two Things equally uncertain. Without this Precaution I could not doubt but *Sarah* would have come, it may be, a good Way to meet us. But being obliged to moderate her Impatience, I found her at the Count's

Count's taken up with her ordinary Employments, which were reading and working. My Lord *Tenermill* had returned from *Ireland* ſome Weeks before. The Noiſe of my Arrival having ſpread all at once through the Houſe, every one the firſt Moment gathered about me. They were not ſurprized to ſee me without *Patrick*. He had gone away with ſo much Indifference to the Count's Country Houſe, that ſix Month's Abſence might not have diſſipated it; and they could eaſily fancy that the News I had carried him to *Spain* had made him feel, together with Grief for his Loſs, a very ſtrong Senſe of Shame for having voluntarily drawn on himſelf his Misfortunes by Exceſs of Prejudice, of which all the Advice of his Friends could never cure him. It was not from the firſt Moment of my Appearance that I diſcovered the Diſpoſitions of all the dear Perſons, who ſurrounded me. But I could eaſily judge that *Sarah* burned with a Deſire of drawing me aſide to lay open her Thoughts to me.

I ſhewed this Complaiſance to her Deſires as ſoon as I could obtain a Moment's Liberty. All my Ardour in relating to her what I had ſeen, or what other Circumſtances had thrown in my Way, did not ſufficiently equal her Eagerneſs. She wiſhed to have heard every Thing at once, and pondering nevertheleſs on each Word I ſaid, ſhe would have the Particulars over again, where nothing was omitted or related ſlightly. I could not avoid bringing *Donna Figuerrez* into my Story. *Patrick*'s familiar Acquaintance with that Lady made her tremble; ſhe aſked me a hundred Queſtions about her Character, even after I had drawn a faithful Picture of her; and upon the whole, when I had come to the Events of our Return, ſhe aſked me at every Word, if it were poſſible for *Patrick* not to be moved at her Reſolution of following him; and if I were convinced that in the Complaiſancies he had ſhewn her there was no Mixture of Love. But having at length laid open to her with the ſame Exactneſs the Part he had choſen to act at *Orleans*, obſerving to her

only that this Particular of my Story was a Confidence I had reſolved to truſt to no Body but her, it ſeemed to me, that from the Satisfaction ſhe had hitherto ſhewed in hearing me, ſhe paſſed all at once to give ſome Tokens of Inquietude and Sorrow. During a long Diſcourſe, to which I added nothing of my own, ſhe had perpetually hoped that ſome Circumſtance would happen, wherein ſhe might hear me tell what I had done for her; but the Separation of *Patrick*, and the Recital of the Journey I had made to the Solitude he had retired to, making her plainly underſtand that I had not had any other Opportunity of ſeeing him again, ſhe accuſed me in her Mind for having neglected her Intereſts, and perhaps went ſo far as to ſuſpect me of having favoured the Pretenſions of *Donna Figuerrez*. Nevertheleſs, ſhe continued to look on me for ſome Time with Silence, even after I had finiſhed my Story, as if ſhe yet flattered herſelf I was about adding ſomething to it relating to her, or that having forgot ſomething that regarded her, the Attention I ſhewed to her Concerns, was about aſſiſting me in recollecting it. At length, loſing all Hopes, Ah! my dear Dean, ſaid ſhe, ſhedding ſome Tears, you have not remembered either my Entreaties or your Promiſes; or if they have induced you to attempt any Thing in the Behalf of an unhappy Friend, your Silence gives me too well to underſtand that nothing has ſucceeded with you. This Complaint moved me ſenſibly. I ſhould have foreſeen, anſwered I, that you would have thrown theſe Reproaches on me, and I ſhould not have failed in finding out juſt Reaſons to anticipate them. Nothing indeed had been ſo eaſy as to have obſerved in the Courſe of my Story, that having put off the Diſcoveries I had made my Brother to almoſt the End of my Journey, there could be but little Appearance that in a Space ſo ſhort I could have found Means of making him other Propoſals. I had not ſeen him even once ſince I informed him of his Misfortune. But being able in a Manner to anſwer that he had nothing in his Heart but Sorrow, and re-

calling the Sentiments, which I had known him always have for her, I could not have ſcrupled to flatter her by the moſt ſweet Conjectures. It was to this Point I bent my Strength, when I ſaw the Need ſhe had of ſuch Aſſiſtance; and had no Difficulty in giving Hope an Entrance into a Heart ſo much inflamed by its Paſſions. I was about propoſing to her to join ourſelves together, to deliberate upon the Diſcretion and Caution that Decency required of her; but ſhe herſelf having more than one Propoſal to make, aſked me what I thought of my Lord *Tenermill*, who, without conceiving that ſhe could preſerve the leaſt Inclination for *Patrick*, had conſtantly preſſed her ſince his Return to ſhorten his amorous Sufferings, which he believed ſhe had manifeſtly determined to put an End to one Day or other. He had affected openly to take a Pride in his Hopes, and declaring that he had forgot the Conditions to which he had ſubmitted before his Departure, he had often employed the Count and Counteſs of *S*——— to ſollicit *Sarah* to forget them as he had done. She (who had fancied herſelf obliged to a thouſand Managements in a Houſe, which ſhe had more Intereſt than ever not to quit, and who not daring to promiſe herſelf any Thing from *Patrick*, had yet leſs Courage to open the Deſires of her Heart) had lived under a perpetual Conſtraint, having not even the Conſolation of diſburdening herſelf by imparting her Grief to the Truſt of any Friend. I do not relate to you, ſaid ſhe, half of the Perſecutions I have ſuffered from my Lord *Tenermill*, and I cannot think but they will increaſe, when he underſtands the Affection I have always conſerved for his Brother.

I had ſeen by Experiece ſo many Diſorders cauſed by Love, that I could not look on the Apprehenſions of *Sarah* as vain Terrors. Nevertheleſs, the Opinion I had of the Diſpoſition of *Tenermill*, ſquared but little with that Exceſs of Paſſion by which he was like to become troubleſome or formidable to the Perſon he loved. I imparted this Thought to *Sarah*. She

agreed, that in his Looks and Applications ſhe never remarked that Air of Paſſion which is the Characteriſtick of Hearts in Love, and of which, ſhe confeſſed to me with a Smile, ſhe had by long Experience learned to judge. But his Language, added ſhe, is not therefore a Whit the leſs preſſing; and if it be not Love that prevails on him to importune me by ſuch eager Sollicitations, I ſhould dread even more another Paſſion, that ſhould be ſtrong enough to act ſo powerfully under the Maſk of a falſe pretended Love. Without, anſwered I, believing his Love to be falſe or pretended, one may attribute the Effects, of which you complain, to ſome more powerful Paſſion, from which it borrows a Share of its Ardour. My Lord *Tenermill* interrupted us this Moment, begging Leave to make one in our Converſation. The Tone he aſſumed in my Preſence ſeemed to juſtify the Complaints of *Sarah*. He upbraided her for the Reſiſtance ſhe had made to his Happineſs, and calling me for a Witneſs to the former Vivacity of his Love, he proteſted it with ſome military Oaths, which his late Expedition to *Ireland* had but too much increaſed. I confeſs, that being accuſtomed to the tender Languors, and reſpectful Eagerneſs, whether of *Patrick* and the Count *De S*———, or whether of *Sarah* and the Counteſs; I could not in this Cavalier Air diſcover the Character of that Love, of which I had formed to myſelf an Idea from the Example of others.

I ſoon unravelled this Myſtery. Going out with him from *Sarah*'s Apartment, he ſpoke of the Deſign of his Marriage with the ſame Ardour, but with an Air leſs ſtudied. After ſome decent Remarks on the Notions he had of my Friendſhip, he told me, that I was luckily arrived to take Share in thoſe Things which he had in Expectation, as the moſt advantagious for himſelf, and moſt glorious for his Family; that it was a Secret yet known to none but the King himſelf. While he was in *Ireland* Fortune had ſo far favoured him, as to give him the Opportunity of being uſeful to the King's Service in an Affair of great

great Importance. His Majeſty, who did not think himſelf diſpenſed from ſhewing his Gratitude for an Obligation wherein his Subjects were ſerviceable to him, had loaded him with Careſſes on his Return, and giving him Room to hope for every Thing from his Favours, had declared under the Obligation of Secrecy, that if he could augment his Fortune by an advantageous Marriage, his Deſign was to create him a Duke. Judge, ſaid he, if with the tender Affections you have for a long Time known me to have for *Sarah*, I am not ſtrongly intereſted to preſs her to accept my Hand. I dare not, added he, improve this Motive, which would perhaps diminiſh ſomething from the Opinion ſhe has of my Love, and moreover the King's Commands oblige me to Silence. But to you, whoſe Diſcretion equals your Wiſdom, I make no Difficulty to diſcover myſelf with the Hopes that you will aid me in obtaining *Sarah*'s Conſent, which muſt ſeal my Fortune and Happineſs.

Words ſo clear and open would have removed all *Sarah*'s Doubts, if I had been at Liberty to communicate to her what my Brother imparted to me as a Secret. But her Reflexion on the Force of a Paſſion, that was capable of lending Ardour to Love, became from hence more demonſtrable to me. It ſeemed a Matter indiſputable, that *Tenermill*, looking on his Marriage with her as the Foundation of his Fortune, would take every Thing one might attempt againſt a Hope ſo flattering to his Ambition, as ſo many Proofs of Hatred. Haughty and imperious as he was, I doubted whether he would pardon even his Brother the Conteſt with him for a Heart, to which he imagined his long Services had given him a juſt Claim. Thus nothing could become ſo delicate as my Situation, under the Neceſſity I was of coming to Explanations with him in conducting the Intereſt of *Sarah*, which all the World was not capable of making me abandon. I drew myſelf nevertheleſs out of ſuch a preſſing Perplexity by an equivocal Anſwer, which I was convinced he would take in a Senſe the moſt favourable

vourable to his own Love. Having firſt complimented him upon the King's Favour; if *Sarah*, ſaid I, has a Reliſh for Grandeur, ſhe will without Doubt be in Haſte to meet your Eagerneſs, and without betraying the Secret impoſed on you, I promiſe you to give her Room enough to gueſs at what your Aims for her tend. He ſeemed ſatisfied with this Promiſe. My Deſign was indeed not to conceal from *Sarah*, that it was the Ambition of *Tenermill* ſhe ought to be upon her Guard againſt, and having given her this Advice the ſame Day, I did not in the leaſt perceive that theſe Hopes of Grandeur, which I explained to her in a looſe and indeterminate Manner, had made Impreſſion enough on her Heart, to combat thereby for one Moment her Love.

On the contrary, if I had yielded to her Propoſals, ſhe would have gone a few Days after to live in *Patrick*'s Solitude. It came into her Mind, that without letting him know ſhe was in his Neighbourhood, ſhe could eaſily hire a Houſe in the ſame Village. From the Thoughts alone of breathing there the ſame Air with him, and of procuring there every Day News of his Situation, whereby to regulate her Joy and Grief from the Accounts ſhe ſhould receive of his Health and Repoſe, ſhe formed in her Imagination the Plan of a Life moſt pleaſant and happy. I had a good deal of Difficulty to perſuade her to lay aſide this Project; and I did ſo only by promiſing her immediately to take a Journey to the Abbey to ſee him, and talk to him, and to try his Pulſe whether he had yet remaining any Inclination for her.

I ſhould have poſtponed this Journey but a ſhort Time, though I had made no ſuch Promiſe to *Sarah*. Beſides the Inquietude with which I was perpetually filled for the Health of ſo dear Brother, I had been under a Neceſſity of excuſing his Delay under the Pretext of Sickneſs, which I ſhould have badly ſupported, if I had let too long an Interval ſlip without pretending at leaſt to return to him. The Count *De S*——— and my Lord *Tenermill* had often deſired to

go

go and ſee him themſelves to the Neighbourhood of *Orleans*, where I had told them he had been obliged to ſtop. Nevertheleſs, not having explained myſelf to them upon the Kind of Sickneſs he had, or not having ſpoken to them of it in a Manner capable of alarming them, they relied as to his Situation upon the Tranquillity I affected, and of which they could not have thought me capable, if he had been in the leaſt Danger. I pitched upon the Day they leaſt expected for my Departure, to prevent the Deſire either of them might have had to bear me Company. I nevertheleſs gave *Sarah* an Account of it. What did ſhe not ſay to me upon this Occaſion? With what Ardour, with what Affection did ſhe not recommend to me the Care of his Happineſs, and the Concern of his Life? I paſſed a whole Night in receiving the Sentiments of her Heart, and in repeating the Expreſſions ſhe deſired I would uſe to my Brother.

I had no Body but *Jacin* with me. Before I ſhewed myſelf at the Abbey, I thought proper to diſpatch *Jacin* there, to obtain ſome Informations upon the Changes that might have happened ſince my laſt Journey to it. He reported indeed two Pieces of News, which cauſed me more Surprize than I could have ever expected from it: One was, that *Patrick*, whoſe Name they did not yet know, had propoſed to the Superiour to be admitted among the Number of the Religious; the other, that this worthy Man had made a Difficulty of doing ſo from this Reaſon alone, that having conceived a high Idea of my Brother, from divers Reaſons, which had ſerved as a Foundation to his Conjectures, he feared he ſhould draw on himſelf Reproach by complying with his Inſtances, which did not ſeem to him to proceed from a Tranquillity of Heart and Mind.

To what an Exceſs of Trouble did I not fancy the ſorrowful *Patrick* was come, to be capable of ſubmitting to ſuch violent Extremities? With a high Reſpect to Religion I had always known him have ſo great an Eſtrangement from thoſe ſingular Methods of

Piety,

Piety, that I have been obliged a thouſand Times to oppoſe his Averſion and Prejudices againſt the Generality of religious Societies. In the Diſorder I imagined his Reaſon to be, was it to Grace I could aſcribe the Change of his Notions, and did it not rather appear, that ſuffering himſelf to be vanquiſhed by Deſpair, he ſought an End of it by a Remedy even more terrible than his Troubles; as a Madman throws himſelf headlong into an Abyſs, or voluntarily buries a Poynard in his Heart? It was Time then to force him from his Solitude, and to make him hear againſt his Inclinations every Thing that my Zeal had made me conſider for calming his Heart. But what Advantages had I to expect for *Sarah*'s Hopes, and what little Appearance did I ſee of being able to turn all the Inſtructions ſhe had given me in Charge at my Departure to a good Uſe?

I repaired immediately to the Abbey, and aſking Leave of the Religious to talk to their Solitary, I ſaw myſelf expoſed to a Refuſal out of a Fear of grieving him by a Violation of his Orders. Nevertheleſs my Intreaties, and the Pretence of many important Affairs, prevailed on the Superiour to undertake the Trouble of making him conſent to my Viſit. He conducted me to the Door of his Apartment, and going in before to tell him of my coming under the bare Name of an Eccleſiaſtick, who expreſſed a great Deſire to ſee him, he returned with Permiſſion to bring me in. *Patrick* had no ſooner caſt his Eyes on me, than turning away his Face; Ah! cried he, it is he himſelf, I miſtruſted it at the firſt Word of the Superiour. Ah! What Intereſt do you find in purſuing me, added he fixing on me at length his Looks altered by his tedious Trouble; how have you diſcovered a Retreat, in which I thought myſelf forgotten by all Men? But you do not come out of Seaſon, added he again, and you will find me in thoſe Diſpoſitions, which are agreeable to your Principles.

For my Part, I looked on him with an Eye much more attentive than his, and ſcarce knowing him again under

under the Sadneſs and Dejection in which I ſaw him plunged, I admired that ſo ſhort a Space could make ſuch an Alteration in his Face. Every Thing about him ſeemed diſpoſed to keep his Grief in Countenance; a Suit of dark purple Hangings, not capable of reflecting the Rays of Light, ſome Chairs placed without Order, upon which his Cloaths and Books were confuſedly ſcattered, his Windows half cloſed to ſhut out the Light of the Sun, as if he feared it would diſpel the natural Gloomineſs; and in the neighbouring Places a Silence ſo profound, that one could not hear in them even the Chirpings of Birds, or the Whiſperings of the Wind. Theſe melancholy Appearances inſpired in me a Share of that Sorrow, that ſeemed to be diffuſed all around me. The Anſwer I made *Patrick* expreſſed a Feeling of this Impreſſion; it was ſhort and mournful; ſurprized myſelf that the Senſes had ſo great an Empire over Reaſon, I ſat down ſighing; and waited till he opened a Converſation, that I had not the Power to begin.

He kept Silence for ſome Moments, as if he had been moved by mine, or as if he were in Search of Terms proper to expreſs himſelf in. At length breaking it with an Air, in which Tenderneſs ſeemed to take the upper Hand of Grief; By whatever Way, ſaid he, you have diſcovered my Retreat, I owe you my Thanks and Gratitude for the Motive that has led you here. This can only be a Sentiment of your antient Friendſhip, and I ſee moreover in your Eyes nothing but the Pity which my Situation has inſpired you with. Do not think, continued he, that it is Love torments me with ſo much Violence. The Force of Honour, and the Power of a juſt Reſentment, have effaced even the laſt Traces of that Paſſion out of my Heart. I think no more of that perfidious Woman than to deteſt her Memory; and when at firſt you ſaw in me an Appearance of Trouble capable perhaps of carrying me to fatal Extremities, I was torn in Pieces much more cruelly by Shame than Grief. I even confeſs to you that by retiring to this Solitude, I

though

thought of nothing but to avoid you, and every one elſe, whoſe Looks could be to me a Puniſhment. I could not bear the Preſence of ſo many virtuous and diſcreet Friends, who had perhaps foreſeen my Infamy, when they oppoſed my fatal Marriage, and who had in all Appearance this Reaſon only for condemning it. Alas! added he interrupting his Thoughts, you will agree nevertheleſs, that if I have been deceived by the moſt black Perfidy, it was by an Outſide I was deceived, which might have plunged the wiſeſt of Men into the ſame Error.

What then, added he, has brought me to this Place, is no more than the Fear of Infamy and Ridicule, a Thought ſo dreadful and inſupportable to the Heart of a Man of Honour, that it would have made me take all Sorts of Methods to deliver me from it, at leaſt for ſo long a Time as I have thought it neceſſarily faſtened to my Misfortune. Nevertheleſs, after having had my Heart gnawed with it for ſome Weeks, leſs confuſed Notions have led me to other Reflexions; I am convinced by ſhaking off the Yoke of Prejudices, that it is only a falſe and ſenſeleſs Opinion, that can make the Honour of Man depend on the Conduct of a Wife, and the Succeſs of a Marriage. Theſe Arguments appear to me ſo manifeſt, according even to the Weight and Conſideration of Reaſon and Religion, that exalting me above my firſt Terrors, I ſhould without Heſitation have quitted my Retreat, if I had not had over and above another Motive to ſtay me here. But it is now I am about informing you of my real Weakneſſes, which you never yet have been able to penetrate. I diſcover them to you with ſo much the more Confidence, as your Arrival appears in my Eyes a Favour from Heaven in the Neceſſity I ſtand of a Guide.

I was ſo delighted to hear him ſpeak this Language, that without foreſeeing to what Point his Diſcourſe was going to lead me, being equally moved by the Aſſurance he gave me of his Cure, and by the Hope that ſprang up in me of being able to ſerve *Sarah Fincer*

Fincer to Purpoſe, I could not forbear interrupting him to ſhew him Marks as much of my Surprize as Joy. I even embraced him with a Lightneſs of Heart, which broke out in the moſt lively and affectionate Congratulations. But, as if he was prepared to give me ſucceſſive Proofs of all Kinds of Surprize, he haſtily enough drew himſelf from between my Arms, and looking on me with the ſame Air with which he had at firſt began his Diſcourſe; For what do you congratulate me, ſaid he, and what Subject of Joy can you then find amidſt the Griefs that devour me? This Queſtion, and the gloomy and ſerious Air that continued to ſway in his Countenance, made me return to my Chair, where I ſat down in a Silence, that left him full Liberty to reſume his Diſcourſe.

If, ſaid he, any Expreſſion has eſcaped me that bears a Reſemblance of Joy, it is much belyed by the Sorrow of my Thoughts. In recovering my Heart to its natural State, by the Victory I have obtained over the Paſſions I have deſcribed to you, I feel myſelf more unhappy a thouſand Times, than when I was in ſo violent a Situation. I am ignorant how it happens with the ordinary Rank of Men; but if any be found among them, to whom the common Occupations of Life, or even the Wealth that depends on Fortune, can procure a perfect Tranquillity, I congratulate them for their Happineſs. My Humour is to feel an inſurmountable Heavineſs in the midſt of every Thing that bears the Name of Pleaſure and Amuſement. I have thought a long Time, that this is a Defect of which I ought to accuſe Nature; but the Pangs I have found in Love have taught me wherein ſhe has placed for me my true Happineſs, and I have pitied the reſt of Mankind, when I have known myſelf to be ſo ſuperior to them by thoſe Affections and Reliſhes, to which no Man in the World has ever yet been ſo ſenſible as I. Nevertheleſs after an Experiment full of Charms, I have ſeen myſelf deprived all at once of my Happineſs, and my Loſs is ſo much the more terrible, that if the only Object, to which

which I thought my Happineſs attached, could betray me with a ſhameful Perfidy, I have no Hopes ever to find one again, to whom my Heart can ſurrender itſelf up with the ſame Degree of Confidence. Thus, whilſt not only all my Love remains, but I have even obtained a Certainty, that it is only in the Exerciſe of it I can be happy, I find myſelf condemned all my Life to the Want of ſo neceſſary a Bleſſing, by a cruel Miſtruſt, which will hinder me for ever to place the leaſt Reliance on the Outſide of a Woman, after having been ſo barbarouſly deceived by mine. Perhaps, continued *Patrick*, this Language may appear ſtrange to you; but ſhew me a Heart ſo tender as mine, it will eaſily underſtand me. My Diſguſt for the World, ſince I thus deſpair to find in it the ſole Happineſs on which I fix a real Value, has aroſe to this Point, ſo as to make me think of forſaking it, by uniting myſelf for ever to this Abbey. I ſhall not find in it thoſe Things that the World eſteems moſt pleaſurable; but I conceive that I may there hope for other Bleſſings, to which the World is a Stranger; and I ſhall be at leaſt delivered from the Neceſſity that my Birth impoſes on me of procuring Riches, which I deſpiſe, or Honours, of which I know the Vanity, or of ſubjecting myſelf to a thouſand Complaiſances, which I look upon as the moſt childiſh and vain of all Slaveries. They have here, added he, rejected my Propoſal from ſome Difficulties, that you may remove; and I hope your Zeal will induce you to favour a Deſign which I think conformable to your Maxims.

Upon finiſhing theſe Words, he lightly ſkipped off his Chair, as if he had found himſelf more at Liberty from a Diſcharge of his Burden, and walking at a great Rate about the Chamber, he ſeemed to wait impatiently for my Anſwer. Although *Jacin*'s Information had prepared me for what I had juſt heard, I yet ranked my Ideas in order that I might unfold myſelf with the more Perſpicuity and Force. He turned to me with the Air of a Man, whoſe Mind ſeemed to be

be taken up with ſome Reflexions. I will not at all conceal from you, ſaid he, what has happened to me ſome Days paſt. *Donna Figuerrez*, who, like you, has diſcovered the Place of my Retreat, has offered me her Heart by a very affectionate Letter; and would make me conſider it as a happy Lot to unite myſelf to her. But if the Knowledge I have of her Charms has awakened my natural Tenderneſs, I am far from diſcovering in her all the Qualities that my Heart requires in being affected to her. Such as I know in her would never make me chuſe her but for an agreeable Friend; and of all Women in the World it is ſhe who could inſpire me the moſt with Miſtruſt and Fear in Love. I obſerved to her, added he, in my Anſwer, that my preſent Diſpoſition did not indulge me in any Thing for her but Acknowledgment and Eſteem.

This Diſcovery made me make ſome Alteration in the Anſwer I was muſing upon; for in my Deſign of feeling his Pulſe as to his Inclinations for *Sarah*, I had Thoughts to have named *Donna Figuerrez* with her, to judge better of his Sentiments by this Trial. But I was from his Words better ſatisfied to have one Obſtacle the leſs to ſurmount, having always had ſome Tendency to believe, that he was better diſpoſed, than he was willing to be thought, for this *Spaniſh* Lady. The Deſcription he had given me of his inward Struggles, the Idea he was willing to give me of his Troubles, and even the Reſolution he had formed of quitting the World, gave me ſo little Perplexity, that without ſtaying to make him ſuperfluous Remonſtrances, I was reſolved to come all of a ſudden to Propoſals more capable of flattering his Heart. It ſufficed me to think, that even with the Character he had given of himſelf, and which I had long ſince diſcovered, religious Solitude was what would be ſo little ſuitable to him, that I ſhould think myſelf authorized by all Sorts of Rights, without any other Explanation, to inſpire him with ſuch Sentiments as ſhould agree better with his Age, his natural Qualities, and

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the Situation in which he already ſtood in the World. My Zeal for Religion had not ſo much blinded me as to make me take the Agitations of an unquiet Heart for the Call of Heaven; and notwithſtanding the high Opinion I had of a religious Life, I never thought it was a Choice to which all the World was called without Diſtinction. In one Word, the Piety I required of my Brothers was that which agreed with the Duties of a civil Life, under the different Conditions in which the Author of Religion had placed us; and I thought the Vocation marked out by their Birth and perſonal Qualities, ſuch as might render them uſeful to Society.

According to theſe Principles, upon which *Patrick* had not done me Juſtice enough, I ſeparated from my Anſwer every Thing different from the Motive that brought me there; and ſeeking only to do a Service to *Sarah Finter*, the Utility of which ſeemed to me to be equal as to him, I reſted myſelf on that Diſpoſition of Heart, which he had confeſſed to me, and that I had already known ſo well. I could not have believed, ſaid I, that with the Character you aſcribe to yourſelf, an unhappy Choice, which never had been made, (if you will ſuffer me to call back the Memory of it) with the Cares and Precautions required by Wiſdom, and which was only (to explain myſelf yet with more Freedom) an inconſiderate Paſſion of your early Youth, ought to take away from you all Hopes of ſucceeding more happily in ſatisfying your Heart. There are Women of Merit and approved Virtue; ſuch who to the Charms of Beauty and Wit have joined all thoſe Qualities, which you do not find in *Donna Figuerrez*; ſuch as you might have found in *Sarah Fincer*, if your unhappy Paſſion had not made you break thoſe Bonds, which ought to have united you for ever to a Woman ſo amiable. During this Time I obſerved his Countenance, and not ſuffering his leaſt Motion to eſcape me, I hoped, in Spite of him, to have penetrated into his Inclinations. Never had Artifice and Subtilty of themſelves taken Poſſeſ-

Poſſeſſion of my Mind, but when I had conceived that without wounding Probity or Religion, they might aſſure Succeſs to ſome honeſt or virtuous View; the ancient Habit I had of regulating my outward Appearance had made me apt and fit to compoſe the Air of my Countenance, and the Tone of my Voice, according to the End I had in Proſpect. *Patrick*, who never was capable even of this Sort of Diſſimulation, ſighed deeply at the Name of *Sarah*, and, without miſtruſting my Intention, making even an Excuſe to interrupt me, I am not, ſaid he, to regret the Heart of the virtuous *Sarah*, and I do not bluſh to confeſs that I have done her Injuſtice. But ſhe is amply revenged for it by my Abaſement and Mortification. He held his Peace to hear the Sequel of my Words. I did not let the deſired Opportunity ſlip. If it be true, ſaid I affecting to be moved by his Reflexion, you could have this Opinion of *Sarah*, you ſhould have excepted her from thoſe Subjects of Miſtruſts, that you pretend to have againſt her Sex, and I do not ſee from whence ſhould proceed the Deſpair, which makes you renounce all Notions of Happineſs. Here his Attention ſeemed to recollect itſelf in order to examine what he had heard, and recovering immediately out of this Meditation; No, no, ſaid he, I ſhould have deſpaired of nothing; if it had been permitted me to think———, and pauſing at this Word, beyond which it ſeemed he durſt not extend his Thoughts; but, added he, the Enemy of her Honour and Repoſe, her Tyrant, her Executioner, the Murderer of her Father and her Uncle, in fine, the Man, whom ſhe has moſt Reaſon to deſpiſe and hate, is not indeed made to be well received by her; eſpecially, when nothing but a forced Repentance appears to bring him back.

This Grief, though imperfectly expreſſed, ſeemed to me ſo natural, that I had need to ſtrain myſelf to conceal my Joy. I was pleaſed all at once in having diſcovered enough from hence to lay hold of the tender Place in his Heart, and lead him inſenſibly to my Views,

Views, by the Uſe I ſhould make of this Knowledge. I always thought it would be a Mortification for *Sarah*, and grievous to myſelf that both of us ſhould be reduced to ſollicit the Return of *Patrick* as a Favour; on the contrary, I now reſumed Hopes of making a Merit of my Services and the Compliances of *Sarah*, as a Sort of Pardon and Indulgence, the Certainty and Extent of which ſhould not be regulated but by his Repentance. With this Reſolution I made a new Effort of throwing ſome Coldneſs into my Anſwer. You have cauſed *Sarah*, ſaid I without looking on him, all the Evils that Spleen and Hatred could invent, and I know not if there ever yet has been an Example of ſo many Cruelties to a Woman, whom you have nothing to reproach with but an Exceſs of Love. Nevertheleſs I know ſhe has ſo much Sweetneſs and Goodneſs, that ſcarce have any other Marks of Impatience eſcaped her than Sighs and Tears. She conſented however to our Separation, interrupted he with Warmth, and the Loſs of me ſoon ceaſed to afflict her. I admired this Exceſs of Injuſtice. How? I could not forbear anſwering him, do you impute the mortal Violence ſhe did herſelf as a Crime, and do you look upon it as a Slight to you? Do you upbraid her for having conſented to pleaſe you to her own Diſgrace and Misfortune? Tell me then what I ought to think of your Humour, in which I more and more ſee nothing but monſtrous Contradictions. This Reproach made him however penſive and thoughtful, At length, changing his Seat with a Tranſport diſcovered hy the Quickneſs of his Motion; If I durſt believe, ſaid he, the leaſt Share of what I deſire, ah! far from hearkening to Deſpair, I ſhould thank Heaven for my Happineſs.

I thought the Victory over him ſecure, and did not fail of Addreſs to warm theſe firſt Sentiments; I gave him Room to hope for every Thing from my Care, and added a thouſand Reaſons tending to make him underſtand, that what he might look upon perhaps as a free and voluntary Return, appeared to me as a

Duty

Duty of Religion and Honour. You ſpeak, ſaid I, of taking on you here irrevocable Engagements; but do you believe yourſelf ſo diſengaged from your firſt Bands, that you have the Liberty of diſpoſing of yourſelf with ſuch a Forgetfulneſs of every Thing that perhaps has ceaſed to affect you? If you now look on your ſecond Marriage as the Fruit of an irregular Paſſion, how can you perſuade yourſelf that it can ſerve as a lawful Reaſon for breaking the firſt? Without anſwering you, added I, as to the Inclinations of *Sarah*, all my Underſtanding deceives me, if you be diſpenſed by Religion itſelf, to which you would make ſo many Sacrifices, from repairing by Amends at leaſt, and tenders the Outrage you have committed againſt a virtuous Woman, whoſe Rights all your Injuſtices have not had Power to diminiſh.

A Motive ſo ſpecious, ſeconded by the Inclination of his Heart, diſpoſed him almoſt the ſame Moment to offer me larger Terms, than I could have dared to have aſked him. I ſhall try, ſaid he, whether Heaven has any Favour in Reſerve for me. Do you become my Guide, as I promiſed myſelf you would when I ſaw you arrive: but let it be in Queſt of that Road to Happineſs, which you have inſpired me with the Boldneſs to purſue. He committed to me the Conduct of regulating our Departure, and of the Meaſures he had to obſerve on his Arrival at *Paris*. I judged it proper he ſhould paſs ſome Days yet in the Abbey, to avoid giving an Air of Inconſtancy to his Reſolution; and I took Care in this Interval to juſtify by divers Reaſons the Motives that obliged him to leave it. The Religious, who had ſeen him plunged for ſo long a Time in a profound Grief, admired at the Alteration that followed our firſt Converſation. Curioſity, which is one of the principal Vices of a Cloiſter, induced then many to a Deſire of diving into his Adventure, or of knowing at leaſt by what Charm I had aſſumed all of a ſudden ſo great an Aſcendant over his Mind. But I eluded their troubleſome Queſtions with ſo much Care, that I even left them in Ignorance that I was

his Brother. Whatever Idea they might form of us, they had no Reaſon to complain of our Gratitude. It made us add to the Quarter's Penſion, for which they had agreed with *Patrick*, ſuch Preſents as ſurpaſſed their Expectation.

Every Step we made towards *Paris* gave as it were a freſh Degree of Hope to my Brother, by the Care I had taken of huſbanding thoſe Hints, by which I thought proper to augment it. Nevertheleſs, I left him under Uncertainty enough to exerciſe his Deſires; and the Secret promiſing me more Facility to conduct it by an open Declaration of his Sentiments, I adviſed him to retire to *Saiſons*, whilſt I went to *Paris* to aſſure myſelf of the Diſpoſitions of *Sarah*. He did not leave me without conjuring me to apply all my Zeal to the Succeſs of an Enterprize, the Difficulties of which yet terrified him. His tender Inſtances recalled to my Mind thoſe of *Sarah*, who uſed almoſt the ſame Expreſſions in recommending her Intereſts to me; and for more than a Moment it coſt my Heart much Pain to delay to either one or the other of them a Happineſs, that ſeemed to depend on me. Nevertheleſs, with the Deſire I had of ſparing the Modeſty of *Sarah*, I was held back by a Fear of offending *Tenermill*, whoſe Pretenſions had made too great a Glare for me to expect, that he would eaſily renounce them even in Favour of his Brother. I went into the Count's Houſe as much affected by this Thought, as I had been by my Commiſſion to *Patrick* on my Arrival at his Abbey. *Tenermill*, not having returned to his own Houſe, as being under a Neceſſity of paſſing over to *Ireland* in the Spring, I was apprehenſive, that being lodged at the Count's, he would appear to me before I could give an Account of my Journey to *Sarah*; or, that following me into her Apartment, he might caſt me into ſome Perplexity ſtill more to be dreaded, from the Difficulty of ſatisfying thoſe Queſtions, which might proceed from ſuch different Motives.

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The meeting of him, which I ſhould thus have taken for the moſt unſeaſonable and unlucky Accident I had to fear, ceaſed ſoon to appear ſo to me, when upon my going up Stairs I ſaw *Donna Figuerrez* coming down them led by the Count and Counteſs of *S*———, who were eager in loading her with Compliments. She ſhouted for Joy at ſeeing me, and praying Leave of the Counteſs to go back into the Apartment to hear an Account of my Journey, ſhe gave me room to fear, I ſhould get but badly off of this Scrape, which I looked upon as one of the moſt painful Moments of my Life. I learned from her firſt Words, that being arrived a few Days before at *Paris*, ſhe could not reſiſt her Impatience of becoming acquainted with *Patrick*'s Family. She had requeſted Permiſſion of my Siſter to viſit her, and the Title of my Brother's Friend, and Niece to the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, under which ſhe had made herſelf known all at once, had obliged the Count and Counteſs to receive her both with Careſſes and Diſtinction. No Intereſt inducing them to conceal my Journey from her, they had told her what they had learned from me before my Departure, and her Curioſity being much more briſk and of greater Extent than theirs, made her hearken to my Account with an Eagerneſs ſhe could not diſſemble.

What Diſſimulation could be lucky enough to conceal from her the Arrival of *Patrick!* For this was the Point in which all my Hopes centered. She might explain according to her Fancy the Marks I diſcovered of my Perplexity; but being little attentive to conceal them from her, I began an Account that I ſhould have ill conducted to the End, if my Ideas had not been opened in Proportion as I proceeded. After a Relation exact enough in Circumſtances, that ſhe had found the Means of writing to *Patrick*, I ſpoke of the Reſolution my Brother had taken of abandoning his Retreat, as of an Event which had given myſelf much Surprize; and wrapping myſelf up in ſome equivocal Expreſſions, I added, that he had quitted

me on the Road, letting me know that his Deſign was not to return directly to *Paris*. As his Health, ſaid I, is perfectly reſtored, I am under no Alarms, and I rely moreover upon his Promiſe of letting me hear from him.

My ſole Deſign was to take *Donna Figuerrez* off the Scent, and the Manner in which I executed it ſucceeded ſo well, that having led the Count and Counteſs into the ſame Error, I reſolved not only to hold them in it, but to let them impart it to *Tenermill*, and to all their Houſe. I had an eaſy Excuſe; if any one ſhould happen to ſurprize him at *Saiſons*, and I ſhould have thought it of good Uſe to unfold the Secret, when I could not poſſibly keep it ſuch above two Days. *Donna Figuerrez*, diſmayed at what ſhe had heard, asked me a hundred Queſtions, which I got rid of with the ſame Preſence of Mind, and *Tenermill* coming in during our Converſation, I had Room to praiſe the Politeneſs of the Count, who repeated to him my Story to ſpare me the Trouble of going over it again.

Whilſt I hugged myſelf with an Invention, from which I reckoned to raiſe myſelf a Merit with *Sarah*, *Tenermill* ſtruck up an Acquaintance with *Donna Figuerrez*, and added Offers of Services to his Compliments, when he underſtood from herſelf the Motives that had made her wiſh to be acquainted with the Counteſs and all our Family. She ſeemed well pleaſed at his Offer to ſerve her as a Guide in viſiting the Curioſities of *Paris*. They agreed upon a Day. I ſaw without Pain this Commencement of their Acquaintance; and if I had known *Tenermill* more capable of ſuffering himſelf to be ſurprized by the Allurements of a Woman, I ſhould have flattered myſelf, that taking a Reliſh for this fair Stranger, whoſe Humour ſeemed to me to be much more ſuitable to his than that of *Sarah*, it had relieved me from a Share of the Obſtacles which I apprehended from him in my Enterprize. But Ambition would have ſerved him as a Curb, though he had been more

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ſenſible of the Power of Love. I obtained from the Eſteem he took for *Donna Figuerrez* only the Liberty of a Converſation with *Sarah*, without Fear of being interrupted by his Preſence for ſome Hours that he employed in rambling about *Paris* to ſatisfy his Engagements.

If I thought the Time tedious till I ſaw *Fincer*'s Daughter, ſhe could ſcarce moderate her Ardour, which gave her in a Manner Wings to meet me upon receiving the firſt News of my Arrival. I nevertheleſs watched with a good deal of Precaution not to expoſe myſelf in my Viſit to any Interruption from *Tenermill*; I therefore laid hold of the Time wherein I knew he was employed. *Sarah* ſtretched out her Arms to me as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me appear. Come, ſaid ſhe, and do not be afraid to embrace your Siſter. But it is from you, added ſhe, taking herſelf up, that I am going to hear, whether I ought to place my Confidence in this Tranſport. Do you bring me the Confirmation of your happy Preſages; or am I condemned to paſs the reſt of my Life in Humiliation and Tears?

The Weakneſs of her Health required me to manage her with ſome Caution. Inured, as ſhe was, to Sorrow, I would not all at once heap on her an Exceſs of Joy, under which ſhe might have a Difficulty of ſupporting herſelf. I talked to her of the Affections of my Brother, as a Tribute upon which ſhe had always a Right to reckon; and which he had never refuſed even during the Time he had forſaken her for another. Then taking Notice, that far from expoſing her to ſuffer any Thing from an Exceſs of Joy, Expreſſions ſo warily handled had left in her a ſecret Grief, I aſſured her, that he was nevertheleſs melted down by Compaſſion at hearing me ſpeak of her. Thus endeavouring leſs to raiſe her by Degrees to Comfort, than to deliver her inſenſibly from what was capable of afflicting her, I without any violent Impreſſion led her to the Knowledge of the moſt happy News I had to tell her. The whole Power of

Love did not then poſſeſs her Heart in a leſs Degree, although it made its Entrance by ſuch Caution and Management. Thus ſhe was a long while as it were intoxicated with this Fullneſs of Pleaſure, which ſweetly diffuſed itſelf over all her Senſes. Her Tongue was for ſome Time without the Power of moving; her Eyes, although enlivened by the Fire kindled up in her Heart, had yet leſs of Vivacity, than of Tenderneſs and Languor. But having added under what Uncertainty I left *Patrick*, when I had aſſured her, that it depended on her to haſten or retard the Deciſion he expected, ſhe rouſed herſelf out of this Kind of Dream; Ah! ſaid ſhe, why do you ſuffer him to continue a Moment under his Doubts; why do you abandon him to thoſe Inquietudes, of which no Body in the World knows better than I do the Torments? Ah! Who moreover knows, added ſhe, whether theſe Sentiments, which I owe perhaps only to the Recital you have made him of mine, can hold out a long Time in Abſence? I will ſee him, I will not give him Time to forget me. Alas! his Heart is but too much accuſtomed to an Emptineſs for me, and for the Love that is my due. She would have been gone immediately for *Saiſons*; and I was under the Neceſſity of uſing the ſtrongeſt Reaſons to detain her. Beſides the Motive of Decency, which I would have her obſerve for her own Intereſt, I repreſented to her, that not having for a long Time ſtirred out of the Count's Houſe, ſhe could not take one Step without exciting the Curioſity of the whole Family, and above all that of *Tenermill*, who perhaps would force his Company on her whether ſhe would or not.

Nevertheleſs, as ſomething muſt be granted to her Impatience, and that I had foreſeen the ſame Difficulty in moderating that of *Patrick*, I yielded more readily to her Propoſal of bringing him at Night to the Count's. I had my Apartment there, into which it would be an eaſy Matter to introduce him, and I did not fear a greater Difficulty of getting him privately into hers. I undertook to do her this Piece of

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Service; only I annexed to it a Condition, that inſtead of giving herſelf up to the Pleaſure of ſeeing again her *Infidel*, and of making with him too eaſy a Compoſition, ſhe ſhould affect, if not a Coldneſs and Indifference, at leaſt ſuch a Kind of Reſentment as ſhould augment the Grief and Repentance of the Criminal, and even hinder him from believing her Pardon too eaſy to be obtained, and the Forgetfulneſs of his Offences ſo certain. She promiſed me every Thing that I thought neceſſary to inſiſt on; but the very Ardour of her Engagements made me doubt whether they were ſincere, or whether it was in her Power to fulfill them.

I hoped nevertheleſs ſo much from this Interview, that abandoning all other Care, I immediately went to *Saiſons*, to declare to *Patrick* a Happineſs, that he had no Room to expect ſo ſoon. He received the News of it with Tranſports. I ſpoke of *Donna Figuerrez*, and of the Acquaintance ſhe had made with the Counteſs. This Incident, which had diſturbed myſelf, cauſed him no leſs Inquietude. After the Propoſals ſhe had openly made him by Letter, he ſaw himſelf expoſed, by the Impatience ſhe ſhewed to knit herſelf to our Family, not only to ſee her under ſuch Circumſtances as he could expect nothing from her but Importunity, but to fear, that with ſo much Wit and Addreſs ſhe might raiſe ſome Obſtacle to his deareſt Hopes. Her Acquaintance with *Tenermill* ſerved only to redouble his Fears. Not expecting to conceal from him long the Renewal of his Love for *Sarah*, he found himſelf in the Front of two Adverſaries, who would have the ſame Intereſt to traverſe him, and who would from thence become only too terrible by an Union of their Reſentment. This Notion made us deliberate before-hand upon the Conduct it was neceſſary for *Patrick* and *Sarah* to obſerve after their Reconciliation. In the Ardour of a thouſand new Sentiments, which already made this good-natured Brother believe, that his Happineſs depended leſs on Rank and Station, than on the Satisfaction of his

Deſires, he ſpoke of going over into *Ireland*, and burying himſelf in the County of *Antrim*. But I judged too well of the Beginning of his Fortune to ſuffer him to remove from St. *Germain*. On the contrary, I propoſed to him to go and throw himſelf at the King's Feet, with her, whom I yet thought he had ſome Right to call his Spouſe, and to demand from that Prince his Protection and Permiſſion immediately to renew his Marriage. You ſhall continue at St. *Germain*, ſaid I, under the Eyes of a Protector powerful enough to defend you, and if he has a Deſign, as he has often declared to me, of engaging you to his Perſon, you will have no Occaſion of ſeeking out another Sanctuary.

He reliſhed this Advice. I had informed him in his Retreat, that among the Advantages Mademoiſelle *De L*——— had brought him on his Marriage, there ſcarce remained enough to ſatisfy the Debts ſhe had left him to pay. The Titles, upon which his Pretenſions were founded, were among theſe that had been conveyed out of Sight; conſequently he had only to depend on for all his Means, the Dividend of the Sum we had brought out of *Ireland*. See then, ſaid I, if it be ſuitable to your Circumſtances to neglect the Hopes you have from Fortune.

His Reſolutions appearing to be fixed, we ſettled the Hour for his coming to *Paris*, and the Precautions he ought to obſerve for getting into my Apartment. I truſted to the Addreſs of *Jacin*, whom I engaged to ſend for him. So lawful an Enterprize having nothing in it that ought to alarm me, I was under no Diſturbance for the Succeſs, and I conſidered it only on the Side that flattered my Deſires. I never thought of the innocent Pleaſure I might have had in leaving *Sarah* ignorant of the Viſit I had taken Care to procure her. An unforeſeen Happineſs might cauſe her too much Confuſion, and I wiſhed that Prudence might preſide over all our Reſolutions. I gave *Patrick* Notice of my Deſign, and a Caution to contribute all in his Power to the concealing our Secret.

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The Hour I had appointed my Brother was that on which the Company that ſupped at the Count's uſed to ſeparate. It often happened, that *Tenermill* went Abroad when all the Company were gone, and I obſerved alſo, that he ſometimes ſhut himſelf up in his Chamber. Either of theſe Suppoſitions being equal to my Purpoſe, I only wanted the Time in which all the Houſe was quiet. I had agreed with *Jacin* to give me Notice of it by my Window, that looked into the Street; and he was ready to attend me towards Twelve o'Clock. I went down myſelf to open the Door for my Brother.

Among a thouſand Reflexions inſpired into me by ſuch a whimſical Office, I made one upon *Patrick*'s Fortune, who was reduced to come by Stealth, and as it were in the Way of an Intrigue, to a Woman whoſe Love and Favours he had ſo long neglected. The Experience of others made me alſo remark all the Caprices of the Paſſions. *Sarah*, who expected us, favoured our March by the Care ſhe had taken of planting her Chamber-Maid in our Paſſage. We at length gained her Apartment, both agitated by different Motions, he from a Doubt of the Diſpoſition he was about to find *Sarah* in, and I from a Confuſion, which the Novelty of the Service I was engaged in, gave me in Spite of my Teeth. Joy and Hope got nevertheleſs the better in my Heart, when being very luckily got in, I ſaw myſelf almoſt ſure of the Succeſs of my Enterprize: But *Patrick*'s Perplexity continued longer. Although he affected a ſteady Countenance, and that not daring to rely on his Hopes, he ſeemed to pauſe upon regulating his firſt Expreſſions, from the Marks of Pleaſure or Diſſatisfaction ſhe ſhould diſcover at firſt ſeeing him, I obſerved that his Confuſion did not leave him at Liberty enough to make this Diſtinction. Amazed at his Silence, I was going to open my Mouth to ſerve him as an Interpreter, when ſeeming to recover himſelf rather from a natural Effect of Courage, than from the Cure of his Diffidence, he bent one Knee

to *Sarah*, who had riſen off of her Chair upon ſeeing us appear. He was about following this Motion with ſome Speech; but the weak *Sarah* did not give him Time to pronounce it; being as much abaſhed, as he appeared to humble himſelf, or rather tranſported by the Inclination of her Heart, which would not exact ſo great a Reparation for its Satisfaction, ſhe threw her Arms about his Neck, and with a broken Voice, and her Head fixed cloſe to his Boſom; Ah! my Lord, cried ſhe, with as many Sighs as Words, is it then permitted me to believe my Eyes? This Day, which muſt be the moſt happy Day of my Life, if it makes me Miſtreſs of your Heart, ſhall it anſwer my Deſires, and the Promiſes Mr. Dean has given me? How long a Time have I expected it? What have my Impatience and my Tears coſt me? But why this Poſture before me, added ſhe, yet ſqueezing him cloſe? Are not you the Maſter of my Heart and my Repoſe, as you are of my Fortune and my Life? Suffer me to take that Situation, which becomes me better than it does you; for you never have yet for one ſingle Moment loſt the Dominion I have given you over me. She would have caſt herſelf on her Knees, if *Patrick* had not bore her up and prevented her. He led her to a Chair, where he preſſed her to ſit down, and placed himſelf near her. Vexed to ſee her yield ſo eaſily to her Tranſport, and to give my Brother ſo great an Advantage over her, I had made her a Sign from the Beginning of her Words to remember my Advice, and not ſeeing that this Notice made any Impreſſion on her, I had even puſhed her rudely, to make her mind me better. But inſenſible to either one or the other of my Hints, ſhe had ſhut her Eyes upon every Thing that might one Moment divert her from her Object.

I abandoned then this Thought, and ſat down near them to ſhare in their Joy. *Patrick* being recovered from all the Fears that had tied his Tongue, began to expreſs himſelf with ſo many Marks of Repentance and Love, that he would ſpeedily have appeared in

the Eyes of *Sarah* to have merited that Pardon, which he ought to have owed only to her Indulgence. But the Moment he had given himſelf up to his moſt ſweet Tranſports, and had the Pleaſure of ſeeing them hearkened unto with as much Tenderneſs and Satisfaction, a Noiſe which we ourſelves heard at the Door of the Apartment, obliged the Chambermaid, whom we had left as a Watch, to come in and interrupt us haſtily. She gave us Notice, that having heard the Voice of my Lord *Tenermill*, ſhe had refuſed to open the Door to him, telling him from the Inſide, that her Miſtreſs was in Bed. But this Anſwer ſerved only to provoke him. In coming into the Houſe, he had unluckily obſerved, that there were not only Lights in her Chamber, but that ſhe had a Man with her. He could not have been deceived in it; ſince *Patrick*, being on the Outſide, he had ſeen him without being able to diſtinguiſh him. Jealouſy had caſt him into a furious Tranſport, which carried him at firſt with as many Threats as Words to enquire of the Porter, whether he had opened the Gate to any one. Although I had uſed no other Hands than my own in opening it, and even imagined I had not been heard by any Body, yet the Porter, who had thought he heard ſome Noiſe, yet was doubtful of it, as we had the Luck to make much leſs paſſing through the Court. But not daring to conceal from *Tenermill*, what he thought he had perceived in his Drowſineſs, this Diſcovery increaſed his jealous Fury. He came ſtraight up to *Sarah*'s Apartment, and the black Suſpicions that diſturbed him ſerving for a Pretext plauſible enough, after he had received his Anſwer from the Chamber-maid, he inſiſted that the Door ſhould be opened for the Security of *Sarah* herſelf, whom he pretended to be in Danger of being robbed or inſulted by ſome unknown Perſon, that he had ſeen, with his own Eyes in her Apartment.

Of the four that were in the Room, there was no Body but *Patrick*, to whom this cruel ill choſen Time did not inſpire with Fear. Beſides his Courage, which

would not ſuffer him to fear the Inſults or Pride of any Man, he could not perſuade himſelf, that his Brother would one Moment keep up his Pretenſions to *Sarah*, when he knew, that far from approving of them, ſhe thought of renewing her firſt Engagements. I ſubmitted, ſaid he, to your Reaſons without examining them, and conſented to lay hold of this Time of Night in coming here out of Deference to your Advice; but as I am aſſured of my Happineſs from the generous Goodneſs of my dear *Sarah*, I ſo little apprehend the Preſence of *Tenermill*, that on the contrary, I am charmed to have him a Witneſs of my Joy. *Sarah*, who knew better than any Body how far *Tenermill* had carried his Preſumption, the Chamber-maid, whom he had attempted a thouſand Times to draw over to his Intereſt, and I myſelf, who had in my Memory his former Confidences, had all of us another Notion of this Incident; and his Obſtinacy to continue at the Door threw us into a mortal Alarm.

He continued to knock there; and although he did it with ſome Caution, there was nevertheleſs but little Appearance of his giving over the Attempt. The Apartment had no other Door than that which he had beſieged. In the manner I had conceived thoſe Things, the Danger ſeemed to me ſo preſſing, that without conſulting either *Patrick*, who could not yet enter into my Fears, or *Sarah*, who was only fit to encreaſe them by her own, I prayed both of them to remain in the Chamber we were in, and I determined to appear myſelf alone at the Door. I had a Light in my Hand; *Tenermill* ſhewed an extreme Surprize at ſeeing me. I obſerved his Aſtoniſhment, and believed it would be the beſt Way to take Advantage of it by upbraiding him for his Behaviour, whereby I was in Hopes of throwing him into ſome Perplexity. Is it, ſaid I, to the Fumes of Wine that I ought to attribute the Inſults you have committed againſt a Lady, who deſerves more Reſpect, and for whom I thought you had other Sentiments? He did not ſwallow the intended

intended Deluſion. Let us leave Inſults alone, ſaid he in a ſteady Tone, and if you have no Mind I ſhould go in whether you will or not, let me know what Perſon is within there ſo late. Is it poſſible, replied I, purſuing my firſt Notion, that Wine has ſo hurt your Eyeſight as to hinder you from knowing me? What Right have you to call me to an Account for what I do here? You ſhall not deceive me, replied he, by your vain Shifts; it is not you I am in Search for: And laying Hold of the Door in ſuch a Manner as it was impoſſible for me to ſhut it, he ſeemed reſolved to enter in Spite of me. This Violence having redoubled my Alarms, I choſe to confeſs to him that I was with *Patrick*, by giving a plain and natural Turn to the Motive that brought him there. Ah! very well ſaid I, ſince your imperious Humour impoſes Laws on me, to which the Conſideration of Time and Place obliges me to ſubmit, know that I have here with me your Brother, who upon his Return to *Paris*, thought himſelf obliged to make Excuſes for his paſt Conduct to a Lady, on whom he has multiplied Misfortunes. My Brother! interrupted he; Ah! I will be a Witneſs what Turn he gives to his Excuſes, and the Manner in which they are received. In vain did I reſiſt the Effort he made to get in. He puſhed into the Anti-chamber in Spite of me, and I ran the Riſque of being overturned by the Shock he gave me, ſo that I had nothing elſe to do but follow him.

Sarah, who ſaw him appear at her Chamber Door, came up to him with an Air of Fright, while *Patrick*, piqued at his Boldneſs, remained in a muſing Poſture on his Chair. I opened my Mouth inſtantly, Madam, ſaid I to *Sarah*, it is without Doubt a Haſte to ſalute *Patrick* that has given my Lord the Vivacity you ſee him in. But without lending any Attention to what I ſaid, he addreſſed himſelf to *Sarah*. I do not aſk you, Madam, ſaid he, what has engaged you to admit my Brother at ſo late an Hour. Your Perplexity, and the familiar Air in which I ſaw him ſitting by

by you, gave me to underſtand, as much as the unſeaſonable Time, what I ought to think of this Rendezvous. You have thought me a proper Perſon to make your *May* Game. But are you well aſſured that my Patience can bear ſo much Outrage? The Menace included in theſe laſt Words provoked *Patrick* in his Turn. He aroſe, perhaps, a little too haſtily, and coming up to us; I never thought, ſaid he to *Tenermill*, that any Body had a Right to condemn the Addreſſes I pay my Lady at whatever Hour ſhe pleaſes to receive them, and I expected fewer Obſtacles from you, than from any Body elſe. Theſe Words had nothing offenſive in them, although they were pronounced with a little Fierceneſs. But the over-heated Imagination of *Tenermill*, not laying a juſt Streſs on any Thing, I ſaw Anger ſparkle in his Eyes, from whence I was under mortal Apprehenſions of the Effects. He looked on *Patrick* for ſome Time in Silence, and turning towards *Sarah*; Your Taſte, Madam, ſaid he with an Air of Conſtraint, will without Doubt decide our Pretenſions, and the Circumſtances makes me much fear that this Deciſion is already made. But I ſhall teach my Brother the Reſpects he owes me, ſince he ſeems to be ignorant of them. He turned his Back to be gone. *Patrick* opened his Mouth, and I do not know what Anſwer his Reſentment would have been capable of dictating to him; but with a Handkerchief I had in my Hand, and with which I readily covered his Face, I ſucceeded ſo luckily in ſtopping his Speech, that he could not pronounce the leaſt Word. *Tenermill* had Time to go out, giving us at the ſame Time a new Mark of his Fury, by the Violence he uſed in ſhutting the Door.

A Scene thus croſs and unlucky gave me ſo much Uneaſineſs, that without ſuffering *Patrick* to continue the Converſation he would have reſumed with *Sarah*, I exacted of him with all the Weight I could give my Perſuaſions, to retire immediately out of the Apartment. Your Hearts, ſaid I to both of them, have began to diſcover themſelves, and I look upon your

your Reconciliation as a Work brought to Perfection: But I am not ſo ſure, that *Tenermill* in the Warmth of his firſt Reſentment, does not threaten us this Moment with ſome Revenge. Your Deſires and my Cares ſhall ſoon procure you the Opportunity of meeting again. You ſhall follow me inſtantly, ſaid I to *Patrick*, laying hold of his Hand, and I give you but a Moment for embracing your Spouſe. That tender Name, which they were both charmed to hear, and the Liberty of embracing that they would not have ventured at ſo ſoon, if I had not ſhortned their Difficulties by this Kind of Permiſſion, made them find leſs Difficulty in obeying me. *Patrick* embraced his Spouſe a thouſand Times inſtead of once, and without having Power, or rather without thinking there was any Neceſſity of confirming a Reconciliation by Words, of which they had given ſuch tender Proofs, they conſented to ſeparate.

My Chamber, being not far diſtant from the Apartment of *Sarah*, I led my Brother to it, in Order to deliberate together upon an Incident, which obliged me no leſs than him to obſerve ſome Meaſures. Without buſying myſelf much about what *Tenermill* might attempt after the Danger I had got out of, I thought of nothing but conſidering the Juſtice and Decency of our Side ariſing from a Conduct which left us no Reproach to fear. There was no Doubt but the next Day all the Houſe would ring of what had happened, and this Thought made me conſider whether I ought to adviſe *Patrick* to return to *Saiſons* before Day. His Retreat might have the Air of a Flight, which would make People judge badly of the Intentions that brought him there, or which would at leaſt give *Tenermill* ſome Right to complain of an Enterprize, to which he would not fail giving Names odious enough. Nevertheleſs the Perplexity, which the Variance between two Brothers was going to raiſe in the Houſe, and the Difficulty there would be in it to keep them from ſeeing one another, or of being aſſured they ſhould ſee one another without Anger and Bitterneſs, made me take

take the Reſolution of ſending *Patrick* away immediately. His Chaiſe waited in the next Street, and I preſſed him to be gone. The only Advice I recommended to him was to go in the Morning to Court, and by his Duty diſpoſe his Majeſty to give a favourable Hearing to the Explanations, with which I charged myſelf. I promiſed to follow him in leſs than two Days, and the only Reaſon I had indeed to defer my Departure, was the Deſire of underſtanding *Tenermill*'s Diſpoſitions.

He ſpared me the Difficulty I feared of finding the Opportunity of a private Converſation. Inſtead of avoiding me, as I expected, he came in the Morning to my Chamber; his Complaints were at firſt moderate; but having had Time to warm himſelf by the Liberty I gave him of diſburthening his Heart to me without Interruption, he reproached me openly for having abuſed the Confidence he repoſed in me in order to betray him, and of having preferred all my Life the Intereſt of *Patrick* to his. I had foreſeen the firſt of thoſe two Reproaches. It was not by a Denial of the Charge that I undertook to defend myſelf; on the contrary, being in Raptures that he had given me this Opportunity of unfolding myſelf, I avoided to anſwer his Accuſations, and requeſted him only to give a little Attention to the Diſcourſe I had meditated. It contained at firſt a plain Relation of all the Events that had paſſed in our Family while he was in *Ireland*, and of which the Count had concealed from him the principal Circumſtances at my Intreaty. My Hopes were not only to melt him down in Favour of his Brother by the Recital of his Misfortunes, but to make him conceive, that the long Paſſion, which had made *Patrick* violate ſo many Rights, had been only a Depravation of Heart, which ſtill left an Exiſtence of all his former Duties, ſince he could not ſuppoſe that it ever was from reaſonable Motives he had violated them. To make this Concluſion more indubitable, I ſummed up all the Circumſtances of *Patrick*'s firſt Marriage; it was from me, by whoſe Miniſtra-

Miniſtration it was effected, that he muſt learn an Account of them. There was nothing wanting in it to make the Lien ſacred, and of a Nature inviolable. All theſe Conſiderations that happened after, and which had their Source only from the Diſorder of a violent Paſſion, ought to paſs for ſo many ridiculous Devices in the Eyes of Reaſon, and perhaps for ſo many Crimes in the Eyes of Religion. Thus, whatever Time had paſſed in ſo palpable an Error, it could make no Change in the eſſential Obligations on *Patrick*; and his firſt Marriage, added I, appeared to me to be ſo little altered by the Second, that if my Sentiments of it had been believed, there had been no Neceſſity to renew it.

This Detail related to the main Point of the Diſpute; but deſiring no leſs to be juſtified upon the Foot of the Quarrel, I declared to him plainly, that he deceived himſelf, if he ever thought that *Sarah Fincer* had for one Moment loſt the Hopes of being reconciled one Day or other to her Huſband, or that ſhe had ever ceaſed to look upon herſelf as his Wife. I had been a perpetual Witneſs of her Conduct, as much as a Confident of her Reflections and Troubles. As to myſelf, who had in Truth againſt the Light of my Underſtanding been inclined to give into the Opinion, that ſhe was free, and who, upon the united Opinions of the King and our Biſhops had for the Sake of Peace countenanced her entering into another Engagement, I in vain laboured to combat her Obſtinacy, and had been in the End reduced to allow that my Sentiments were not different from hers. He had then flattered himſelf out of Seaſon, if he had thought her in a Capacity voluntarily to receive his Addreſſes; and in all theſe Things that his Inclinations had repreſented to him as moſt favourable to his Love, he had ſeen nothing but the Effect of an extreme Complaiſance for a Brother-in-law, whom ſhe eſteemed, or of a forced Conſideration for a Man, whom ſhe had a thouſand Reaſons to manage, and the more ſo, ſince ſhe had obtained the Favour of the

Count

Count to make her Retreat in his Houſe, which was in a Manner the Center of our Family. She had herſelf made me this Confeſſion; and where the Death of her Rival had revived all her Hopes, ſhe had conceived more than ever, that he might occaſion her too much Evil or Good not to manage him in his Weakneſſes.

I ſaw *Tenermill* bluſh during this Declaration, as if he had felt a ſharp Confuſion for having been ſo long the Bubble of ſome flattering Appearances. But pretending not to take Natice of his Diſorder, I continued to relate to him, with what Ardour *Sarah* had given her Intereſts in Charge to me upon making my Journey to *Spain*; which ſhe had the Thoughts of taking in my Company; and it was with Difficulty my Objections ſtopped her. Since my Return, I had ſcarce any other Occupation than to make myſelf ſerviceable to her Views; and at the very Time he had taken me aſide to diſcover to me the King's Promiſes, and the Method he would take to haſten the Execution of them, I was charged with Orders from *Sarah* to bring *Patrick* into her Apartment. What other Choice could I make, than to liſten to him, as I had done, with all the Complaiſance he could deſire, and to promiſe him an inviolable Fidelity in keeping his Secret? I had ſo perfectly obſerved my Promiſe, that he had no Need to fear, either the Raillery that is the Conſequence of abortive Projects, or even the Triumph of his Brother, who would never know from me what Honour and Friendſhip had enjoined me to conceal eternally. Thus, added I, did I reckon equally both to ſee him renounce his Pretenſions, of which he could hope for no further Succeſs, and to find in him the Inclination, he ought to have, of living in a good Underſtanding with his Brother.

He hearkened to me with an Attention that I could not be enough ſatisfied with, and which I began to take for an Omen of my Victory. I waited for his Anſwer, which he made me with as much Exactneſs

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as Perſpicuity. I will not take up my Time, ſaid he riſing off his Chair, to diſentangle your Cavils and Sophiſms. I have no other Laws to regard for this World, but thoſe of the King, and for the other World, but thoſe of the Church: They are both united in my Favour; this is the Foundation of my Pretenſions. If *Sarah* is ſo little nice as to forget the Outrages ſhe has received from my Brother, I hope the King will not ſo eaſily forget the Word he has given me. But even under theſe two Suppoſitions, added he turning himſelf to the Door, I ſhall always take Care not to ſuffer my younger Brother to obtain an Aſcendant over me, and to be upon my Guard againſt the Treachery of my Elder. He left me, notwithſtanding the Inſtances I made to detain him.

I ſhould have wanted nothing, if I had ſought only to diſcover his Diſpoſitions. Never did an ulcerated Heart betray itſelf by more manifeſt and undiſguiſed Paſſions, although he laboured all in his Power to curb and conceal them. But the Knowledge of the Evil made me better perceive the Neceſſity of a ſpeedy Remedy. After a Number of Reflections I was convinced, that the moſt infallible Method I had to take, was that I had mentioned at firſt to *Patrick*; that is to ſay, to engage *Sarah* to go to St. *Germain*, and there marry him in the Sight and under the Protection of the King, by renewing the Church Ceremonies, which perhaps were not neceſſary to render their Engagements more ſacred, but yet which ſeemed to me capable of ſtopping all Oppoſition. I went out of my Chamber to impart this Thought to *Sarah*. But how great was my Aſtoniſhment to learn at her Door, that ſhe had forbidden her Servants to open it to me; I inſiſted to come in, that I might diſcover the Cauſe of ſo unaccountable a Refuſal. Her Servants knew nothing of it; but her Chamber-maid, who came as if by Chance at the Noiſe of my Voice, put a Note privately into my Hands, telling me that ſhe had juſt received it, and had Orders to give it me without letting any Body know a Word of the Matter.

Retiring

Retiring immediately, I read in the Hand-writing of *Sarah*, that *Tenermill*, who had juſt left her, had intreated her not to receive for ſome Days either *Patrick* or me, and that having made her this Requeſt with a great deal of Politeneſs, he was reſolved to cut his Brother's Throat, and to ſeek an Opportunity to offer me ſome publick Affront. He had quitted her without adding a ſingle Expoſtulation to this Compliment. *Sarah* not doubting but ſhe was watched, had ſubmitted immediately to thoſe terrible Orders. She prayed me by her Letters to pretend, that I was ignorant of the Cauſe of it, or to confeſs to no Body that I had the Account from her.

It appeared very difficult to penetrate into this Proceeding. Nevertheleſs I have omitted one Circumſtance of the Letter, which made me find leſs Injuſtice in it in Appearance. *Tenermill* had promiſed, that on his Side he would not expoſe *Sarah* to the Importunities of his Viſits, for ſo long a Time at leaſt as he ſhould make the Sacrifice he exacted continue.

Whatever View I could ſuppoſe he had, this Kind of Equality which he put between himſelf and us, perſuaded me, that it was not to Violence he intended to have Recourſe. I retired to my Chamber much comforted with this Thought, deſigning to make Uſe alſo of the Pen to let *Sarah* know what I had conſidered as moſt ſuitable to her Intereſts: But my meeting *Donna Figuerrez*, whom *Tenermill* led by the Hand, obliged me to ſtop in Spite of me. She preſſed me with ſo many Intreaties to afford her a Moment's Converſation, that not having it in my Power to make her reliſh my Pretences and Excuſes, I was under the Neceſſity of following her to the Apartment of the Counteſs of *S*———. *Tenermill* ſmiled at my Embarraſſment; and without Doubt, did not triumph leſs at the Law he had impoſed on *Sarah Fincer*, of which he eaſily judged I had already undergone the Rigour.

Donna Figuerrez was no ſooner got into my Siſter's Antichamber, than ordering all the Servants of the Houſe

Houſe to delay for a Moment giving the Counteſs Notice of her Arrival, ſhe took me by the Hand, and praying *Tenermill* to excuſe her for talking apart with me, ſhe drew me towards a Window, where we could not be overheard. There looking on me with a ſteady Eye; It is my Impatience, ſaid ſhe, to talk to you, and the Doubt whether you would conſent to grant me that Favour at my Houſe, that brought me here this Morning. After ſome Compliments, that correſponded very well with this Beginning, ſhe reproached me with a wheedling Air for having diſguiſed from her the Reaſons that had made me oppoſe the Inclinations ſhe had diſcovered to me for my Brother. I learned them Yeſterday, continued ſhe, from my Lord *Tenermill*, who has not conceal'ed from me neither the Paſſion he has for the fair *Sarah Fincer*, nor conſequently the Ardour with which he wiſhes to ſupplant his Rival. Without opening to him my Views, which he is yet ignorant of, and from the ſole Perſuaſion he is in, that you can do more than all Mankind for our common Satisfaction, I have contrived a Plan, which will wonderfully conciliate all our Intereſts. Join my Lord *Tenermill* to *Sarah Fincer*, and *Patrick* to me. As a Reward for this Service, I dare promiſe you, from the Credit of the Ambaſſador and my Intereſt, that you ſhall have off-hand one of the beſt Biſhopricks in *Spain* or *France*. She thought ſhe had made ſo great an Impreſſion on me by this Offer, that looking on me with a Smile, ſhe did not ſo much as add any Reflection to make me ſenſible of the Importance of the Favour. I read in her Eyes that ſhe already thought herſelf ſure of my Anſwer. But beſides the Temerity of her Promiſe, which could ſeduce no Body but a Man ſo much blinded by Ambition as to ſhut his Eyes upon all Obſtacles, I durſt believe, that from the Idea, which to the preſent Time might be formed of my Character, no Body could be eaſily perſuaded, that a Motive of this Nature was capable of affecting me. So I needed no Effort to defend myſelf from the Seduction.

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On the contrary, ſmiling in my Turn at the Confidence ſhe had placed in her Artifice, I anſwer her with as much Simplicity and Sweetneſs, as was poſſible for me to bring into the Air of my Countenance and Expreſſions, that ſhe had offered me a ſuperfluous Motive to engage me in my Duty, and that I ſhould be diſpoſed to ſpare no Pains in eſtabliſhing the Honour and Tranquillity of my Family. Having given this Anſwer I retired, without examining whether ſhe had penetrated into the Meaning of it. I had more Curioſity in paſſing near *Tenermill*, who ſtepped forward to meet her. I lifted up my Eyes on him, and ſought to diſcover in his, whether he had as little Share in the Propoſal of *Donna Figuerrez*, as ſhe would have perſuaded me. But the cold and ſerious Air, with which he ſaluted me, made me judge that he was indeed ignorant of it.

This Contrivance of *Tenermill*, into which I was even uncertain whether he had not the Addreſs of bringing the Count and Counteſs of *S*———, made me haſten only the more to give the Explanation I deſired of my Views to *Sarah Fincer*. However, I was ſtopped by a Difficulty to which I had given little Attention in forming my Project. I did not in the leaſt doubt but *Sarah* would follow my Advice, and that the bare reading of my Letter would inſpire her with a quick Impatience to go to St. *Germain*. But watched, as I ſuppoſed ſhe was by the Orders of *Tenermill*, what Way could ſhe take to ſteal off privately? And would it become a Woman ſo reſerved to go away from the Count's Houſe without giving him Notice of her Departure? Nevertheleſs as I could take upon me on the Spot to make her Excuſes, this Obſtacle ſtopped me leſs than the other. I reſolved at length to obſerve to her, that I would keep a Chaiſe ready whatever happened, and that if ſhe conſented to go, ſhe ſhould herſelf find out the Opportunity of eſcaping with her Chamber maid and two Lacqueys. I put my Letter into ſafe Hands, and went out immediately to get my Chaiſe in Readineſs. The Bearer

of

of my Note had Orders to bring a poſitive Anſwer as to the Hour and other Circumſtances, which I ought not to be ignorant of.

In recollecting the Offers of *Donna Figuerrez*, if I did not find myſelf actuated by Ambition, I was diſturbed by Fear, for which I ſaw but too ſtrong a Foundation. This Ardour of gaining my Intereſt, ſhewed ſo much Vivacity in her Deſires, that being ſeconded, as I had no Reaſon to doubt, by the Counſels of *Tenermill*, ſhe was capable of throwing us into ſome new Embarraſſment, which I had not at all foreſeen. This was another Motive to preſs the Departure of *Sarah*. I gave her Notice that the Chaiſe was ready. The Night, which was not far off, might favour her Eſcape. She got out of the Houſe indeed, but with ſuch bad Fortune in her Paſſage, that the firſt Object that ſtruck her Eyes in two Minutes, which ſhe paſſed under the Gate waiting till they brought up the Chaiſe, was my Lord *Tenermill*'s Coach, whom a Sort of miſgiving had brought back to the Count's. He perceived her, and alighting with Tranſport, when he ſaw the Chaiſe advance, of which he knew the Driver to be a Man whom I employed, he had no Occaſion to have a Confeſſion of her Deſign in order to diſcover at leaſt a Part of it. He nevertheleſs preſſed her to inform him where ſhe was going. The Difficulty of hitting upon an Anſwer ready enough, made her confeſs that ſhe was going to St. *Germain*. She added only, to give a Colour to her Journey, that not having yet had the Honour of being preſented to the King, whoſe Protection might be neceſſary for her in *France*, ſhe was going for the firſt Time to make her Court to him. *Tenermill* readily laid Hold of this Overture; It is ſtrange, Madam, ſaid he, that you have no Perſon to attend you. A thouſand Reaſons ſhould oblige you to think of this; and though I can well imagine you reckon upon ſomebody at St. *Germain* to preſent you to the King, yet I look upon it as a Happineſs to have come ſo ſeaſonably, that I may take Care at leaſt of conducting you there. She excuſed

excuſed herſelf from accepting this Offer by all the Reaſons ſhe could think of: But the ardent *Tenermill* added the two Horſes of my Chaiſe to his Coach, and taking her by the Hand, without minding her Reſiſtance, went in with her, and gave Orders to the Coachman to drive forward.

He had two Views; one to make ſure of her in not letting her out of Sight a Moment; the other, which was not the Effect of a ſudden Reflexion, to take Advantage of an Opportunity he had a long Time deſired without being hitherto able to obtain, to engage the King to eſpouſe immediately his Intereſts with *Sarah*, and even to ſollicit her to receive the Hand of a Man, on whom he intended to heap his Favours. Thus Chance forwarded his moſt eager Deſires. He had good Hopes not to quit her, as he had given her to underſtand, upon his Arrival at Court, and his Deſign being on the contrary to wait on the King next Day with her, he would paſs the Night at St. *Germain*, having firſt ſet her down at the Place where he ſuppoſed ſhe was expected. As to *Sarah*, whom I had promiſed an Apartment at Mr. *De Sercines*, ſhe had no Means of concealing where ſhe intended to alight; and this was a new Subject of Joy for *Tenermill*, who always, as *Patrick* alſo and I did, lodged in the ſame Houſe.

But the Idea one could conceive of the Diſquiet and Vexation of *Sarah*, could not make one ſufficiently comprehend what were my own Fears. I was mounted on Horſeback to attend her, and deſirous to avoid being ſeen in the Count's Street, I rode out of *Paris* to wait for her. The Sight of my Brother's Coach, which I immediately knew, at firſt gave me only Apprehenſions of the croſs and unſeaſonable Time that his Preſence threatened us with at St. *Germain*. However, as he moſt commonly made this Journey in an Evening to be at the King's Couchee, and returned immediately to lie at *Paris*, I had Hopes of concealing ourſelves from him till his Departure. But I inſtantly not only loſt this Expectation, but fell into

into a mortal Diſquiet upon ſeeing *Sarah* ſitting by his Side. What could I think of ſuch an unexpected Sight? I had gone aſide behind a hired Coach, which luckily ſtopped on the Road; *Tenermill* did not perceive me; but one of *Sarah*'s Lacquies knowing me, I gave him a Sign to alight, and learned from him in an Inſtant the Violence that had been done his Miſtreſs. I recommended to him Diſcretion and immediately reſolving what to do according to the Circumſtances, I put forward my Horſe with the Speed of a Jockey. My Deſign was to get to St. *Germain* before *Tenermill* and *Sarah*, to prepoſſeſs Mr. *De Sercine* with Notice of their Arrival, to engage *Patrick*, whom I ſuppoſed to lodge there, to keep out of the Way till the Departure of his Brother, and to wait there myſelf to obſerve what Conduct he would hold with *Sarah*. He did not know me as I paſſed by, being wrapped up in my Cloak. I found *Patrick* at Mr. *De Sercine*'s. I told them both by whom I was followed; and perceiving the Impreſſion this News made on *Patrick*, I immediately informed him of every Thing that might ſerve to give him Courage.

It was not without Difficulty that I made him conſent to give Way to his Brother. He murmured at a Submiſſion, which he did not at all think due to his Years; and which beſides Love was ſufficient to make him diſpenſe with. I laboured to make him conſider it as a Diſcretion neceſſary for himſelf, and without which I durſt not anſwer for a thouſand Obſtacles, that might perhaps ruin his Hopes. How? ſaid he, with Bitterneſs, will the cruel *Tenermill* not yet be tired of purſuing me? He has in the firſt Moment raviſhed me of a Satisfaction, of which I had made only an Eſſay. He ſcarce left me Time to pronounce to *Sarah* the Name of Gratitude and Love; and muſt I again find him here, to wreſt from me the Pleaſure of ſeeing her, and perhaps to abuſe the King's Favour, whom he has diſpoſed in my Abſence to embrace all his Temerities? You fail, anſwered I, in your Duty to the King, and in Juſtice to your Brother. He loves

Sarah. He began to love her at a Time he might do it without a Crime. Judge of his Sentiments by your own. I have heard you ſay a thouſand Times, that the Motions of the Heart are not eaſily kept in Subjection. If he be tranſported beyond Bounds, it is not by Outrage or Violence he muſt be reclaimed. Let us try the Ways I have propoſed to you, and doubt not but he will yield more freely than you to the King's Authority, if he ſees it declared in our Favour.

I was indeed perſuaded that the Ambition of *Tenermill* would ſoon cure him of his Love, when he might find a Merit with his Maſter of a Sacrifice he had to make to his Pleaſure. *Patrick* at length ſubmitted to my Reaſons. He withdrew to another Friend of our Family, where I undertook to give him Notice of what ſhould paſs in his Abſence. He had but juſt gone out when we ſaw *Tenermill*'s Coach appear. Mr. *De Sercine* received *Sarah* with all the Careſſes neceſſary to inſpire her with a Confidence in his Services. The Evening paſſed over in a common cold Converſation, occaſioned by the Care *Tenermill* had taken of diverting every Thing that might give any Suſpicion of his Deſign; and *Sarah*, being continually watched by his Eyes, had Difficulty to find an Opportunity of making Complaints to me of this Tyranny.

The Hopes I had conceived of ſeeing him go off that Night, had prevented me from being as ſenſible, as ſhe was, to the Obſtinacy he ſhewed in perſecuting her. But when I underſtood in the Morning not only that he was not returned to *Paris*, but that he had offered to *Sarah* his Hand to lead her to the Caſtle with Madam *De Sercine*, I began to form Suſpicions, which made me obſerve in my Turn his Conduct and Words. Having advertiſed *Sarah* to miſtruſt his Offers, and to pretend ſome Indiſpoſition to excuſe her appearing at Court, I laid myſelf out to follow him in all his Steps. Keeping at a little Diſtance from him, eſpecially in the King's Chamber, where I indeed

deed obſerved that this Prince treated him with extraordinary Favour, I ſoon underſtood by his Words, that he had informed his Majeſty of *Sarah*'s Arrival at St. *Germain*, and that he had even prepoſſeſſed him of ſome Deſign, of which he affected to ſpeak myſteriouſly in Publick. My Fears did not give me Liberty to ſeek to clear up the Secret; but they were ſtrong enough upon me to make me change the Advice I had given *Sarah*. Inſtead of deferring her Appearance longer, I thought ſhe could not be too haſty in executing the Plan I had formed with *Patrick*. I gave her Notice of it myſelf. Nothing pleaſing better her Impatience, the Execution was put off no longer than that Morning. I could have wiſhed to have found out ſome Moment when *Tenermill* ſhould be abſent from the King's Apartment; but I even paſſed over this Scruple, and fancied, if he had any Thing to ſuffer from a Scene, of which he ſhould be a Witneſs, it would help better to make him for ever turn his back to all Hopes, whereof we were deſirous to ſtop up the Courſe. We ſaw him go out to make his Appearance at the Levee. *Sarah*, more brilliant by her natural Graces than her Dreſs, though ſhe had neglected nothing to ſet them off by the moſt courtly Attire, was accompanied by Monſieur and Madam *De Sercine*; whilſt *Patrick*, dreſſed out with the ſame Air of Magnificence and Gallantry, took the ſame Way to meet them at the Door of the Caſtle. I went alone into the King's Apartment, almoſt as ſoon as *Tenermill*. Among many Strangers, who had come to make their Court to this Prince, I obſerved the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, with whom I was ſurprized to ſee *Tenermill* in familiar Converſation. I was yet more ſo upon obſerving them both ſmile when they ſaw me, and ſpeak to the King with an Air that convinced me I was the Subject of their Converſation. From thence I took Occaſion to be more ſhy and reſerved in going forward. But the King, having perceived me himſelf, beckoned to me to come near him. I was going to ſend for you, ſaid he, if you had not appear-

ed ſo ſeaſonably, and ſpeaking to me with his uſual Goodneſs, of the favourable Intentions he had for my Family; you ought not to oppoſe them, continued he, by the Caprices, of which they accuſe you. They have propoſed to me a Plan, which aſſures your Fortune, and that of your Brothers, Mr. Ambaſſador will explain it to you; but I approve of it, ſuch as it has been juſt told me, and I freely confirm the Promiſes I have given of making you a Biſhop, if you do not remain obſtinate in rejecting your own Advantage, and that of your Family. A Propoſal ſo indeterminate not obliging me to any Thing but general Declarations of Reſpect and Submiſſion, I made no Haſte to aſk the Ambaſſador or my Brother, what theſe Explanations were, that I thought I knew before-hand.

But the Moment they ſeemed diſpoſed to take me aſide, probably to ſatisfy the Impatience they ſuppoſed I was under, Madam *De Sercine* and *Sarah* came forward, having demanded Permiſſion of the King, and *Patrick*, who followed them at ſome Diſtance, preſſed alſo to come up to preſent himſelf as ſoon as they to the Eyes of that Prince. I obſerved the Aſtoniſhment of *Tenermill*. He drew near the King again upon ſeeing *Fincer*'s Daughter appear; but with whatever Deſign he had made this Motion, his Surprize ſeemed to be much increaſed, when he had perceived *Patrick*. It diſturbed him to that Degree, as to make him anticipate the King, who ſeemed diſpoſed to ſpeak. Sire, ſaid he, I flatter myſelf that your Majeſty will not forget what it is I have to fear from my Brothers. It would be Injuſtice, anſwered this good Prince, to refuſe hearing them. My Confidence redoubling by this Anſwer, I ſtepped forward immediately, and all the Courtiers, who expected ſomething entertaining in this Scene, ranked themſelves in Order enough, to leave us, as it were, expoſed to open View in the Middle of the Circle formed about us.

Patrick

Patrick and *Sarah* took Advantage alſo of a Diſpoſition ſo favourable; and laying hold of the Opportunity, they bent one Knee to the King. *Patrick*'s Speech had more Force and Tenderneſs in it than Length. Having made an Acknowledgment of his Errors, and lamented his Misfortunes, he requeſted of the King as an only Favour, to grant him a Felicity, of which he had not before juſtly underſtood the Value. And to remove all Appearance of doubting his Repentance, he confeſſed, that in the warmeſt Ardour of an unhappy Paſſion, by which he had ſuffered himſelf to be overcome, he had never ſmothered thoſe Sentiments of his Heart, which in Spite of him always repreſented to his Memory the good Offices and Charms of the generous *Sarah*. He added, that in returning to her by the Power of Inclination, as much as by the Force of Duty, he had been ſo happy as to find in her the ſame Inclinations, and that having no Right to expect any Thing from her but Hatred, after ſo much Ingratitude, it was incumbent on him to diſcharge all at once, both the Debts of Love and Gratitude.

This ſhort Harangue, delivered with a good deal of Gracefulneſs and genteel Action, raiſed in the Aſſembly ſuch a favourable Hum of Approbation, that the Omen from thence did not ſeem to be very fortunate for *Tenermill*. His Indignation and Confuſion ſparkled in his Eyes. He requeſted Permiſſion of the King to ſpeak; but that Prince turning towards *Sarah*, and the Diſpoſition of the Spectators, who ſeemed to expect ſome Explanation from her, making him foreſee, that he ſhould not be heard with the ſame Favour, he choſe ſtill to endure this Mortification, which helped to take away from him all Remains of Hope: For *Sarah* made no Delay to requeſt the King's Conſent as a Favour, and declaring to his Majeſty, that Conſcience and Juſtice were equally intereſted in it, ſhe implored the Authority Royal to ſupport her juſt Rights, and from thence congratulated herſelf for having no Oppoſition from *Patrick*, who was the only

Perſon from whom ſhe had dreaded any Obſtacle. The Senſe of this Speech was ſo clear, that the King addreſſing himſelf to *Tenermill* and the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, demanded of them, if they had been aware of this Obſtacle to the Plan they had propoſed, and if they believed that there was any Anſwer to be made to the Requeſts of a Huſband and Wife, who deſired the Permiſſion of living well together: The Ambaſſador, who was determined to nothing but an Exceſs of Compliance to the Service of his Niece, anſwered by a Bow of his Head, which ſeemed to diſcover as much Submiſſion as Aſtoniſhment. I expected a greater Reſiſtance from *Tenermill*; but whether Neceſſity of Circumſtances had taken away all his Courage, or whether the Opinion I always had of his Love held good, he choſe to act a Part, that drew on him all our Admiration, and that of the King himſelf. My Pretenſions, ſaid he, (raiſing his Voice, as if he had addreſſed himſelf to the whole Aſſembly) have always ſuppoſed, that Juſtice, Religion, and all the Rights which are this Day ſued for againſt me, were on the contrary united in my Favour; and I had yet this further Reaſon to ſubmit to the Inclination of my Heart, that in the Marriage I propoſed, I thought to have found, with my own proper Advantages, thoſe of many Perſons moſt dear to me, and, if I durſt venture to ſay it, thoſe even of———. He did not mention the Name of *Sarah*, and looking only on the King, as if he had been ſure of being heard; but I cannot reſiſt, added he, when I have in Oppoſition to me, the Will of my Maſter, and the Happineſs of my Brother.

All the Aſſembly applauded this Speech. The King, pleaſed perhaps to ſee himſelf delivered from an Embaraſſment, which, he had foreſeen from the Beginning of the Scene, highly ſet off this generous Reſolution by great Encomiums, and ſtooping as low as the Ear of *Tenermill*, ſeemed to conſult him a Moment upon ſome Point that was to me a Secret. Afterwards, as if he had then reſolved what to ſay; the

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Miſcarriage of one Project, ſaid he to the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, is ſometimes repaired by another: What hinders you from giving your Niece to Lord *Tenermill?* He may inform you to what I have deſtined him. Moreover I will not retract my Promiſe to Mr. Dean. The Ambaſſador's Anſwer was as polite, as it ought to be; but not venturing to engage without the Participation of his Niece, he requeſted Time of the King to know her Thoughts.

Tenermill ſupported his Promiſes with an Air ſo diſengaged and natural, that I thought them ſincere. Upon our Return to Mr. *De Sercine*'s, he gave his Hand to *Sarah*, and turned the Diſturbances he had given her in her Apartment into a Banter. He made Apologies to his Brother upon the Foot of his being ignorant that he had preſerved ſo great an Affection for her, and acknowledging that no Body could conteſt his prior Rights. I might have ſuſpected theſe Proteſtations a little, who had taken the Pains to give him theſe Informations, of which he pretended to be ignorant; but diſtinguiſhing very well between what might be aſcribed to his Politeneſs, and to a Deſire of juſtifying himſelf, I never imputed it to him as a Crime, to exaggerate a little the Integrity of his Intentions. My Friendſhip for him rekindled ſo lively by the Sacrifice he had made to his Brother, that beginning again to grow warm in his Intereſts, I conſidered how far I ought to ſuffer him to lend an Ear to the new Propoſal made by the King to the Ambaſſador. The Birth, the Fortune, and even the Merit of *Donna Figuerrez* could not make Amends for the Diſorders which had been related to me of her Conduct. I knew that *Tenermill* had too much Honour to marry a Woman diſgraced in *Spain* by twenty ſcandalous Intrigues; and if this Reaſon had made me readily conceive why the Ambaſſador had ſo eaſily conſented to propoſe her to the King for a younger Brother ſuch as *Patrick*, I could not find but that the ſame Motives ought to make upon us the ſame Impreſſion; or rather I was perſuaded that he

could not from thence have conceived even any Hopes, if he had imagined that I had brought back ſuch good Informations from *Spain*. On the other Hand, the Repugnance I had to diſcover odious Secrets, which were not known in *France*, by any Body but me, the Regards I had to Chriſtian Charity, which created in me a Law to conceal them, and even the Fear of expoſing myſelf, by diſcovering them, to the Revenge of a Woman, whoſe Addreſs and Vivacity I knew, had caſt me in the very Beginning into a Perplexity, from whence I foreſaw it would not be eaſy to get out.

It was not yet Time to examine into the Bottom of Difficulties, which ſeemed to be but little preſſing, and I was not in Haſte even to diſcover by what new Intrigue of *Donna Figuerrez* the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſor came to St *Germain* a Quarter of an Hour before *Sarah* and *Patrick* were preſented the King. Chance alone might have produced this Meeting. I was more agreeably taken up at our Arrival at M. *De Sercine*'s by divers Favours of Heaven, which in one Moment were heaped on my Family. A Gentleman commiſſioned from the King, beginning by Compliments upon the Marriage of *Patrick*, declared to him, that his Majeſty's Pleaſure was to have it celebrated in his Preſence, and calling him by the Name of Earl of *S*———, he informed him, that he was juſt before created a Peer of *Ireland* by that Title. I have obſerved before, that *Patrick* had taken on him the Title of the eldeſt of our Family upon his Marriage with *Sarah Fincer*, and that according to the Cuſtoms of our Iſlands, this Change could not be authorized but by the preſumptive Renunciation of *Tenermill*. The King, who had already formed ſpecial Views for all our Family, was pleaſed, that without having Recourſe to a borrowed Title, my two Brothers ſhould appear in *Ireland* under the ſame Diſtinction. But perſiſting no leſs in the Deſign of particularly engaging *Patrick* to his Perſon, he ordered him to be informed, that with the Dignity of his Chamberlain, with which

which he had inveſted him upon his Departure to *Spain*, he now granted to him that of his High Treaſurer, to make him Amends by the Emoluments of this Office, for his Trouble and Slavery in the other, which was purely honorary. Among the ſmall Numof Lords, of which the Court of St. *Germain* was compoſed, it ought not to appear ſurprizing, that two Employments of ſuch Conſequence were united in the ſame Perſon. They were even more important than could well be thought from the Idea Hiſtorians have given of the King's Situation. The Penſions he drew from the Courts of *France* and *Spain*, did not require the Creation of any extraordinary Employment to receive them; becauſe being paid regularly upon a bare Order, they were not ſubject to perplexed Accounts. But the King drew conſiderable Sums from the Catholicks, and other Subjects of *England* and *Ireland*. He had there in the ſeveral Counties Offices eſtabliſhed with as much Order and Regularity as in the moſt peaceable Years of his Reign. It was over this Kind of Revenue that he conſtituted *Patrick* Adminiſtrator under the Title of High-Treaſurer.

I was preſſed down by this Torrent of Benefits. The Bearer of theſe happy Tidings had Orders to declare to me from the King, that he had collated me to the Biſhoprick of *Cloyn*. In Truth this was no more than a titular Promotion, without any particular Cure of Souls, and without Revenue: But the Intention of this Prince was not to remove me continually from about his Perſon, and propoſing only to make me uſeful in his Service in *Ireland*, his Deſign was, that in the Journies I ſhould undertake there, my Dignity might give me more Conſideration among the Catholicks.

We ſhould have returned immediately to the Caſtle to diſcharge ourſelves of all our Obligations of Gratitude, if the ſame Gentleman had not been commiſſioned to tell us, that the King gave us ſome Days to regulate our domeſtic Affairs, and that we ſhould have Notice whenever he judged it proper for us to

ſee him again. This Order, which agreed ſo badly with our Zeal, proceeded all at once from two different Cauſes. We were informed of them by *Tenermill* before Night. Not having the ſame Reaſons to abſent himſelf from the King's Preſence, he returned to the Caſtle. The *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador remained there after us, and the King, who was under ſome Concern to ſee the Execution of one Part of his Deſigns retarded by the Uncertainty of *Tenermill*'s Marriage, enquired particularly of that Miniſter what Expectations there were from the Diſpoſitions of his Niece. He did not doubt but on loſing all Hopes of being married to *Patrick*, ſhe would freely conſent to receive the Hand of his Brother; and diſcovering to him his Reſolutions for the Eſtabliſhment of his Fortune, he had encouraged the Ambaſſador by this Motive to uſe all Means for haſtening the Marriage. The Time he had given us for regulating our Affairs was the ſame he was willing to allow *Donna Figuerrez* to come to a Reſolution. This excellent King carried his good Nature ſo far, as to acquaint *Tenermill* with this Particular; and not being ſhy of letting him ſee how ſenſible he was of the Pleaſure of making us all happy, he declared further, that by depriving us for ſome Days of the Honour of ſeeing him, he had an Eye to the Satisfaction of ſeeing us all content, and of receiving the Thanks of our whole Family all at once. *Tenermill*, being already as expert a Courtier, as if he had learned that Quality by long Experience, took this Opportunity of putting the King in Mind of the Counteſs of *S*———; and ſome Words of Praiſe turned with as much Addreſs as Truth, made theſe Impreſſions on him, of which this dear Siſter felt alſo the Effects.

The Joy I received from ſo many agreeable Events would have been pure and unmixed, if my Reflexions on the Character of *Donna Figuerrez* had not ſtepped in to interrupt it. Nevertheleſs I turned over the Diſcuſſion of ſo ſerious a Difficulty till my Return to *Paris*. *Tenermill* being without Love, I was ſure

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of having nothing to combat in his Heart, if I ſhould think myſelf under an Obligation of making him drop the Deſign of his Marriage. I ſaw him nevertheleſs diſpoſed to ſpare no Pains in order to give it Succeſs. But I could not conceive, that Ambition, which he began to confeſs to me was the only Paſſion that poſſeſſed him entirely, had made him ſo ardent in the Courtſhip of a Woman, without the leaſt Degree of Love. What I admired only as an Effect of his lively Imagination was, that the Moment he turned his Deſires on that Side he mingled the Charms of *Donna Figuerrez* in all his Diſcourſe, with as much Satisfaction and Reliſh, as if he had felt for her all the Warmth of the moſt tender Paſſion. He had ſeen her enough to be acquainted with her whole Merit; and in the Need ſhe had thought ſhe had of his Aid, one may eaſily fancy ſhe had practiſed every Thing to gain his Eſteem. But having once penetrated the Bottom of his Heart, I thought I better knew his Sentiments than himſelf.

He no ſooner arrived at *Paris*, than he payed her a Viſit at her Lodgings with the ſame Ardour; and not going about the Buſh to declare his Deſires and Hopes, he flattered himſelf, that, with the King's Protection, the Approbation of the Ambaſſador, and the Declaration of his own Love, he ſhould eaſily obtain to be heard upon that Point. But it was not Ambition that tickled the Heart of this beautiful *Spaniard*. She had juſt heard from her Uncle the Ruin of her Love, and this News had caſt her into a frightful Deſpair. If ſhe did herſelf a Violence in receiving *Tenermill* with an undiſturbed Countenance, ſhe could not hear that he built his Happineſs upon the Repulſe *Patrick* had given to her Paſſion, without aſcribing to him a Share in her Misfortune; and this Thought inſpiring her with Fury, ſhe treated him with a Pride, which might have been capable of diſcouraging him. But according to the Opinion he had of Women, he looked upon their Rigours as nothing; and not feeling for *Donna Figuerrez* that tender Inclination, which

had given him Hopes of finding in *Sarah* the Satisfaction of his Heart, with the Advantages of Fortune, he did not from thence entertain leſs Hopes of vanquiſhing her. Thus the Combat began between an ambitious Man without Affection, who would fain triumph over a Heart, to make Love ſerve as a Step to his Preferment, and a Woman paſſionately tender and coquetiſh, who preferring the ſweet Delights of Love to all Advantages of Fortune, might eaſily be ſoothed by his Application and Cares, yet could be moved only by ſuch as ſhe thought ſincere. With an Experience and Penetration which gave her a better Judment of Love than any other Woman, ſhe brought into this Kind of Liſts a Heart filled with another Lover, and the moſt unlucky Prepoſſeſſion againſt him whom ſhe accuſed of her Ruin. A ſevere School this for *Tenermill*, which nevertheleſs furniſhed me with profitable Leſſons for the Knowledge of Paſſions and Characters.

He returned from this Viſit with a diſturbed Air, which I took Notice of. He did not even ſeek to diſguiſe it from me, and giving me an Account of the Reception he had met with from his Miſtreſs, he aſked my Opinion of ſo whimſical a ſetting out. I had no other Acquaintance with the Diſpoſition of *Donna Figuerrez*, but from the Informations I had gathered up in *Spain*. Her Character, ſuch as I had then formed to myſelf an Idea of, was that of a Coquet; and not diſtinguiſhing all the Sorts of them, I placed her without Doubt in the Rank of Madam *De S*———, whoſe black Artifices, and ſhameful Irregularities I ſo well knew. It would have been a Taſk too new for me to paint out in my Imaginatien a Woman, who had united in her Character as many Perfections as Defects;——— one who lived according to her Paſſions and Freaks, yet capable nevertheleſs in her Moments of ſerious Reflexion of thinking with as much Juſtneſs and Propriety as a Man the moſt diſtinguiſhed by theſe two Qualities ——— always poſſeſſed of a Deſire of pleaſing; ——— not thinking the Glory of

a Woman to conſiſt but in the Multitude of her Conqueſts, and even purchaſing them by her voluntary Foibles, when ſhe could find only this Way to put on or rivet the Chains of a Lover ;——— but more tender and paſſionate than any Body for the Man whom ſhe has the Art of bringing to her Love ;— with all this—generous, good, ſubtile, but without Malice in her Wiles and Artifices ;——— always ready to oblige by her Services, and to anticipate Requeſts by her Offers and Diligence ; ——— as ſeducing alſo by the Allurements of her Humour and Behaviour, as by the Charms of her Perſon ; in fine,— one compounded of a thouſand Virtues, and as many Foibles. Such nevertheleſs was *Donna Figuerrez*, and I had to this Time done extreme Injuſtice to her in comparing her to a Woman ſo debauched and vicious as Madame *De S*———.

However, as I was yet filled with this Notion, and without coming to a Reſolution of the Difficulty I had began to examine, the Opportunity was too favourable not to ſound fully the Principles of *Tenermill* ; I ventured by Chance upon ſome general Reflexions upon the Danger of taking a Wife whoſe Character and Conduct one does not know. I could have cited for Example Mademoiſelle *De L*———, if he had not been yet ignorant of the unfortunate Adventure of his Brother ; but I found in the Quality of a Foreigner, and above all of a *Spaniard*, ſufficient to give Form enough to my Way of Reaſoning. I know not, ſaid I, whether the Birth of *Donna Figuerrez*, her Hopes of being Heireſs to the Ambaſſador, and even the Favours the King annexes to your Marriage, are Reaſons ſtrong enough to give you Tranquillity under this Sort of Danger ; and if you think upon it as I do, it will be at leaſt a Remedy for your Conſolation in the Caſe wherein the Rigours you complain of may make you abandon your Enterprize.

He had hearkened to me very attentively. You could have added, anſwered he, if the Evils you have related are yet only Matters of Apprehenſion, or if they

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are already happened; for having been in *Spain*, where you have had as much Acquaintance as *Patrick* with *Donna Figuerrez*, it is ſtrange if you be not better informed than you are willing to appear. I found myſelf too far engaged. However he himſelf furniſhed me with Means to draw myſelf out of the Perplexity. As much Acquaintance with her as *Patrick*, replied I, in the Way of Defence? You may know from her and from him, that I never ſaw her but twice during my Stay at *Madrid*. It is then to *Patrick* himſelf, replied he, that I muſt addreſs myſelf to clear up the Doubts you would inſpire me with. But while I wait for his Teſtimony, I may confeſs to you, added he, that not deſiring hereafter to look for more in a Woman than theſe Conveniencies, which an advantageous Marriage may afford for the Advancement of my Fortune, I ſhall perplex myſelf but little about the Character of her who brings me Birth and Riches.

We were interrupted with the Acclamations of the Count and Counteſs of *S*———, who returning Home had been informed of the happy Arrival of *Sarah* and *Patrick*, and who having yet had only uncertain Accounts of their Reconciliation and the King's Goodneſs, were eager and haſty to find them out to heap on them their Careſſes and Congratulations. We went together to their Apartment. They were there, and in a Manner intoxicated with Love and Joy. *Patrick*, who had been ſo long a Time a Prey to Grief and Anguiſh, without excepting from them even the Period of his fatal Paſſion, which had been attended with too much Vexation and Trouble, not to have made ſome Alteration in his Manners and Humour, ſeemed to have reſumed all at once that Sweetneſs and Grace with which Nature had adorned his Character. He received the Marks of our Affection with ſuch a Frankneſs of Heart, as laid open his moſt inward Sentiments; and he himſelf comparing his Situation with that he remembered to have been in during the Time of Error, which his ſenſeleſs Prepoſſeſſion had made him

him call moſt happy, he agreed, that the Pleaſures annexed to Duty are of quite another Value than the irregular Tranſports of the Paſſions.

The Converſation would have continued a long Time upon a Subject ſo conformable to the Taſte of the whole Company, if Word had not been brought the Counteſs, that *Donna Figuerrez* wanted to ſee her. *Tenermill* inſtantly got up, and in great Haſte went to meet her. She received him with more Indifference than Anger. But when ſhe ſaw the Counteſs appear, ſhe prayed him to leave them alone together. Their Converſation continued a long Time. We were told all the Circumſtances of it as ſoon as ſhe went away.

Without diſſembling her Sentiments for *Patrick*, or concealing that ſhe would not even have left *Spain* but for facilitating the Means of becoming his Wife, ſhe confeſſed forthwith to the Counteſs, that ſeeing him reconciled to *Sarah* by his own Inclination, nothing remained to her but to make Uſe of her Reaſon to heal her Heart. But not being at once able to renounce the Pleaſure of ſeeing a Man who had been ſo dear to her, and finding not much leſs Pleaſure in living in ſtrict Union with our Family, ſhe requeſted of my Siſter two Favours, both which ſhe hoped to obtain; one to make her that very Day acquainted with *Sarah*, whoſe Friendſhip ſhe was deſirous of cultivating; the other, to prevail on *Patrick* to treat her at leaſt with the ordinary Reſpect of Politeneſs, without being ſo ſtiffly determined, as he had been ever ſince his Return to *France*, in refuſing her a bare Viſit. The Counteſs, being willing to excuſe my Brother, as not having made any Stay at *Paris*; I pardon him what is paſt, ſaid ſhe, ſmiling without Affectation, but I deſire him to repair his Fault by a ſpeedy Viſit, which I will even receive, if he abſolutely inſiſts on it, as his laſt Adieu.

My Siſter, weighing theſe two Requeſts, found leſs Difficulty in the laſt than the firſt. She promiſed to lay before *Patrick* what he owed to a Lady ſo well diſpoſed

diſpoſed towards him; and without Doubt, added ſhe, he will have no Need of Entreaties to pay ſo reaſonable a Duty. But knowing what a little Reliſh *Sarah* had for enlarging her Acquaintance, or rather concealing under this Pretext the Fear of fretting her by the Sight of a new Rival, ſhe civilly excuſed herſelf from complying with this Requeſt. Her two Propoſals nevertheleſs were of equal Importance to her; and to lay open before hand a Share of her Views, ſhe did not deſire to ſee *Sarah*, but to be convinced of what ſhe had to fear from her Charms, or to find by ſeeing her what it was that was capable of making an Impreſſion on the Heart of *Patrick*. Thus ſhe was ſo offended at my Siſter's Refuſal, that having in vain often preſſed her Requeſt with a Number of freſh Motives, ſhe was not ſo far Miſtreſs of her Vexation as to keep in her Tears; her Reſentment muſt have been at its Height. She took her Leave of my Siſter with a conſtrained Shew of Friendſhip and Thanks, in order to pleaſe herſelf at leaſt with the Expectation of a Viſit from *Patrick*, upon which ſhe depended ſo much the more, as not being able to obtain the other Favour, ſhe looked on the Promiſe of this as infallible. The Counteſs ſurprized us very much with the Relation of this Converſation. *Tenermill* for ever ſpurred on by the ſame Zeal, obſerved the Departure of *Donna Figuerrez*, and offered to wait on her Home. His Abſence leaving us more Freedom of Converſation, I was the firſt to commend my Siſter for her Refuſal, and to raiſe a Doubt whether it were convenient for *Patrick*, to hazard a Viſit, of which I could not penetrate into the Uſe. However *Sarah*, who was never capable of a mean Diffidence, and *Patrick* who thought himſelf above Danger, were of Opinion that good Manners made this Viſit a Duty. The Count and Counteſs being of the ſame Way of Thinking, my Advice paſſed only for an Exceſs of Scruple.

As this Reſolution was not to be executed immediately, we waited for the Return of *Tenermill*, who ſoon came and rejoined us. His Countenance declared

clared the Tokens of his Joy viſible to every Body. He had been treated, as he told us, by *Donna Figuerrez*, with ſuch Favour and Indulgence, as ſhe had not ſhewn him in his firſt Viſit. But his Happineſs depended on his Brother. You muſt, ſaid he to him, take the Trouble of ſeeing her to oblige me. She has made me promiſe to engage you to it this very Day. She has given me Hopes, that when ſhe had the Explanations ſhe expected, and ſhould receive with Confidence from you, becauſe ſhe had known your Character a long Time, that our Marriage ſhould be the Day after determined with all her Heart and Mind. He did not even call to Mind the Queſtions which he had promiſed me to aſk *Patrick*; and thinking of nothing but to urge him to be gone, he thought it a tedious Time to ſee him return to give the laſt Certainty to his Hopes.

The Night had already ſpread its Shades over the Earth; but we were in a Seaſon when the Days were ſhort. It was ſome Time yet before *Patrick* had abſolutely determined not to put off till next Day a Viſit, which appeared to him burthenſome under our Circumſtances. In fine, having ſent to *Donna Figuerrez* to know of herſelf, if ſhe approved of the Hour he had pitched on, he went away alone in his own Coach, and promiſed to be back at Supper. We paſſed the Time of his Abſence in reaſoning upon the Motives of *Donna Figuerrez*. *Tenermill* explained them to her Advantage, and I confeſſed, after a great Number of Reflexions, that I could diſcover nothing of the Matter.

Towards Nine o'Clock one of *Patrick*'s Servants came to us to make Apologies by his Orders for the Neceſſity he was under of ſupping with *Donna Figuerrez*. He ordered us to be told, that the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, and ſome other Perſons of the ſame Diſtinction being come to her Houſe the ſame Moment that he did, ſhe had not the Opportunity of explaining to him the Reaſons that had made her deſirous of ſeeing him. The Time having inſenſibly ſlipped over, the

Ambaſſador

Ambaſſador had requeſted him to ſup with her. *Patrick* attempted to retire; but the Intreaties of the whole Company, and particularly of *Donna Figuerrez*, who had promiſed to find an Opportunity that Night of a Moment's Converſation with him, had determined him for *Tenermill*'s Intereſt, to ſuffer himſelf to be prevailed upon to ſtay.

This Meſſage, though little expected after his Promiſe at parting, gave no Diſturbance to any of us. We ſupped with the moſt pure and perfect Tranquillity and Joy. Nevertheleſs, it came into my Mind upon retiring, that every Thing was to be feared from a Woman ſo dextrous and violent as *Donna Figuerrez*. I was not capable of carrying any very powerful Aid to my Brother; but I might at leaſt watch over the Danger, and judge what Meaſures were neceſſary to be taken to deliver him from it. From this Thought alone, I choſe between eleven and twelve o'Clock to plant myſelf oppoſite to the Lodgings of *Donna Figuerrez*, of which I had got an Account from *Tenermill* and my Siſter. The Solitude I immediately found in the Street, made me almoſt repent of my Enterprize; for I could have but little Hopes of getting Admittance into a Houſe without having ſome Pretence for it. I had my Valet with me, whoſe Converſation helped for ſome Moments to divert me. Immediately ſome Coaches drove up, which ſtopping before her Door convinced me yet further, that I was alarmed out of Seaſon. *Patrick*, ſaid I, has ſubmitted in Spite of him to the Conſtraint of Decorum. The Company that ſtayed him, is going to leave him at Liberty; his Coach will be here ſoon, ſince the Time appointed for the others is come. I will join him, and take Advantage of his Company Home.

Whilſt my Thoughts were taken up with theſe Hopes, I ſaw many Perſons come out of the Houſe, who immediately drove off in their Coaches. The *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador appeared alſo, and as his Hotel was only at a little Diſtance in the ſame Street, he went

went Home on Foot, attended by a great Number of Lacqueys with Flambeaus in their Hands. I concealed myſelf from their Sight with great Care. The Door having been ſhut after him, I yet waited above an Hour, and my Impatience increaſed the more, as I did not ſee *Patrick*'s Coach come up, nor the Door opened. It nevertheleſs ſoon after was opened, and I ſaw a Gentleman come out of it on Foot, who gave Orders to the Porter to wait for him a Moment. By Chance as I walked along the Street it appeared as if I had come out of the Ambaſſador's Hotel, which was not far behind me. The Darkneſs of the Night not ſuffering the Gentleman to diſtinguiſh my Face, he took me by my Garb for the Perſon he was going to call, and who muſt have come from the ſame Place. Is it you, Mr. *Almoner*, ſaid he in *Spaniſh*? This Title was familiar to me ſince the King had granted me that Office. A ſudden Impulſe, that foreſtalled all Reflexion, made me anſwer, yes, in the ſame Language. Let us make Haſte, anſwered the Gentleman, turning about to walk before me; our Lovers are together, and this is the Opportunity, which perhaps will never offer again.

Indeed I opened my Eyes at theſe Words. I conceived, if not an odious Conſpiracy againſt my Brother, at leaſt that he was menaced with ſome fatal Accident, and that I had Need to call up all my Courage and Zeal to aid him. The Neceſſity of this did not appear to me to be yet urgent; but being reſolved to riſque every Thing, I followed my Guide without Fear, and went with him into the Houſe. By a ſpecial Favour of Providence the Porter waited at the Door without Light. We went up Stairs, which was lighted no better than the Door. Wait here, ſaid the Gentleman, we ſhall have Occaſion for a Caſt of your Office preſently. It would have been too dreadful to me to fancy, that they had a Deſign on my Brother's Life, and that they would not ſend for a Man of my Gown, but to receive his laſt Breath. Heaven did not ſuffer ſuch a Thought to come into my Mind; but

but I had a thouſand other Doubts to torment me mortally.

At length the Door next to that my Guide went in was opened all of a ſudden. Come in, Mr. *Almoner*, cried ſome Body, you are waited for with Impatience. Whatever Trouble ſuch long Preparations had given me, I obſerved, as I went in, three Men well dreſſed, who held Piſtols preſented to *Patrick*'s Breaſt, while *Donna Figuerrez* ſwooning in Appearance, lay languiſhingly ſtretched along on a Couch. Come hither, Monſieur, ſaid one of the Gentlemen, come and repair the Honour of *Spain*, and that of Monſieur the Ambaſſador, by marrying this Gentleman to *Donna Figuerrez*, whom we have ſurprized together in a Poſture not to be juſtified but by a ſpeedy Marriage. He is happy, that in our firſt Fury we had not imbrued our Hands in his Blood. My Face, which they had not at all obſerved when firſt I advanced, my firſt Exclamations, conjuring them to ſtay their Hands, and the Words of my Brother himſelf (who under the Surprize he was in to ſee me, aſked immediately by what lucky Chance I was ſo near him, and if I did not wonder at this Scene) made them judge that there was ſome Miſtake in their Adventure. They looked on each other with Amazement, without nevertheleſs forſaking the Poſture they were in. But one of them addreſſing himſelf to me; you are a Prieſt, Monſieur, ſaid he, with a bullying Air, it is of no Conſequence whether you be a *Spaniard* or a *Frenchman*; give us a Caſt of your Office by a Moment's Ceremony, which ſhall be rewarded beyond your Expectations by the Generoſity of Monſieur the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador. This is his Niece, whom that Gentleman has diſhonoured; Religion and Honour impoſes the ſame Duty on you as upon us. I came to myſelf again during their Buſtle; and conceived their Project in its full Extent. Fraternal Friendſhip, my Hatred for all Artifice, Honour and Religion, by which they pretended to intereſt me, actuated me with ſo much Fortitude, that the Sight of their Arms, any more than the Conſi-

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deration of their Numbers, did not hinder me from treating them with all the Scorn and Contempt they deſerved for engaging in ſuch a villainous Attempt. I declared to them without Shift or Subterfuge, that the Gentleman againſt whom they implored my Aid was my Brother, and I threatned them with a Puniſhment that all the Power of their Ambaſſador ſhould not deliver them from.

Perhaps I abandoned myſelf too much to this firſt Warmth: But whether it were that they were offended at my Menaces, whether, in reflecting upon Circumſtances, they imagined they were a little altered by this Scorn of them; and that in Spite of my Teeth they could force from me the ſame Service as they expected from their own Almoner, one of them detached himſelf from *Patrick*, and coming up to me in my Turn, preſented his Piſtol to my Breaſt; Monſieur, ſaid he, you are a Prieſt, that is enough for our Purpoſe; come, perform here your Function, if you would not rather chuſe to be a dead Man. I gave them no Time to wait for my Reply, but collecting together all my Conſtancy, as much out of Love to my Brother, as Zeal for my own Duty, I ſhewed ſo much Contempt for the Death they threatened me with, and ſo much Indignation againſt the Authors of ſo baſe an Attempt, that I ſaw Aſtoniſhment painted on the Faces of our Enemies. They durſt not perſiſt in their Deſign one Moment longer, and laying a Streſs only on their Generoſity in ſparing our Lives, they proteſted, that if *Patrick* did not freely conſent to what they called his Duty, our Puniſhment was only delayed. As to him, who was ſo much preſſed down that he could not ariſe from his Chair; he fretted at an Abaſement ſo unworthy of his Courage, and when Deſpair of Succeſs had obliged them to abandon their Enterprize, he ſwore, as he went away, that he would make them repent their Temerity.

They gave us Liberty to be gone; but to diſguiſe better their Artifice, they affected to call the Servants of *Donna Figuerrez*, and to preſs them to go to the Aid

Aid of their Miſtreſs. *Patrick* expected to have found his Coach at the Gate; but not ſo much as one of his Servants was in waiting. They had taken Care to ſend them all away at a Diſtance, by pretended Orders from their Maſter; and we were informed afterwards by the Coachman, that having come at the Hour *Patrick* had appointed him, they gave him Notice to return two Hours later; *Jacin* continued at the Gate waiting my coming out, having no other Road to get to the Count's Houſe.

Though the Ambaſſador's Name had been often uſed by the three *Spaniards*, and that there was great Likelihood they were of his Train; without reckoning that his Almoner was to act ſo great a Part in this odious Scene, it was to be preſumed the Ambaſſador had a Knowledge of the Undertaking; yet we could not perſuade ourſelves, that he had entered into a Conſpiracy diſhonourable to his Character. Being reduced then to accuſe no Body of it but the intriguing Genius of *Donna Figuerrez*, we could not yet forbear admiring how ſhe could build any Hopes on an Adventure that carried in it not the leaſt Shew of Probability in the Succeſs. For who could be eaſily perſuaded that *Patrick* could have the ſmalleſt Tie of Affection to her, at a Time wherein he was taken up with nothing but his Love for *Sarah*, and of which a thouſand Perſons could give the ſtrongeſt Proofs? and ſo much Pains taken to draw him into the Snare, and to diſperſe his Servants far away from him; were not theſe Things clear Demonſtrations in his Favour?

All People reaſoned thus, who were informed of our Adventure. *Tenermill* could ſcarce get rid of his Surprize, and the Shame of being inſtrumental himſelf in caſting us into this Perplexity by his Inſtances to his Brother, chagrined him as much as the Loſs of his Hopes. It ſeemed to him indeed that after a Noiſe of this Nature he could not have the leaſt Appetite to renew his Viſits to *Donna Figuerrez*. We all reaſoned according to this Suppoſition, and the Scheme of

of his Marriage having been the only Reaſon that retarded *Patrick*'s Happineſs, we thought, that without being defective in our Submiſſion to the King's Pleaſure, we might requeſt his Majeſty to ſhorten the Time he himſelf had fixed for it. *Sarah* deſired it impatiently, as the paſt Fears had inſpired her with others to come, *Patrick* prayed me to requeſt this new Favour of the King, and even to obtain of his Majeſty that the Ceremony might be performed without Noiſe in any other Place than St. *Germain*.

I thought *Tenermill* ſo fully cured of his Notions of Marriage, that in going next Day to Court, it never came into my Mind to aſk him, whether I ſhould relate *Patrick*'s Adventure to the King. As it was upon this Foundation I went to ſollicit a Revocation of his Majeſty's Orders, it was natural for me to begin with this Story, and I did not ſee further on *Tenermill*'s Side, the leaſt Reaſon that could create in me any Doubt of it. Nevertheleſs coming to me the Moment of my Departure, he put me a hundred Queſtions, the Meaning of which I did not at firſt conceive, and which at length all ended in aſking me openly if I intended to mention the Enterprize of the three *Spaniards* to the King. This very Care of aſcribing our Adventure to the three *Spaniards*, and not mixing a Word of *Donna Figuerrez* in it, appeared to me to be a Delicacy altogether new; but without giving me Time to anſwer him, he added with the ſame abſent Air, that under whatever Form he had conſidered the Scene of the precedent Day, he had found nothing in it that could make the leaſt Alteration in the Situation of Things; that the Inclination of *Donna Figuerrez* to *Patrick* was known to every Body; that in ſeeking to aſſure herſelf of his Heart and Hand, ſhe did nothing but what every other Woman with the ſame Deſires and ſame Power would not fail to attempt as well as ſhe; in fine, that after the ill Succeſs of the Artifice of the *Spaniards*, or of her, if I would have it ſo, ſhe was not a Whit different from what ſhe was before the Enterprize was undertaken.

Is

Is not ſhe the very individual Woman, added he, (looking on me, as if I could have made a Doubt of it,) with the ſame Birth, with the ſame perſonal Qualities, the ſame Hopes of Fortune? And the Reaſons I have had for thinking of marrying her, do they ſubſiſt leſs?

He concluded from this Way of Reaſoning, that if on the contrary they could bury our Adventure in Oblivion, and begin to do ſo by concealing it from the King, no Rub could ſtand in his Way after the Marriage of *Patrick* to hinder him from reſuming his Hopes of obtaining the *Spaniſh* Lady. It is certain, added he; (as if I yet could ſtand in Need of this Confirmation to convince me of it) that ſhe will be under a Neceſſity of renouncing my Brother, when ſhe ſhall ſee him irretrievably united to *Sarah*. Why then ſhould ſhe reject my Offers, with all the Advantages that attend them for her, of which her Uncle has without Queſtion informed her?

I confeſs that with whatever Surprize I could hear all this Diſcourſe, I could find nothing to put a Stop to it, when my Anſwer was neceſſarily required upon that Point. I could not indeed convince him, that the Enterprize of *Donna Figuerrez* was a Blemiſh, that made her more unworthy to be his than before, and that her Love, which made her employ Violence, was without Doubt the ſame that had made her endeavour at firſt to obtain the Heart of *Patrick* by more gentle and ſweet Methods. Nevertheleſs an Outrage of that Nature ſeemed to me ſo rebellious, that at the very Time I could not find Expreſſions, or durſt not uſe thoſe that occurred to Mind to expreſs my Horror. I admired that *Tenermill* did not feel the ſame Impreſſion from it. What I could find moſt moderate to ſay to him was, that he would not probably have any Occaſion to reproach himſelf for having ſubmitted to an Exceſs of Jealouſy. I reckoned I ſhould picque him by this Irony: But although he perfectly well comprehended it, yet it did not appear to affect him; and intrenching himſelf under the Neceſſity

that

that *Donna Figuerrez* would ſoon be in of ſtifling her Affections for *Patrick*, he made no Difficulty of confeſſing to me, that what he demanded of her was moreover very independent of the Diſpoſitions of her Heart. She eſtabliſhes my Fortune, ſaid he, ſhe is capable of doing me Credit by her Birth, her Wit and Beauty; I acquit her of every Thing elſe. Ambitious! interrupted I with a quick Sentiment of Compaſſion, that you ſhould make me know the various Springs and Wheels in the Heart of Man! How did I deceive myſelf, when the Example of your Brother made me look on Love as the only Paſſion capable of blinding a Man of Underſtanding? How? Do not you perceive, continued I in the ſame Tone, that an Action ſo raſh as this of *Donna Figuerrez*, is not the firſt Eſſay of Impudence and Coquetry? To what will you expoſe yourſelf by uniting yourſelf to a Woman of this Character? And without explaining myſelf too freely upon the Informations I had received at *Madrid*, I upbraided him for having ſo ſpeedily loſt the Deſign he had of obtaining ſuch Informations upon the Conduct of a Woman whom he had known but a few Days. But far from anſwering my Queſtions; think, my Brother, ſaid he, that this Abundance of Reflexions and Pains will make me loſe thoſe Advantages I ſhall never recover. The Favour of the King may cool. Is it probable that a Lady of *Donna Figuerrez*' Appearance had ever failed in the Obligations due to her Birth? Would the Ambaſſador her Uncle live in that good Underſtanding with her? Suppoſe her to be a Coquette: Are all the Ladies of *France* leſs ſo? And her Removal afterwards from *Madrid*, added he, might make an Alteration in the Nature of a great many Things.

I made no Reply to this laſt Reaſon; and could not ſufficiently wonder at this Contrariety of Principles, which made him ſo eaſily ſubmit in an Article ſo delicate; him, who appeared to be a Man the leaſt tractable in the World in every Thing that bore the Name of a Point of Honour. Whimſical Effect of

violent Paſſions, that finds nothing to be of Importance but what has a Relation to them! Love could make *Patrick* deſpiſe Grandeur, and Ambition could render *Tenermill* inſenſible to Love. In the mean Time, as I had no Apprehenſion that he would advance too briſkly with *Donna Figuerrez*, I ſtill ſuſpended giving him thoſe Explanations, that I thought moſt capable of making Impreſſions on him, and reſolved to wait the Return of *Patrick* before I took my own Reſolutions upon the Matter.

Neither *Patrick* nor I could be ſuſpected of publiſhing our Adventure, nor could we in the leaſt accuſe the Count and Counteſs of *S*———, whoſe Diſcretion we well knew. Nevertheleſs, *Tenermill* had the Vexation to hear Rumours ſpread about, that gave him too much Room to judge, that all the World had not obſerved the ſame Silence; and as an Addition to his Grief, *Patrick* informed us at his Return, that they had already reached as far as St. *Germain*. The King, when he granted him the Permiſſion he ſued for to haſten the Renewal of his Marriage, and to celebrate it without Noiſe at our little Houſe at *Saiſons*, did not wait to hear his Excuſes and Pretexts for juſtifying his Petition. He had joked with him upon his good Fortune, and lamenting *Tenermill* for being leſs favoured by Love, had added, that this was an Opportunity that failed him in his Eſtabliſhment. With the bare Income of his Regiment, and twelve thouſand Livres Penſion, I ſhould be very wary, ſaid the King, in granting him a Title, which could give him leſs Honour, than it would cauſe him Embaraſſment in ſupporting it. He is young, and well made; *Paris* may preſent him with what he cannot obtain from *Spain*, if he does not rather chuſe to wait our Return to *England*, where my Friendſhip may perhaps yet help better to forward his Eſtabliſhment.

Thus this Prince continued to promiſe himſelf Succeſs, that Providence did not think proper to reſerve for him. But the impatient *Tenermill*, who had not

not ſo much Reliance on the Future, looked on this Declaration as a fatal Wound to his Hopes. All the Chimeras, by which perhaps he had ſucceeded in cheating himſelf as to the Conduct of *Donna Figuerrez*, became uſeleſs to him by the King's Deciſion. What Means had he to propoſe them to this Prince, as he had ventured to do to me? He never had one Thought of making himſelf agreeable to the *French* Ladies. His reſolute and imperious Humour could not ſuffer him to ſubmit to the great Attendances and Complaiſances, in which he ſaw the greateſt Part of them place their Gallantry; and when his Ambition to advance himſelf ſhould make him deſcend to this Sort of Abaſement, he thought that Nature having not formed him for ſuch a Manner of making himſelf agreeable, he ſhould run the Riſque of rendering himſelf ridiculous by his Grimaces and Affectations. As to *England*, he knew better than the King, how little his Majeſty could rely upon ſome ſlight Advantages of the laſt Campaign; and the Notions of an expert Officer, who had ſeen on the Spot the Diſpoſitions of the Country, were far different from the flattering Language of the Courtiers.

During ſome Days I ſaw him ſo perſive and melancholy, that his Grief would have inſpired me with Pity, if I had not thought it uſeful to make him open his Eyes upon the Folly of the Paſſion that devoured him. He carefully avoided me, as if he had taken my Looks for ſo many Reproaches. *Patrick*'s Company did not appear to his Brother leſs inſupportable. Without diſcovering to him either Jealouſy or Hatred, he let it manifeſtly be ſeen, that his Heart was a Prey to ſome ſecret Grief, which increaſed in the Preſence of his Brother. He received his Words and Careſſes with an Indifference, and ſometimes with a Haughtineſs at which the other would have had a Right to take Offence. As it was not upon Occaſions of this Nature that *Patrick* was capable of hearkening to his Reſentment, I was not at all alarmed at their Differences, but on the contrary, I took a Pleaſure in ſee-

ing with what Sweetneſs he would ſacrifice his Inclinations to fraternal Friendſhip. When all the Family went to *Saiſons* to aſſiſt at the Renewal of his Marriage, *Tenermill* excuſed himſelf from accompanying us, under ſome very ſlight Pretences. There was no Perſon there to whom this Affectation did not give as much Trouble as Amazement; but *Patrick*, who ought to have been more affected with it, contained himſelf ſo well, as not to complain in the leaſt of his Behaviour; and not being diſcouraged at the firſt Refuſal, he endured more of them with the ſame Moderation.

I knew, that from the Hopes that our Adventure had continued yet a Secret, and perhaps from an Opinion that *Donna Figuerrez* herſelf could not imagine we could yet have revealed it, *Tenermill* had gone to viſit her the Day after, and had ſpent with her a Part of the Afternoon. His Melancholy not having began till after the King's Declaration, he ſtill continued to viſit her; and although he did not fail of paying his Court regularly enough at St. *Germain*, he ſeldom happened to paſs an entire Day there without returning to *Paris*. We could not gueſs that this was on Purpoſe to paſs a Part of the Day with her; for in the free and independent Converſation we had eſtabliſhed at the Count's, Curioſity did not ſway any one there ſo as to make him remark upon the Conduct of others. Nevertheleſs, by the Indiſcretion of ſome one of his Servants, I came to hear from my Valet, that all the Time he did not paſs at St. *Germain* or the Count's, he ſpent with *Donna Figuerrez*, and that in the Houſe of that Lady no Body talked of any Thing elſe but of the Favour he was in with her. This News gave me ſome Reſtleſſneſs, of which I could not at firſt unravel the Cauſe. What could be the Foundation of an Acquaintance ſo ſtrict? I knew *Tenermill* too well to ſuſpect him of becoming a Slave to Love. On the other Hand, *Patrick* was from henceforth ſecured from all Sorts of Attacks; and if *Donna Figuerrez* ſhould yet form any Deſign againſt him, I ſhould be

be ſtrictly careful to make a Share of my Diſtruſt fall upon his Brother. I was fond of perſuading myſelf, that having found in this fair *Spaniard* more Wit, than in the Generality of the Women of his Acquaintance, he had by Means of that Quality reliſhed in her Converſation the Pleaſures of an innocent Familiarity. He has renounced, ſaid I to myſelf, the Appearances of Love, which, according to the very Deſign that made him ſubmit to it, had always ſomething uneaſy and troubleſome to a Man of his Humour; and not ſeeking any Thing but to conſole himſelf for the ill Succeſs of his Ambition, he contents himſelf with the bare Pleaſures of Friendſhip. I could applaud his Taſte, added I, if he had made Choice of ſuch a Remedy; and if I judged of it by the Satisfaction *Patrick* himſelf had a long Time found in the Friendſhip of *Donna Figuerrez*, he might have applied himſelf worſe.

Why had I not this Moment Knowledge enough in the Cuſtoms of the World to miſtruſt an Evil, which was beginning to ariſe? My Zeal could have furniſhed me with a thouſand Ways to check it in its Birth. If my own Exhortations would not have been hearkened unto, I might have employed the Aid of the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, and even the King's Authority. I could have engaged that religious Prince to awaken the Ambition of *Tenermill* by Hopes leſs remote. Of two dangerous Evils, why ſhould I ſcruple to make one of them ſerve as a Remedy to the other, which was the moſt formidable? If this Aid had not been ſufficient, I could have induced the King to have kept him in Employment during the Winter by ſome toilſome Journey, or ſome Negociation to a foreign Court. In fine, I yet perſuaded myſelf, that with the Aſſiſtance of Heaven, I could have ſucceeded in making him break an Engagement, which has been a long Time the Cauſe of my Zeal, and the Subject of my Tears.

I did not begin too ſoon to deplore him, though I came much too late to the Knowledge of him. My

Ignorance proceeded a long Time from my Security. I was without Fear, becauſe without Suſpicions. Far from being alarmed with juſt Miſtruſts, I no ſooner fancied that *Tenermill* had taken for the *Spaniſh* Lady the ſame Taſte that I had ſeen *Patrick* have for her in *Spain*, than drawing a good Omen from the Return of his Tranquillity, and the healing of his Ambition, which I had found dangerous by its Exceſs, I ſought an Opportunity to congratulate him equally for theſe two Bleſſings. He received my Compliments with ſuch an Air of Satisfaction, that it encreaſed my Confidence. As to Ambition, ſaid he, it is true I am much leſs tormented with it. The King has put me out of Conceit with his Favours, by annexing them to impoſſible Conditions; or at leaſt what he turns over to Times ſo diſtant begins to have leſs Effect on my Longing. And if, added he, I muſt confeſs to you this Experiment, to which you have perhaps ſeen me too much affected, it helps every Day to take away even my Taſte for the Court. I never ſhall appear there more but with Regret. They loaded me with Favours before I began to merit them; and I am put off with Uncertainties at a Time when my Services, or, if you will, my good Fortune, have perhaps made me worthy of ſome Regard or Attention: This is giving me almoſt an equal Room to afford myſelf but ſmall Applauſe, either on Account of the Goodneſs, that was graciouſly before-hand with my Merit, or of the Juſtice that rewards it ſo ill. In Regard to my Acquaintance with *Donna Figuerrez*, you have Reaſon, added he, to give it the Name of Friendſhip, and I am obliged to you for theſe Compliments which it deſerves. It is a long Time ſince, inſtead of thinking of Marriage or Love, I ſhould have eſtabliſhed a Commerce of this Nature. If my Fortune did not grow better by it, I ſhould have found in it at leaſt an Advantage as to the Pleaſures of my Life, and the Tranquillity and Calming of a great Number of Paſſions.

Who

Who would not have believed, as I did, that this Friendſhip, which had been capable of reſtoring Tranquillity to his Mind, and which upon the whole had ſerved to cure him of Ambition, was founded upon the moſt pure Maximes of Prudence? I thought of it ſo fully in this Light, that I ſhould have freely given Thanks for it to *Donna Figuerrez*, to whom I aſcribed this Miracle. Although my Knowledge of her had been formed from divers diſadvantageous Strokes and Lineaments, I had nevertheleſs heard *Patrick* vaunt of her Wit, and I knew he had all the Qualities capable of making him a proper Judge of it. If the Lights and Underſtanding of the Mind do not always defend a Heart againſt Diſorder, they may be looked upon at leaſt as Reſources, from whence one may always have ſome Hopes of a Return to Virtue; becauſe the moſt tumultous Paſſions having their Intervals of Relaxation and Silence, they ſometimes afford a Time to ſound and inlightened Reaſon to ſee the Precipice to which they lead, and conſequently to arm themſelves with new Strength either to ſhun or get out of it. The very Diſorders and Irregularities of *Donna Figuerrez*, the Trouble that had attended her Paſſions, the Diſguſts and Mortifications ſhe had endured from her late Enterprize, might not they have produced this Effect on her, and by the Brightneſs of her natural Talents have made her a proper Inſtrument to convey it to *Tenermill*?

The Original of an Event ſo remarkable in its Nature and Conſequences deſerved a Relation of this Extent, to prepare the Readers for other Particulars, which will make perhaps the moſt engaging Part of this Hiſtory. I find myſelf alſo under the Neceſſity of deferring an Account, which without Doubt they have expected with Impatience; that is, the Celebration of the agreeable Ceremony, which eſtabliſhed the Happineſs of *Sarah Fincer* and *Patrick* upon a ſolid Foundation. My Pen is not fit to deſcribe the Tranſports of a new married Couple, eager for each other,

who had ſo much the higher Reliſh of Joy, as having been a long Time, the one without Deſires, and the other without Hopes, all the Inclinations ſpringing up in their Hearts, were in a Manner ſo many new Impreſſions, which reſembled almoſt in nothing their former Trials. They ſeemed therefore to gaze on one another every Moment, as if for the firſt Time. Ah! that they had been ſeen always under the Form they there aſſumed that Day the one for the other. *Sarah* ſaw in her Huſband a Man as paſſionate for her, as ſhe had for ſo long a Time ſued for from Love; and in this Lady, whom *Patrick* at another Time had looked upon as the moſt invincible Obſtacle of his Repoſe, he ſaw nothing but the Object of his moſt tender Complaiſances, and the inexhauſtible Source of Happineſs no longer ſubject to a Change. What Prayers and Vows did I not addreſs to Heaven in re eſtabliſhing their Bands by a new Benediction? With what Ardour did I pray for a Perſeverance of ſo much Affection, which I thought I read in their Hearts, and which they promiſed ſo freely by their Oaths? At another Time they ſwore in the ſame Terms of Expreſſion; but what Difference was there now in the Diſpoſition of *Patrick*, and the Satisfaction of *Sarah?* What Difference in my Heart, which ſeemed to take Share in their Joy, and unite itſelf to their Engagements, with as much inward Satisfaction, as I remembered to have felt Grief and Bitterneſs in *Dublin*, when I was as it were obliged to drag an unhappy Victim to the Altar! How were the Omens changed, and how did they alſo proclaim the Change in their Fate?

To fill up the Meaſure of our Satisfaction, the Counteſs, who was with Child without appearing to draw ſo near her Time, was the Day following happily delivered of a Son. Nothing was wanting to the Completion of our Joy, but to ſee *Tenermill* ſharing in it with us there. In the black and melancholy Grief, with which his Heart was gnawed, he neglected to ſend to *Patrick* and his Wife even the Compli-

ments

ments of Decency, from which no Reaſon in the World could have excuſed him; but this Over-ſight was repaired afterwards by ſincere Apologies.

Some Days after, *Patrick* having propoſed to us to go to St. *Germain*, to preſent there his Spouſe to the King, we conſidered, if notwithſtanding the ill Humour of *Tenermill*, we ought not to give him Notice, that Decency ſeemed to require him to go with us there. But after a fitting Deliberation we agreed not to communicate our Deſign to him, and to take upon ourſelves to make his Excuſes to the King. We knew that in the firſt Warmth of the Account *Patrick* had given him, he had let two Days ſlip without appearing at St. *Germain*. The King could not be deceived in the Cauſe of this Abſence; and far from taking Offence at it, he had talked the Matter over with Mr. *De Sercine* in a Manner to convince us, that he himſelf regretted to have ſeen by the Adventure of *Donna Figuerrez*, a Delay given to his Views of advancing him. Thus we had very little Fear of prejudicing him in the King's Thoughts, by confeſſing to his Majeſty that the Regret of having failed in the Eſtabliſhment of his Fortune, had even deprived him of the Pleaſure of being preſent at *Patrick*'s Marriage, and that our Love for Peace had made us apprehenſive of irritating him, by propoſing to him to join in Company with us, which he would not have accepted.

Nevertheleſs, we were but little forward in our Journey, when we had Cauſe to repent of this Reſolution. The three *Spaniards*, who had aſſiſted *Donna Figuerrez*, were hunting in the Plain, with a Man for their Guard, who ſerved them alſo as a Guide; and ſeeing an Equipage that ſhewed ſome of Diſtinction by the Number of Servants following us on Horſeback, Curioſity made them come near. *Patrick* knew them, and had not ſufficient Command over himſelf upon this Occaſion, wherein he need not have diſcovered that he was in the Coach. He lifted up the Glaſs: Meſſieurs, ſaid he in their own Language, you

may inform *Donna Figuerrez*, that I was married two Days ago, and may make my Compliments to her, for her having had ſuch bad Succeſs in preventing it. This was a Piece of Raillery, from whence he proteſted to me he had no Thoughts of drawing any further Conſequence; for, notwithſtanding his Menaces upon his leaving *Donna Figuerrez*, I had obliged him to come into my Way of Thinking, that Honour did not oblige him to expect a Reparation by Arms for an Inſult of this Nature; and that it would be even ridiculous to meaſure his Sword with three Men one after another, to whom we did a Favour by not puniſhing them in a Courſe of Juſtice. However there remained in his Heart a Foundation for Reſentment, which he could not get the better of upon meeting them, and which induced him thus to banter them, without reflecting on the Conſequences of it.

We had the Count of *S*——— with us; ſo that we were two Gentlemen againſt three. I will not accuſe ſo brave a People as the *Spaniards*, of deſiring to take Advantage of the Inequality of Numbers, or having deſignedly failed in Reſpect for my Siſter-in-law, whoſe Appearance alone was capable of inſpiring them with it. Nevertheleſs they were ſo offended at *Patrick*'s Words, that one of them alighting immediately, fiercely ordered the Coachman to ſtop; and the two others followed his Example. They honourably enough propoſed to my Brother to come out of the Coach. I oppoſed a Motion he made to ſatisfy them. How, ſaid I, do you forget your Promiſe, and can you be capable of any Violence under the Eyes of your Spouſe? He laboured to perſuade me to Silence by divers Winks and Signs; whilſt I, affecting not to hear him, he deſired me to explain what I meant by my Suſpicions. This Shift ſucceeded ill with him; my Lady and the Count apprehended all at once who were his Aggreſſors. They had not forgot what we had before told them. The Count, boiling with the ſame Fire as *Patrick*, reproached me for the Efforts I uſed to ſtop him, and ſaid to him, that

that it was not a Queſtion to be deliberated upon. But what gave me greater Aſtoniſhment, *Sarah*, the tender *Sarah*, accuſing me herſelf of ſtopping him unſeaſonably, added that it was not upon a Point of Honour that ſhe muſt oppoſe the Courage of her Huſband. I ſhould have ſuſpected her of ſome Impulſe of Revenge againſt the Agents of *Donna Figuerrez*, if the Knowledge I had of her Principles had not convinced me, that it was owing to a Greatneſs of Heart, and a Nobleneſs of Sentiments.

In the mean Time, as it was not upon Notions of this Nature that the Rules of my Morality were eſtabliſhed, having in vain endeavoured to ſtop the Count and *Patrick*, I turned my Repreſentations and Prayers to the three *Spaniſh* Gentlemen. They received them as a Banter, and when being provoked at their Anſwers, I did not ſpare to reproach them, that it was againſt all Sorts of Rights to take Advantage of their Numbers, one of them exhorted me laughing, to take a Sword and make the Party equal. I confeſs this was the ſingle Moment of my Life wherein Heat of Blood made me find too much Rigour in my Duty; and if Chance had thrown a Sword in my Way, perhaps I ſhould have given Way to the firſt Motion that poſſeſſed my Heart. I bitterly lamented that *Tenermill* was not at leaſt with us to aſſiſt his Brothers. But the three *Spaniards* ſoon made me recover from my Diffidence. Having conſulted together a Moment, they detached two of their Body to attack the Count and *Patrick*; and the third drew near the Coach to make an Apology to my Lady. She did not hearken to him; but trembling, notwithſtanding her Reſolution, ſhe advanced her Head out of the Boot with Looks ſo diſquieted and troubled, that her Life ſeemed to hang on the Fate of her Huſband. During this Time our Servants conſulted my Eyes, to throw themſelves at the leaſt Sign upon their Maſter's Enemies; but being under the Neceſſity of enduring an Evil that I had not in my Power to remedy, I took great Care to prevent the Action from turning to the

Diſhonour of my Brothers, by a Succour ſo unworthy of their Courage.

The Chance of Arms was favourable to them. *Patrick*, too well exerciſed in thoſe Sort of Combats, wounded his Adverſary dangerouſly. The Count diſarmed his. I already had exhorted my Lady to pour up her Thanks to Heaven, when the third *Spaniard* advancing towards *Patrick*, preſſed him to begin the Battle again with him. Indignation ſeized my Siſter-in-law; ſhe thought her Huſband had ſatisfied all the Laws of Honour; Ah; cried out ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to the Servants in our Train, will you ſuffer them to aſſaſſinate your Maſter twice? This fatal Order produced a terrible Effect. Our Servants, who were ten in Number, from a Deſire my Brother had, that his Wife ſhould appear in ſome Splendour at St. *Germain*, were *Iriſhmen*, whom we had brought over with us, or had hired in *France*. They were the more animated; for that at the very Moment they advanced to drive away the Enemies of *Patrick*, they ſaw him receive a ſlight Wound, from whence the Blood ſprang out. Then not giving any further Heed to the Commands of the Count or mine, they threw themſelves upon the three *Spaniards*, who only provoked them the more by making a Defence; and by the Odds they had of being on Horſeback, and armed with Piſtols, they in a Moment ſtretched them on the Duſt.

The Guard took to Flight. Our only Happineſs in ſuch a frightful Diſaſter was, that not being known, we might hope to get into a Place of Security, by marching off as ſpeedily as he. The Place we were in, being a croſs Road, favoured yet more this Hope. After ſome cutting Reproaches, which we all four laid on our cruel *Iriſhmen*, I recommended to them above all Things Silence, as a Precaution full as important to their Security as ours, and to conceal the better ſuch a horrible Adventure we drove through ſeveral Turnings and Windings to St. *Germain*.

The End of the Eleventh Book.

BOOK XII.

THUS the Demonſtrations of Joy and Gratitude, which we were carrying to the King for his Favours, were converted into Grief for our Misfortunes, and into urgent Supplications to obtain Pardon for our Servants, having firſt made a private Confeſſion to his Majeſty of their barbarous Zeal. He rejoiced to find that we flattered ourſelves in not being known by the Guard; but as he had an Intereſt in giving no Cauſe of Complaint to the Court of *Spain*, he immediately took a Reſolution, which we were far from expecting. You ſhall go for *Ireland*, ſaid he to *Patrick* and me; this is the only Way I have to hope, that you may not be ſoon diſcovered from the Marks given of you by the Guard, who muſt have had at leaſt the Time of obſerving you. I did not propoſe, added he, to make you ſo ſoon undertake this Voyage, though I have already prepared you for it by ſome Overtures, which have made you comprehend a Part of my Views; but the preſent Occaſion determines my Reſolution. He proceeded to tell us in what Particulars he thought us fit for his Service. My Brother having never carried Arms againſt King *William*, and the Perplexity, from whence he was delivered at *Dublin*, making him fully hope that he would be but little ſuſpected there, after the full Proofs he had given of his Innocence, the King's Intentions were, that he ſhould paſs ſome Months in *Dublin*, and ſhould conduct himſelf without ſhewing any open Affection to his Party. He would neither make him a Spy nor a Conſpirator: But in the new Meaſures he had taken for the following Campaign, too confidently

ly flattering himſelf with Succeſs, he thought to eſtabliſh at *Dublin* a Head over his faithful Subjects, who might unite them of a ſudden in that City, when the Advantages he promiſed himſelf by his Arms ſhould inſpire them with Courage to declare for him openly. He was ſure of having a great Number of Partizans, whoſe Zeal waited only to be animated by ſome lucky Event, and in a Town, whoſe Example, would become as it were a Law for the whole Kingdom, he wanted a Man, whoſe Merit and Birth would be capable of making an Impreſſion on their Minds. As to me; he hoped to draw the ſame Advantages from my Zeal in the Provinces. The Quality of Biſhop, added to the Weight of my Name, gave him Room to believe, that I ſhould eaſily gain the Confidence of the People, and that upon the leaſt Appearance of Succeſs to his Arms, I ſhould readily raiſe in his Favour all thoſe whom I ſhould have already gained to his Intereſt by my Exhortations. He ordered me to haſten the Ceremony of my Conſecration, and preſſing *Patrick* yet further to prepare for his Departure, he adviſed him not to put off till the Morrow what might be executed the ſame Day.

To the Commiſſion, with which he charged us, he added a Power to take up the Treaſure of my Lord *Linch*, and granted us Liberty to apply for his Service ſuch Sums in Specie, of which I had given him an Account from the Memorandum intruſted to me. His Cares extended to my Lady. Having congratulated her upon the Concluſion of her Marriage, he exhorted her to uſe the Credit ſhe had in the County of *Antrim* to reclaim that important Part of the Realm to his Obedience, and by the Reputation her Charms would give her in *Dublin* to ſecond the Zeal of her Huſband in that City. He engaged his Royal Word, that to recompenſe ſo great a Service, he would make her firſt Lady of Honour to the Queen after his Reſtoration, and that he would confirm my Brother in his two Poſts, of which he confeſſed the firſt was but an empty Title at St. *Germain*. As to the ſecond, it being

being properly in our Iſlands that the Importance of it conſiſted, he inveſted him with all the Power proper to facilitate the Execution of it.

Patrick and his Wife found nothing uneaſy in theſe Diſpoſitions, how remote ſo ever they were from their Expectations. If the Motives of Obedience and Zeal had not been ſufficient to prevail on them to embrace thoſe Commands with Joy, their private Affairs, requiring for ſome Time their Preſence in *Ireland*, they could not deſire a more glorious Opportunity to take Care of their own Concerns, than by ſatisfying their Duty. They readily accepted the Offer, without Excuſes or Delay. My Siſter-in-law, alarmed at the Reflexion the King had made upon our Adventure, was the firſt to wiſh that he would take the Road to *Dieppe* the Night following. They repoſed on me the Care of ſetting their Affairs in order in *France*, and to tranſport their Goods when I ſhould leave it to rejoin them.

The Excuſes of *Tenermill*, which I had not forgot to make to the King, were received by that Prince with Goodneſs enough; but they produced nothing elſe, that could make me diſcover what Degree of Favour he retained in his Mind. He ſhewed more Regard for the Count *De S*———, and ſpeaking to him of his Wife, as a Woman whoſe Merit he had known a long Time, he gave him to underſtand, that he had prepared for her Diſtinctions and Graces whenever ſhe ſhould appear at Court. A Witneſs to ſo many Favours would judge, that nothing was wanting to the Fortune of our Family; but I thought I had a Glimpſe, that in this Profuſion of Benefits *Tenermill* was neglected.

He made this Judgment of it himſelf, when paſſing through *Paris* with the Count, I informed him of the haſty Departure of his Brother, and the Commiſſion the King had charged him with. This Preference of his Brother to an Employment of ſuch Importance, and the Coldneſs with which the King anſwered me on his Account, which I could not conceal from him, made

made him carry his Suſpicions much further than I did. See the Price of my Services, ſaid he with a Reſentment, of which the half lay yet diſguiſed in his Heart; he puniſhes me with Hopes, which he gave me Room to conceive, and with Promiſes, which he has not thought ſeaſonable to fulfill. I was ignorant that he had talked in the ſame Manner in a thouſand Places of *Paris*, and that ſome Part of it had been carried to the King. The Anſwers, with which I laboured to conſole him, were drawn from the favourable Intentions of that Prince, who would reſerve for him without Doubt to another Time what the Circumſtances of Affairs would not yet permit him to grant. Can he complain, replied *Tenermill* boldly, that Opportunities have failed him, when he has of his own Accord torn two of them from me? Expreſſions ſo plain gave me too well to underſtand, that he had not looked upon the Marriage of *Patrick* with an Eye as undiſturbed as I fancied, and that he was not more conſoled in having miſſed the Opportunity of marrying *Donna Figuerrez*, whom he looked upon at leaſt as a Reſource. But what he added, made me judge, that the Sort of Forgetfulneſs with which he thought himſelf overlooked, whilſt the King employed his Brother with ſo much Confidence, had finiſhed the piercing him to the Heart. I did not expect, ſaid he, any other Explanation to declare to me my Diſgrace, and I will take Care how I appear at St. *Germain* to meet with a Repetition of it.

All the Reaſons, by which I endeavoured to make him take up other Notions of the King's Goodneſs, not having had the Power to reclaim him, I conjured him to give me Time at leaſt to dive into his proper Situation, and I offered him to employ to that Purpoſe, all the Ways he ſhould himſelf judge ſeaſonable to preſcribe me. But his Indignation ſeeming to redouble at this Propoſal; I? ſaid he, Shall I by a ſhameful Reſtleſneſs and ſervile Excuſes go and juſtify a Treatment that I never deſerved? This is a Scandal I never will expoſe myſelf to. His Pride thus com-

combating his Ambition, he ſeemed more to be pitied than he ever had been under the latter of theſe Paſſions; but I hoped much better from thence for the Time to come; becauſe the natural Effect of this Oppoſition muſt be to moderate them both.

Nevertheleſs, not doubting but that with thoſe Sentiments he would ſoon fall under Diſgrace with the King, if he had not done ſo already, as he fancied, I had the Curioſity to aſk him, by what other Views he hoped to ſupply the Loſs of his Fortune? By the Contempt of every Thing that bears that Name, ſaid he with a gloomy Air; and a Scheme of Life, by which I know how to render myſelf independent of the Court. Not being able to get out of him any other Explanation, I learned at the Count's Houſe, that during the few Days we had paſſed at *Saiſons*, he had gamed with ſo much good Succeſs, that at three Sittings he had won four hundred thouſand Livres at *Baſſet*. They added, that with great Prudence he had immediately placed it out at Intereſt, from thence to raiſe himſelf a Revenue, as a Proof againſt all Chances. If I lamented him for having tried thoſe Ways of Fortune ſo unworthy of him, I commended the Uſe he had made of the Favour of his good Luck. But I avoided ſpeaking to him of it, and far from believing him ſo ſowered againſt the Court as he had affected to appear, I did not at all doubt but that he would ſoon avail himſelf through the Advantages of Gaming to eſtabliſh himſelf by an advantageous Marriage, which would give a new Birth to all his Ambition. Theſe alſo were the Thoughts of the Count *De S*———, to whom he did not diſcover his good Fortune any more than he had done to me. In the mean Time, as if the Departure of his Brother, and the near Approach of mine had been the Time he waited for to execute his Reſolutions, he went to return Thanks to the King the Day following, and to ſurrender to him his Penſion and Regiment.

I was not informed of this ſtrange Step but by the King himſelf, when, being conſecrated in a private Chapel

Chapel without Noiſe, I returned to St. *Germain* to receive his Majeſty's laſt Orders before my Departure. Far from expecting ſuch bad News, I thought of nothing but diſcovering, whether the Sentiments of that Prince were ſo cold towards *Tenermill*, as I began to fear; and I had prepared in my Diſcourſe every Thing that I thought neceſſary to revive them. But if it were true, that the King had been ſo offended at his Complaints, as to diminiſh any Thing of the Affection with which he had honoured him, he had been much more ſenſibly moved, that an Officer of his Merit had forſaken his Service, at a Time when ſuch Sort of Loſſes were not eaſy to repair. Without ſtooping ſo as to let him perceive he was ſenſible of the Offence, he conducted himſelf in ſuch a Manner as ſtill to retain Hopes of gaining him over again, by accepting only the Half of what he came to ſurrender; and colouring with a good deal of Addreſs and Goodneſs the laying down of his Regiment, which ſurprized every Body in a Man of his Age; Although your Infirmities, ſaid the King, will not ſuffer you any longer to ſerve me, it would be unjuſt that your paſt Services ſhould remain unrewarded; I leave you your Penſion. *Tenermill*, notwithſtanding all his Reſentment, which would have carried him perhaps to have refuſed this Favour, durſt not violate ſo far the Reſpect he owed his Maſter, and, confounded at a Favour ſo little expected, he was obliged to ſhew his Gratitude by returning his Majeſty Thanks.

The King having given me this Account, carried the Confidence, with which he honoured me, ſo far as to aſk me familiarly, if I found any Juſtice in the Complaints of my Brother. I was too much overwhelmed with the Favours he had heaped on my whole Family, not to acknowledge all the Wrong *Tenermill* had done himſelf by an Exceſs of Pride; nevertheleſs, as much as it was poſſible to juſtify him from the mortal Grief he felt in the Loſs of ſo great Hopes, and by a Panegyrick on the Grandeur of his Soul

Soul and his Integrity, I laboured to make him appear leſs culpable. To give over Meaſure to ſo much Goodneſs, the King gave it me in Charge to bring down this fiery Spirit by all the Ways I could find from the Knowledge I had of his Character. It is not, added he, within the Compaſs of a Day that I expect you to bring about this Change. Go you for *Ireland*; your Services and thoſe of your other Brother will help me with a Pretext to awaken him to his Duty by new Favours.

Such powerful Motives made a lively Impreſſion on my Heart. I returned to *Paris*, and paſſed there a few Days more than I intended, with a Deſign to begin before my Departure to caſt into the Mind of *Tenermill* the firſt Seeds of Repentance, to which I did not deſpair of engaging him. I found him employed in preparing Furniture and every Thing elſe that might help to make a Houſe commodious and pleaſant. Having quitted the Service, and his Fortune being conſiderably augmented, it was natural for him to think of re-taking his Houſe, and endeavouring to make it agreeable. I did not carry my Views further. I was informed that he propoſed alſo to embelliſh our little Houſe at *Saiſons* by a Number of Ornaments. The Reliſh for Gardens and Buildings makes the common Amuſement of a rich and retired Man. I found nothing very unexpected in his Deſign, and on the contrary I commended him for turning his Inclinations towards ſuch innocent and plain Objects. But I did not hear without Amazement that *Donna Figuerrez* ſeemed to preſide for the moſt Part over thoſe Inclinations. It was added, that taking Advantage of the Abſence of the Count and Counteſs of *S*———, ſhe had oftentimes viſited *Tenermill* even in his Apartment, that ſhe had ſupped there alone with him; that their Entertainments always laſted very far in the Night; that ſhe kept up with him an Air of Familiarity, which preſumed the moſt intimate Acquaintance; in fine, that their Intereſts appeared to be ſo united, that they ſeemed to put

put no Difference between what was his or hers. *Donna Figuerrez* though far from being ſo rich as ſhe would one Day be by the Inheritance of her Uncle, enjoyed nevertheleſs an Eſtate conſiderable enough. She had noble Inclinations, and a liberal Humour. *Tenermill* being in that Particular not inferior to any Body, all the Projects they formed in Concert taſted of thoſe two predominant Qualities.

But the principal Humour of Eſtabliſhment that they intended had eſcaped the Eyes of thoſe who gave me this Notice. I did not penetrate it myſelf, or rather, my Suſpicions not turning on that Side, I did not ſeek to diſcover it. But in ſounding *Tenermill*, I found him ſo ſtrengthened in the Deſign of renouncing the Court, that I had no Hopes of making him eaſily enter into the King's Intentions. He told me himſelf, that he was clogged with the Penſion the King had forced him to keep, and that he conſidered it as the Remains of a Servitude, from which he grieved not to be entirely ſet free. If I had any Hopes left, it proceeded only from the main Bottom of his Character, which I did not think more eaſy to reform in an ambitious Man, than in a Slave to every other Paſſion: And I flattered myſelf, that if his Ambition could be brought to ſpring up anew, the Advantage of his Vexations would be to reduce it within juſt Bounds, in making him retrench what he had vicious in his Exceſſes.

My Departure was forwarded ſome Days by the Noiſe of Inquiries being made in the Courts of Law, who had taken Cognizance of our unhappy Rencounter. Although nothing had been made out by Informations, and that the Abſence of *Patrick*, who they might have believed had gone for *Ireland* the Day he quitted *Paris* for the Celebration of his Marriage, helped further to baniſh Suſpicions, yet my Figure was ſo remarkable, that I ran the Riſque every Moment to be known by the Guard. I even excuſed myſelf from returning to *Saiſons*, and taking Leave of the Count by Letter, I recommended to him to keep

keep ſome Weeks from appearing in *Paris* to give Time to this Storm to ſettle entirely. I made a proſperous Journey. All Hoſtilities having ceaſed during the Winter, I found my Paſſage open to *Dublin*. An antient Friend to our Houſe, to whom I addreſſed myſelf on my Arrival, ſhewed me a Letter from *Patrick*, who by a prudent Conduct thought proper to go firſt to the County of *Antrim* before he appeared in the Capital. He had writ to him from his Manſion-Houſe, that, as if diſcouraged by the Fatigue of his Journeys, he had at length choſe to fix himſelf in his own Country, and to make *Dublin* his conſtant Place of Reſidence. He requeſted him to provide a Houſe for him, ſuch as would anſwer the Deſign he had of appearing there in ſome Splendor; and telling him the Day he intended to come, he prayed him to inform himſelf of all Perſons who had any Acquaintance with our Family.

This generous Friend was named *Staberton*. Being as faithful to the King as to Friendſhip, it was not *Patrick*'s Buſineſs to conceal from him the Secret of his Commiſſion: On the contrary, he made Uſe of him as an Inſtrument to ſpread abroad Reports, which might make the Government countenance him, by ſeeing him appear freely without Diffidence or Suſpicion. I had much fewer Precautions to obſerve; becauſe not propoſing to ſee indifferently all my Acquaintance, the Obſcurity in which I was deſirous of executing the King's Orders, might keep me better concealed than my Brother. Beſides, my Deſign was to ſtay but little in one Place. I thought leſs of winning over Partizans for the King, than in making ſure thoſe who were faithful to him, and confirming them in their Loyalty. I muſt run over all the Counties of *Ireland*, take from one Town to another the Names of every zealous Jacobite, to whom I could open myſelf with Confidence, and keep an exact Account of every one, whoſe Service was to be depended upon as Occaſion offered. In looking thus more narrowly into my Engagements, I found, that Reli-

gion had a leſs Share in my Labours, than I had fancied; but my making myſelf uſeful in the Reſtoration of the King, was ſerving Religion indirectly.

I reſolved nevertheleſs to depend upon the Arrival of *Patrick*, for regulating my firſt Enterprizes in Concert with him. It was during this Interval that thinking before-hand of the Means to put ourſelves into Poſſeſſion of my Lord *Linch*'s Treaſure, Chance threw in my Way in the Houſe where I lodged one of his old Servants, who remembered to have ſeen me at his Caſtle. Although he had not been entruſted by him ſo far as to know the Spot in the Wood where the Treaſure was concealed, he was not ignorant nevertheleſs, that my Lord was the Truſtee of a vaſt deal of Wealth, and the Opinion of People of his Sort always enlarging Facts of this Nature, he fancied with the reſt of the Servants, that all the Gold and Silver in the Kingdom was in the Poſſeſſion of their Maſter. I was very cautious of diſcovering myſelf to him in the Abſence of my Brother; but thinking this Man uſeful to our Views, by the Knowledge he had of *Linch*'s Caſtle and the Places about it, I gained him over by ſome Liberalities that fixed him in my Intereſt. Having afterwards had a full Trial of him to build ſomething upon his Services, it came into my Mind to employ with him the Time that *Patrick*'s Delay gave me to viſit *Linch*'s Wood, to refreſh the confuſed Notions I yet had of his Cave. I took Care nevertheleſs not to give him the leaſt Hint of our Pretences or Deſigns; and in the Viſit I propoſed, I only intended to make Uſe of my own Eyes, without giving him even the Opportunity of remarking upon what Places I fixed my Looks.

We began our Journey together, under the ſimple Pretence of ſeeing once more a Caſtle, where I had loſt a Friend, whoſe Memory was very dear to me. Having no Reaſon to conceal my Route, I made an Amuſement of this Journey, and did not ſtop to obſerve by whom I was followed; which nevertheleſs I was by ſome Spies of the Government. Neither

the Precautions I had taken, nor the Reaſons we had of fearing nothing from the Jealouſies of the Viceroy prevented me on my Arrival at *Dublin* from being ſuſpected. He had appointed two Men to follow me from Place to Place, who never once loſt the Track of me, and had taken the Reſolution of travelling at my Heels, when they ſaw me get on Horſeback to leave *Dublin*. I had no Miſtruſt of this Convoy, and I arrived at *Linch*'s Caſtle without obſerving them.

The Care I took of lodging in an Inn apart from the Highway, and of avoiding to meet any Inhabitants of the Town, having increaſed the Suſpicion of my Guards, they did not loſe Sight of me a Moment; inſomuch that riſing one Morning very early, with a View of making a Viſit alone to the Wood, and of concealing myſelf even from the Man whom I had brought with me, I was nevertheleſs under their Inſpection without knowing it. The Confidence I had of having no Witneſſes, made me leſs cautious than I had propoſed. I not only knew the Places I had viſited with my Lord *Linch*, but removing the Earth that covered the Deſcent to the Cave, I went down as far as the Stone that ſerved as a Door to the Entrance, and I endeavoured to lift it with all my Strength; which not being enough for the Purpoſe, I began to ſettle every Thing in the ſame Condition I found it; when my two Spies who took a high Conceit of my Attempt, and without Doubt feared, that they ſhould not eaſily find again what took ſo much Pains to cover, advanced to me with a Cry that ſtruck ſome Terror into me. Without giving me Time to return from thence, they ſhewed me the Viceroy's Order for watching me, and putting all their Strength to lift up the Stone, they went down into the Cave, notwithſtanding the Darkneſs, which was capable of checking the Eagerneſs of People leſs greedy.

In my firſt Conſternation I thought of nothing but lifting up my Eyes and Hands to the Almighty, and putting under his Protection againſt the Prophanation of

of the wicked a Maſs of conſecrated Wealth, that ought not to be employed but in his Service. But when a Moment's Reflexion had given me Time to conſider of ſome Means to prevent the Pillage, which I immediately expected, the Sight of the Stone which was ſet upon an Edge near the Mouth of the Cave, and the turning over whereof was enough to ſhut up the Entrance entirely, inſpired me with a Deſign of employing ſuch an innocent Artifice againſt Force. The Warmth that animated me increaſed my natural Strength. I revenged Heaven with more Cruelty than I intended. My two Enemies continued buried in the Cave, and abſolutely to take away any Poſſibility of their getting out, before I had conſidered of ſome Way to ſave the Treaſure out of their Clutches, I covered the Stone not only with the Earth I had before removed from thence, but with every Thing I found near me proper to encreaſe the Weight. The Deſcent into the Cave being too narrow to admit of a Paſſage for two at once, I was ſatisfied that the Efforts of one alone would never be ſufficient to diſengage them.

My firſt Thoughts nevertheleſs were not to leave them there long enough to die for Want of Food. I immediately returned to *Dublin*, with a Reſolution of diſcovering myſelf to ſome of our moſt truſty Friends. It did not ſeem impoſſible with their Aſſiſtance to ſecure the two Spies till the Arrival of *Patrick*, and even to convey all the Riches out of the Cave into ſome Place where Avarice could have no Acceſs to it. *Staberton*, whom I firſt informed of my Adventure, immediately gave Notice of it to four of his beſt Friends, for whoſe Zeal and Fidelity he engaged. I came to *Dublin* with ſo much Expedition, that I made my Journey in one Day, and I took up no longer Time on my Return. A Body of eight or ten Gentlemen, tho' ſeparated in many Parties, being capable of giving ſome Alarm in my Lord *Linch*'s Territories, we took Care to arrive there at Night, and without ſtopping at the Inn where I alighted before,

fore, and we went directly to the Wood, in which the Treasure was concealed.

Among many Precautions I took that of providing every Thing to assist us in the Dark. The Uneasiness I was under for the Life of my two Spies made me hasten *Staberton* to lift up the Stone that covered the Cave. I had but a bad Omen of their Safety, when they did not appear at the Entrance. We found them indeed motionless at the Bottom of the Cave, and all our Endeavours were useless to bring them back to Life. My Heart was pierced with Grief, and notwithstanding the Integrity of my Intentions, I thought myself guilty enough of their Death to suspend for some Time all the Functions of my Ministry. Nevertheless my Associates found nothing but a Subject for Joy in this unfortunate Event, and confessing that upon my Recital their Design had been to rid themselves of these miserable Wretches, they thanked Heaven for having spared them a Violence, which they had thought necessary for their Safety.

The Death of the only two Witnesses, from whom we had Reason to fear Treachery, gave us more Time and Liberty than I durst have hoped for to remove a great many large Caskets, which had been difficult to carry away without Carrs. *Staberton* was of Opinion we should turn over that Care to Times less dangerous. But the meeting of so many honest Gentlemen seemed to me to be an Opportunity difficult to recover. I proposed to disperse ourselves about the neighbouring Villages, from whence we might easily meet at the Wood every Night. Each of us successively might take the Charge of hiring one Carr in the Village where he was retired to, and to bring it in the Morning at some Distance from the Wood. We might draw the Caskets out of the Cave without other Aid than our own Hands, and carry them to each Carr, and persuade the Carman they came from the neighbouring Castle. Two Gentlemen were sufficient to conduct them also one after another to Places of Security. My Friends came into my Opinion, that they

ſhould be depoſited in different Houſes, and in theſe Times, when Zeal had ſtrictly united the King's faithful Subjects together, it would not be difficult to find inviolable Privacies for what was intended for his Service.

This Scheme ſucceeded ſo luckily, that without meeting the leaſt Obſtacle during eight Days, I was at length Maſter of all the Riches of the Cave. The Sums in Specie, which the King had commiſſioned us to employ in the Execution of his Orders, were tranſported to *Dublin*. *Staberton*, who had already provided a Houſe for *Patrick*, depoſited them there himſelf in a Cloſet, of which he kept the Key. I obſerved to him that after my Misfortune of falling under the Miſtruſt of the Viceroy, there was no Doubt but *Patrick* was watched in his Turn. He came into my Opinion; but nevertheleſs, the Reſolution my Brother in Appearance had taken of ſettling in *Ireland*, beſides his having all his Eſtate there, the little Noiſe he had made at the Court of St. *Germain*, notwithſtanding all the Favours the King had heaped on him, becauſe having been ſecretly enough ſent to *Spain*, during all the Time he had not been employed on his private Affairs, he had ſcarce appeared four Times in the Preſence of that Prince; in fine, the Sweetneſs and Agreeableneſs of his Humour, which might make him be thought cut out rather for Pleaſures than toilſome Enterprizes; all theſe Reaſons, that had been already weighed in *France* by the King and *Patrick* himſelf, made us hope that he would be leſs ſubject to Suſpicion than I. In Reality, arriving a few Days after, he waited on the Viceroy, and all other Perſons of Rank in *Dublin* with ſo free an Air, that they there looked on his Return as the Effect of a prudent Reſolution, which made him prefer the Enjoyment of his Eſtate in his own Country, to the barren Honour of ſerving a dethroned King. The Splendor with which he furniſhed and adorned his Houſe made them further judge, that he had no politick Deſigns in View; becauſe the Application they ſaw him make of his Wealth

Wealth this Way did not leave them Room to ſuppoſe he had much remaining for other Uſes.

It is not my Deſign to enter into a Detail of the Services he did the King during the reſt of the Winter, and to the End of the following Campaign. Having ſpent ſome Days in regulating with him ſuch Parts of our Enterprize, as were in common between us, I thought of nothing but ſtealing as privately out of *Dublin*, as I had lived there ſince the Removal of the Treaſure; and I had the Precaution, in order to leave nothing to Chance, to take with me my Lord *Lynch*'s Servant, whoſe Indiſcretion I feared during my Abſence. We made the Tour of one Part of *Ireland*, and had the Satisfaction of finding there an infinite Number of loyal Subjects, who panted after the King's Reſtoration. My Employment in every Town, and even in the meaneſt Villages, when I applied to any one whoſe Mind and Behaviour inſpired me with Confidence, was not only to inform myſelf what Aſſiſtance was to be expected from the Place, in the Cauſe we had to defend, but to take down in Writing under fictitious Names, in Aid of my Curioſity, and the Weakneſs of my Memory, the Age, Qualities, Degree of Zeal, and the Names of the principal Inhabitants, whoſe Fidelity I had gained Aſſurance of. I did not heſitate to aſſemble them together, when I thought I could do it without Danger. I laid before them the King's Hopes, and the Advantage they might be to his Service. I made no Diſtinction in my Exhortations between the Intereſts of the Catholick Religion, and that of the Prince, who was the Defender of it. My Zeal did not draw upon me, any miſchievous Incidents, and theſe who recommended me to their Correſpondents from Town to Town, were not deceived in the Opinion they had of their Fidelity. Nevertheleſs, a Miſtake, with which I can reproach no Body, expoſed me to a more dangerous Accident, than I had to fear in the Execution of my whole Commiſſion.

I left *T*——— in order to go to *V*——— charged with many Letters of Credence to procure me in that Capital of the Province of——— the ſame Security and Reception I had met with in the precedent Places: Such of my Letters, as I thought neceſſary to make Uſe of, being addreſſed to a Catholick Merchant of the Town, whoſe Riches and Credit were celebrated through the whole Province, I ſhewed to the firſt Perſon I met, in Order that he might direct me the Way to Mr. *Filtely*'s, which was the Merchant's Name; but there was in that Town a Councellor of the ſame Name, as oppoſite to the King's Intereſt, as to the Catholick Religion, as the other was attached to both; a Man, moreover, extremely hurried away by his Opinions, and capable of the greateſt Exceſs, to make the beſt of his Principles. Heaven, who was pleaſed to raiſe ſuch Opportunities for my labouring in its Glory, as I did not conceive conformable enough to my Zeal, permitted my Guide to conduct me to *Filtely* the Conſellor, inſtead of *Filtely* the Merchant. Having no Suſpicion, I preſented my Letter to him, who, far from informing me of the Miſtake after he had read it, pretended to treat me with all the Reſpect and Friendſhip, that I had been accuſtomed to receive from the Catholicks. But he had ſcarce ſhewed me the Way into an Apartment, which he preſſed me to enter, to recover myſelf from the Fatigue of my Journey, than, not being longer able to moderate his Hatred againſt an Emiſſary of the Church of *Rome* and St. *Germain*, he declared to me, that I was fallen into the Hands of my Enemies, and that inſtead of a good Reception, I had nothing to expect but Puniſhment. But this ſhall not be, added he, till you have made a Confeſſion of your Deſigns, which without Doubt are intended both againſt my Religion and Country. He did not give me Time to get out of my Amazement to anſwer him. Having locked the Door on me with great Care, and leaving me under the Guard of his Servants, he went abroad himſelf in Order to prepare to have me carried before a Magiſtrate.

ſtrate, Whatever Obſcurity appeared to me to be in this Event, I could no longer doubt but I was betrayed. The important Memoradums I had about me were the Subjects of my firſt Fears. Notwithſtanding the Pains I had taken to diſguiſe the Names, a hundred Methods might be found out to diſcover them, by the Facility they had of going after me on the Track, and comparing from Town to Town the Circumſtances of Times and Places with my Obſervations. The Danger of my Life alarming me much leſs than this Thought, I reſolved to take Advantage of all Sorts of Riſques in that Moment of my being alone, and of the Liberty he left me of ſecuring ſo many precious Intereſts. I had luckily about me the moſt important of my Papers. I had reſolved to ſwallow them in Bits, when caſting my Eyes round on every Side of the Chamber, I diſcovered a private Door, which did not ſeem thick enough to reſiſt my Efforts. I opened it as eaſily as I hoped; but finding only a Ladder faſtened at the Foot, I was afraid of rendering my Flight more difficult by mounting to the Summit of the Houſe, which was the only Way it led to; but as no other Remedy offered I followed this feeble Ray of Hope.

The Ladder led me indeed to the Roof of the Houſe, where the Difficulty of eſcaping ſeemed much to increaſe. But nothing appearing to me ſo terrible as to return back, I abandoned the Care of my Life to Providence, and expoſed myſelf to the Danger of falling a thouſand Times from ſo high a Place, by deſiring to get to the neighbouring Houſe by the Communication of Roofs. A Reſolution ſo hardy baniſhing from me all Fear, which might have ſtaggered me by looking long on the Danger, I not only gained the neighbouring Roof, but, becoming raſh by my Succeſs, I ventured to go further, thinking only that I could not get far enough from the Counſellor's Houſe. It was Heaven itſelf that inſpired me, as it was Heaven that without Doubt watched over the Preſervation of my Life in ſo ſtrange an Enterprize. I got alſo by a Way

I never could be ſuſpected to have choſen, upon the third Roof, from whence the Deſcent ſeemed ſo eaſy to a Garret Window, that I did not ſcruple to ſtop at this Point. I got without Difficulty into the Garret, and finding no Body in it, I immediately thanked Heaven for having afforded me ſo viſible a Protection.

Having rejoiced nevertheleſs for eſcaping ſo many Dangers, I did not know whether I ought not to tremble yet at thoſe that were to come. The Garret Door was open, and I could not in the leaſt heſitate in following the Stairs that led me down. But where would they lead me, and into what Hands was I going to fall? I went down by Chance, and had ſcarce taken four Steps, when I met a Woman diſſolved in Tears, and ſo filled with the Subject of her Grief, that without appearing to be ſtruck at my Sight, ſhe went into a Room at the Foot of the Stairs. Diſtracted and afflicted as ſhe was, I thought her from that Cauſe more proper to receive me without Diſtruſt or Fear. I appeared before the Door, and ſeeing her all in Tears, I turned my Words in a Manner capable of moving her in my Favour, by the Reſemblance that my Misfortunes bore to her.

She began to look on me more attentively, and her Tears ſeemed to ſtop by the Impreſſion my Preſence made on her, when a ſudden Noiſe giving her freſh Alarms, ſhe left me without ſpeaking one Word, and without ſeeming even embarraſſed at my ſtaying in the Chamber after her. I made no Haſte to follow her, but reflecting on ſo whimſical an Adventure, I caſt my Eyes upon ſome Letters which lay ſcattered upon a Table, and was ſurprized beyond all Expreſſion, to find them in the Hand-writing of my Lord *Tenermill*.

What Enchantment! ſaid I to myſelf, and who will aid me to comprehend an Adventure ſo extraordinary? I did not think myſelf bound by the ordinary Duties of good Manners and Diſcretion, in Circumſtances of this Nature, and eſpecially in regard to Letters. I laid

laid hold of ſome of them, which I read over haſtily, and my Aſtoniſhment much increaſed in finding them all to be Letters of Love; they were without Direction and without Date. Whatever Difficulty I might find in this Myſtery, I loſt half my Fears as to my own Security, and I thought my Danger at an End in a Houſe, where my Brother was known. My Boldneſs increaſed even ſo far as to make me find no Difficulty in looking after the Lady who had juſt eſcaped me. Whether Love had a Part in her Tears, or whether they proceeded from ſome more violent Paſſion, I fancied ſhe would find a Pleaſure in knowing me, and explaining to me the Cauſe of her Troubles.

Building upon this Notion, I went down to the firſt Door I found open, and did not ſcruple to go in. The Sight of me could not ſtrike ſo ſharply the Perſon who looked on me, as I was moved in knowing *Angleſey*; and the furious Air, in which I ſaw him, adding a quick Fear to my Surprize, I remained for ſome Moments without the Power of advancing a Step further. Recovering however ſoon, he had not the ſame Perplexity in taking immediately his Reſolution. Ah! is it you, ſaid he, fetching his Breath, as if even his Aſtoniſhment had given him ſome Relief. Come near, come near, ſaid he, you can help without Doubt to clear up a Secret, that touches you as near as it does me. I had not known the younger of his two Siſters as eaſily as I had him. She ſtood nevertheleſs oppoſite to him, in ſo mortified a Poſture, that I eaſily remarked ſhe was the Cauſe of his Troubles, and that ſhe thought herſelf perhaps threatened with ſome Effects of his Fury. The Woman, whom I met on the Stairs, was her Chamber-Maid, who continued to teſtify by her Tears, that ſhe apprehended ſomething terrible for her Miſtreſs and herſelf.

Encouraged at length by the Invitation of *Angleſey*, I came up to him. Without loſing any Thing of his Warmth he told me, that *Tenermill* being recon-

ciled to him after his laſt Journey to *Ireland*, ſeemed to have a particular Fondneſs for his Siſter. Though this Inclination, added he, agreed ill with his Pretenſions to *Sarah Fincer*, whoſe Hand he had confeſſed to me he had the Hopes of obtaining, yet I was not ſurprized, that an Officer, fatigued with his military Expeditions, ſhould ſeek ſometimes for Amuſement in the Company of an amiable young Lady. His Quarters not being far diſtant from my Houſe, I freely ſuffered him to come privately, and paſs with us ſome Intervals of Repoſe, which he could ſpare from his Duty. He went away at the End of the Campaign, and I thought his Amours finiſhed, when his Reſidence in *Ireland* was ſo.

In the mean Time, added *Angleſey*, having obſerved after his Departure, that this virtuous Lady ſhewed extraordinary Uneaſineſs, I was ſurprized one Morning to find ſhe diſappeared in the Night, without any other Company than her Chamber-maid; and not having given any Notice of her Deſign, I imagined all at once, that her Enterprize was not a Matter of Prudence. I in vain went in Search of her for many Days; at length I diſcovered here her Retreat, though this Town be twenty Leagues from my Houſe, and immediately following her, I ſurprized her To-day in the Place you ſee her. She has hired this Houſe for ſix Months. It is only by Force of Menaces that I have got out of her a Confeſſion of her Shame. She baſely abandoned herſelf to your Brother, who has forſaken her, with the Fruits of his perfidious Amours. It belongs to you, added he, whom I find in this Place, without diſcovering what brought you here, to decide her Fate: For ſhe ſhall periſh this Day by my Hands, if you inform me that my Lord *Tenermill* has no Thoughts of marrying her.

I have preſſed her to declare, ſtill proceeded he, if ſhe were ſeduced under the Shadow at leaſt of ſome Promiſes. She ſpeaks to me of his Letters, which I will read in your Preſence. Where are they? Interrupted he himſelf, luoking furiouſly on the Chamber-

ber-maid. This Wench, who had gone up only to bring them, and who upon hearing the Noiſe increaſe had as ſoon come down, being fearful leſt he ſhould be tranſported to ſome Exceſs againſt her Miſtreſs, went off immediately for them.

During this Time, from every Thing I had heard I was at ſuch a Stand, that not daring to venture even at the leaſt Anſwer, I waited with great Impatience till the Letters were produced. Such as I had read were only common Proteſtations of Love, in which I obſerved no Propoſal of Marriage. Moreover I had a thorough Knowledge of *Tenermill*. If he were capable of having looked on the debauching of a young Lady as a Joke, he was not a Man that would deceive her by falſe Promiſes; and with the Hopes he had moreover to marry *Sarah Fincer*, I could not be perſuaded that he had made *Angleſey*'s Siſter any other Promiſes than thoſe of Love, of which ſhe herſelf ought to have diſcovered the Illuſion. The Reading of the Letters, which was not deferred a Moment, confirmed me in this Notion. Nevertheleſs not believing from thence that my Brother was leſs obliged to repair the Honour of a young Lady of Quality, whoſe Ruin he had to reproach himſelf with, I made no Difficulty of agreeing, that I looked on this Obligation as an indiſpenſible Duty, and of promiſing that I would preſs him to comply with it. Theſe Words, and the Exhortations I added to them to inſpire *Angleſey* with more Gentleneſs, reſtored him a little to a Calmneſs of Mind, and his Siſter got up from his Feet to caſt herſelf at mine with Tranſports of Joy and Gratitude.

The Reliance he had on my Promiſe reſtored him ſo far to Tranquillity, as to enquire what ſtrange Chance had brought me to *V*———, and into the Houſe of his Siſter. I had not ſo much Difficulty to inform him of the Truth of my Adventure, as he had to believe it ſeriouſly. However having conſidered with me what might be the Conſequences of it, he agreed, that they were dangerous enough to

have inſpired me with all the Fear that had induced me to ſuch extraordinary Reſolutions. Without making a Profeſſion of an open Adherence to the King's Party, he deſired his Reſtoration enough, ſo as when he favoured his Intereſt, it was not acting againſt his Inclination; and the Service he expected from me engaged him moreover not to refuſe me his Aſſiſtance. He propoſed himſelf to take his Coach and carry me out of the Way, without being taken Notice of. I ſhould have little regretted my Horſe and Luggage, which I was obliged to leave behind me; but *Angleſey* gave me yet Room to hope, that by redemanding them himſelf of the Counſellor, he might have them delivered to him with ſo much the more Eaſe, as I had aſſured him I had left nothing in my Valiſe that could betray the Secret of my Commiſſion. Being a Native of *Ireland*, my Zeal for the Catholicks of that Country, and even my Quality of Biſhop, which were the only Diſcoveries the Counſellor could make by my Letter, did not expoſe me at all to the Rigour of many new Laws, which related only to foreign Miſſionaries. My Gratitude for the Aſſiſtance of *Angleſey* offered me with ſo good a Grace, inſpired me with the Means of rendering to his Siſter that Service, which agreed beſt with her Situation. As there was little Appearance, that after having been ſo unluckily diſcovered, I could much longer execute my Commiſſion without falling at leaſt into ſome new Snare, which might be as prejudicial to the King's Cauſe, as to the Safety of my own Life, I propoſed to return to *Dublin* the ſhorteſt Way, and to wait there privately the King's Orders, to whom I would give an Account of the Truth of my Adventure. Under the Hope I am, ſaid I to *Angleſey*, of engaging *Tenermill* to act, as becomes him, to your Siſter, I believe I may offer you for her a private Retreat in *Patrick*'s Houſe, who is come a little while paſt to ſettle in *Ireland*. If you lend me your Coach, I will take Charge of her to *Dublin*, and I do not deſpair even of carrying her to *France*, as ſoon as I have

have prepoſſeſſed *Tenermill* of the Obligation he lies under to repair his Fault. He embraced me with great Gratitude; and his Siſter yet further moved than he by my Offers, did not forbear to ſhew me hers, by the moſt affectionate Acknowledgments.

Having with me *Jacin* and the old Servant of my Lord *Linch*, I had been lucky enough to ſend them to an Inn before I went to the Counſellor's; and this was a Cuſtom I followed in all my Journies, that I might not be troubleſome to thoſe who entertained me. It was eaſy to give them both Notice to go out of the Town, and wait for me on the Road I was to take. I went immediately into *Angleſey*'s Coach, with his Siſter and Chamber-maid, being perſuaded, that if the Counſellor ſhould ſearch for me, he would make his Enquiries among Catholick Houſes of the Town, or at leaſt in any other Place than on the high Road to *Dublin*. I made all the Haſte could be expected from the Carriage I was in; and *Patrick*, was under an extreme Surprize to ſee me return ſo ſoon to his Houſe, contrary to his Expectations and mine.

I found him ſo well eſtabliſhed in the Minds of the People, and already ſo much conſidered by the Vice-roy and all the Nobility, that as to the Deſigns the King had communicated to me, it appeared demonſtrable, that his Majeſty could not have made a better Choice. But I had not perceived in my Journey, that the Number of his Partizans was ſo conſiderable as he had fancied at St. *Germain*, nor that they were filled with that Ardour, on which he relied ſo much for the next Campaign. I made this Obſervation to *Patrick*, who had already remarked the ſame Thing in *Dublin*. If King *James* had a Number of Subjects well intentioned enough to wiſh ardently for his Return, he had but few whoſe Zeal was capable of making them expoſe their Lives or Fortunes in his Quarrel. On the contrary, having nothing more dear and precious to deſire than the Conſervation and Security of thoſe two Advantages, they ſeemed to be much better aſſured of them under the new Go-

vernment; and the Intereſt of Religion being then the only Conſideration capable of warming them, even this Motive could not inſpire them with all the Spirit the King deſired, as long at leaſt as the Prince of *Orange* ſhewed himſelf diſpoſed not to diſturb them in their Worſhip. The Fear of giving Offence at the Court of St. *Germain* by ſuch free Accounts, did not hinder me from communicating all my Obſervations to the King. He did not ſhew that my Sincerity had at all offended him; but without giving me an Anſwer to the Particulars of my Reflexions, he gave me Orders immediately to return to *France*, under this Pretence alone, for that my Enterprize having been ſo unluckily diſturbed, he could not doubt, but that the Government had been well informed of it, and that my Reſidence in *Ireland* might bring ſome Prejudice to my Brother's Commiſſion.

With whatever Devotion I was reſolved to ſacrifice myſelf to the Intereſts of my Religion and King, I found nothing irkſome to me in this Change. My Zeal could not want an Object in *France*. The more I reflected on the Misfortune of Mademoiſelle *Angleſey*, the more my Inclination increaſed to ſerve her with *Tenermill*. Notwithſtanding all the Hopes he had from his Endeavours and Underſtanding, I ſaw him the only one of my Family who yet wanted an Eſtabliſhment; for I would not willingly give that Name to an Income he had made by Gaming. The ſame Chance to which he owed a Fortune ſo unworthy of us, might not it deprive him of it by the ſame Ways? In Truth, ſhe could not be a Match very advantageous for him, being the younger Siſter of a Family leſs rich than noble, who could bring him only Hopes at a great Diſtance. But beſides the Obligation of Honour, with which I did not think he could eaſily diſpenſe, I much flattered myſelf that by making the Marriage agreeable to the King, I could engage his Majeſty to reſume all the Views he formerly had for the Advancement of my Brother.

Without

Without being in a Condition to enrich his Servants, he had a thouſand Ways to employ them in a Manner advantageous for their Fortunes. Witneſs the Example of *Patrick*; and I did not doubt but the Deſire of attaching to him all the Houſe of *Angleſey* would induce him, as much as his Inclination for ours, to ſignalize his Bounty by new Favours.

In the mean Time, other Reflexions made me change the Thoughts I had taken up of prepoſſeſſing *Tenermill* with my Deſigns. Although I did not think him capable of diſowning his Engagements with Mademoiſelle *Angleſey*, I imagined nevertheleſs that having never propoſed any Thing by it but an Amuſement, he would immediately reject a Marriage, that he muſt look upon as an Obſtacle to all his Pretenſions; and his Refuſal of it once during his Abſence, would perhaps oblige Mademoiſelle *Angleſey* to remain in *Ireland*. Inſtead of which, her paſſing into *France* in my Company, without giving him any Notice of it, and ſurprizing him in ſome Sort before he had Time to think of defending himſelf, ſhe might hope, that her Preſence and Tears might ſoften a Heart, which had made no Preparations for Reſiſtance. We went off together, having firſt imparted our Views to her Brother. He propoſed to go with us; but I was afraid of too ſharp Expoſtulations, and too violent Inſtances from a Man ſo firey, who would have the Honour of his Family to ſupport; and I conjured him to repoſe his Intereſts upon the Integrity of my Intentions.

To return to St. *Germain* with ſome agreeable Fruits of my Journey, it would have been neceſſary to have found Means of tranſporting there a Part of *Linch*'s Treaſure; but this would have been riſquing too much, at a Time that the Approach of a bloody Campaign made the Government redouble their Vigilance in all the Ports. We had Difficulty enough to eſcape ourſelves, without giving any other Cauſe of Suſpicion, that might be prejudicial to my Brother. Heaven took Care to conduct us through a thouſand

thouſand Dangers, and not being able to gain *France* but by making many long Circuits, our Delay made my Friends, who had been advertized of my Departure, fear, that ſome very unlucky Accident had happened to me on the Road. As an Addition to my Embarraſſment, Mademoiſelle *Angleſey*, who was far advanced in her Pregnancy, was ſurprized with her firſt Pains in *Flanders*; for it was by that Way I was forced to return, and the indiſpenſible Care I had for her retarded our Arrival ſix Weeks more.

I give the Name of Embarraſſment to this laſt unſeaſonable Accident; becauſe I could not look upon it but as a Subject of Vexation. Notwithſtanding the Ardour with which I had embraced the Intereſt of Mademoiſelle *Angleſey*, and even the Perſuaſion that induced me to make it an indiſpenſible Duty, I was ſometimes ſcared by the Indecency of being ſeen with her in her Situation, and I apprehended, that ſhe would be looked upon in the ſame ridiculous Light as I. What Appearance was there of preſenting her in this Condition, whether at Court, where I could willingly have fortified her Pretenſions by the King's Authority, or whether to *Tenermill* himſelf, who not having yet heard any Thing of the Conſequences of his Amour, might be rather diſguſted than ſoftened by ſuch a Sight? Not that Mademoiſelle *Angleſey* wanted any of thoſe Allurements, that are natural to her Sex. I have already made an Encomium on her Charms; and the Opportunity I had of diving into her Character, gave me Room to diſcover in it Merit enough to make Amends for a tranſient Slip, which did not leſſen her natural Principles of Modeſty and Virtue. But I was delighted to ſee her after Lying-in reſume that Air of Decorum ſuitable to a young Lady, and which I thought had been extremely impaired by her big Belly.

The End of my Journey inſpiring me thus with more Hope and Joy, than I had felt ſince my Departure, I communicated ſuch Thoughts to her; by tracing over before-hand the Plan I had formed for haſtening

haſtening her Marriage. *Tenermill*, ſaid I, ſhall have no Notice of our Arrival but by our Viſit. I will prepoſſeſs the King with your Adventure, and will intereſt his Religion and Goodneſs to afford you his Protection. Of the many Friends I know my Brother has, I will intreat ſuch, whoſe Weight is capable of making an Impreſſion on his Mind, to be with him the Moment of our Viſit, to back your Prayers by their Sollicitations and Advice. I will procure an Officer of the King's to go with us, whom I will entreat his Majeſty to charge with his Recommendation, or even Commands, if it be poſſible to obtain them; and I doubt not, but by this Mixture of Supplications, Advices and Authority, we ſhall in an Inſtant force our Way through all Obſtacles, that *Tenermill* can poſſibly think to oppoſe to us.

I ſaid nothing to her but what I was perſuaded of myſelf. In an Affair of this Nature, wherein Humanity and Religion make the Foundation of our Rights, I could not imagine that the Principles of many of my Brother's Friends, who were known for Men of Honour, were different from mine; and I already had caſt my Eyes upon thoſe whom I thought moſt proper to do us the Service I expected from them. Being arrived at *Paris*, I thought it ſeaſonable to prepoſſeſs ſome of them with this Buſineſs before I went to St. *Germain*. But having began with him, upon whom I relied the moſt, how great was my Aſtoniſhment to ſee him reſiſt all my Propoſals? He was an old General Officer, who had paſſed through all the military Preferments, and who had in the World the Reputation of being irreproachable in his Honour. Having heard me with great Attention; was this Debauching, aſked he, ſupported by any Promiſes? I anſwered, that Mademoiſelle *Angleſey* did not lay a Streſs upon any. Ah! replied he laughing, who has not had in the Courſe of his Life twenty Adventures of this Sort? Honour does not oblige one to obſerve what one does not promiſe. Women would be too happy, if by forgetting their

their Duty, they could acquire a Right over our Liberty and Fortune. Ah! Where is the Man of Gallantry, that would not be expoſed to ruin himſelf by a miſchievous Marriage? No, no, added he, I ſhall never adviſe your Brother to make good a ſimple Piece of Gallantry by the Sacrifice of his Fortune, and perhaps his Happineſs.

So formal a Refuſal taking from me all Hopes on that Side, I was vexed for having addreſſed myſelf to a military Man, whom I ought to ſuppoſe much leſs knowing in certain Duties, or more indulgent than others to this Sort of Diſorder, which the World honours with the Name of Gallantry. I knew *Tenermill* had another Friend, whoſe Sentiments I hoped would better correſpond with my Expectations. This was a Financier, extremely rich, but one whoſe Riches did not take from him the Name of an honeſt, nor even of a good natured and generous Man. I laid the Fact before him, and intreated him, as I did the other, to join with me to prevail over the Mind of *Tenermill*. He looked on me with a nice and ſenſual Air; I am not at all ſurprized, ſaid he, that an Eccleſiaſtick of your Age and Piety, ſhould refer every Thing to the ſevere Maxims of the Goſpel; but it would be hard to expect ſo much Strictneſs from Lay-men, ſuch as we are. You do not conſider well to what you would reduce us, if you would oblige us to marry a Woman, becauſe we have taken for her a ſlight and tranſient Inclination. Ah! what Advantage would it be to us, that Nature has made ſo great a Number of them? She was willing to afford us the Means of making Trials to chuſe the better. Moreover, added he, in a ſerious Tone, I think we ought always to make a juſt Diſtinction between Objects of Pleaſure, and thoſe of Duty. If my Lord *Tenermill* had found in the Choice you propoſe to him, every Thing ſuitable to his Fortune and Happineſs, and that by a Forgetfulneſs of his Intereſts he was ſtiff and obſtinate in rejecting it, I ſhould undertake perhaps to make him open his

Eyes

Eyes upon what he owed to himſelf. But as this cannot be ſuppoſed to be the Caſe without a Contradiction, I will not endeavour to incline him to a Marriage, from which on the contrary his Refuſal or Coldneſs ſhould make me judge that he has few Advantages to gather.

Such plain Language perſuaded me that my Applications were yet but indifferent. I called to Mind the Judgment the Goſpel gives of the rich Men of the World, and I was much leſs ſurprized to find this Oppoſition to theſe Maxims in him whom I had conſulted, than to have forgot myſelf, how uncommon it is for the Spirit of Religion to agree with Riches. But as thoſe two Errors I had ſucceſſively fallen into, were no Reaſons for making me give over my Project, I recollected the Name of a third Friend of *Tenermill*, whoſe rigorous Probity I had heard himſelf boaſt of. Such ought to be the Lot of all of his Profeſſion; for he was a Man of the Robe of a diſtinguiſhed Character. I had greater Hopes of Succeſs in applying to him, which his Gravity in hearing me yet further increaſed. When I had ended, he pauſed for ſome Moments, as if he had conſidered the Caſe in all its Circumſtances. At length he aſked me, if there had been a formal Contract under my Brother's Hand. Having anſwered him, that there was not, but that it was no leſs true.—He interrupted me in haſte. Have you any Thing to found a Proof on by writing. No, ſaid I again, and the Damſel confeſſes herſelf, that ſhe has nothing but ſome tender Letters to build upon in her Favour. Ah! replied he, without ſeeming attentive to the Impreſſion his Anſwer would make on me, caſt away your Fears, that ſhe can ever force my Lord to marry her; and take you Care how you adviſe your Brother to a Match, which can never be of any Advantage to him. In the Rigour of the Law, he was acquitted for ſome Damages, which will bear a leſs Proportion to the Birth of your *Iriſh* Lady, than to her Weakneſs in forgetting her Duty.

My

My Aſtoniſhment was ſo great after this third Deciſion, that having neither Power nor Will to reply, I choſe to retire without ſpeaking one Word. What ſtrange Conſent and Agreement, ſaid I to myſelf, in all Ranks and Conditions of Men, to wound openly the moſt ſacred Law of Nature and Religion? How? Muſt there be Promiſes to a Woman, muſt they be in Writing, to oblige a Man to marry her after having drawn her into a Precipice, from whence ſhe cannot poſſibly diſengage herſelf but by Marriage? Do not then the very Attempts to debauch her amount to ſo many Promiſes, and is not the Meaning of them clear and manifeſt to both Sexes? The Weakneſs of a Woman in ſurrendering, and the Pleaſure a Man finds in vanquiſhing, are not they in a Manner the Seal that ought to confirm them? Is it before the Eyes of Men, that Proofs muſt be here produced, and muſt the Principles of Fidelity and good Faith depend on their Opinions? But I came to myſelf by thinking, that a grave Magiſtrate might fail in his Attention to the plain Duties of Morality, from an Exceſs of Attachment to the Objects of his Profeſſion. It is the Fault of the greateſt Part of Men to refer every Thing to the Knowledge of thoſe Particulars that they are moſt employed about. Without being yet diſcouraged by theſe three Experiments ſo oppoſite to my Expectations, I reſolved to make a new one upon the Mind of an honeſt Citizen, whom I knew to be well affected to my Brother, and who had even acquired ſome Aſcendant over him by many important Services. I ſhall have nothing to fear here, ſaid I, neither from the falſe Cuſtoms of the World, nor from the Corruption of Riches, nor from the Prejudices of Study and Learning. The Citizen, to whom I went immediately, ſeemed at firſt well pleaſed at the Confidence I put in him: But having liſtened to my Propoſals; I ſhall not, ſaid he roughly, make ſo bad a Uſe of the little Power I have over my Lord's Mind. This is the Way infallibly to draw on me his Hatred, when he ſhall come to be ſenſible of the Injury I

ſhall

ſhall have done him by my Advice. And, added he, to lay open to you all my Thoughts at once, I do not pity, ſo much as you do, a young Lady who has forgot herſelf ſo far as to throw behind her Back the Care of her Honour. To what ſhould we be expoſed in our Families, if they had the Hopes of repairing immediately their Faults by a good Marriage? We muſt abandon the Guilty to their Infamy, to frighten, by their Example, thoſe who ſhould be tempted to imitate them.

Without examining his Manner of Reaſoning, the Fallacy of which was beſides manifeſt, ſince the Queſtion only turned on the Duty of *Tenermill*, and that the Fault of Mademoiſelle *Angleſey* did not in the leaſt diminiſh the Obligation he was under to repair his, I obſerved that I had little Aſſiſtance to expect from other Friends of *Tenermill*, ſince I could obtain none from thoſe I had pitched upon out of Choice. Not being able nevertheleſs to perſuade myſelf that my Opinion was falſe, nor that I was the only Man in the World that had thought juſtly upon a Point ſo material, I admired the Care my Brother had taken in chuſing People for his beſt Friends, thoſe whoſe Principles appeared to me ſo conformable to his own; and I pitied them all in a Lump for neglecting the Precepts of Religion, even ſo as not to make any Uſe of them in their Manner of Reaſoning and Advice. There remained another Concluſion for me, drawn from the ill Succeſs of my Hopes; which was, that for the ſame Reaſon I ought to be apprehenſive of finding much more Reſiſtance from *Tenermill*; and, ſeeing nothing more powerful to move him, than the Methods that had failed me, I was in Danger, as the Reward of my Zeal, to have on my Hands the Charge of a young Lady and her Infant, for whom there remained no other Reſource than my Compaſſion. Nevertheleſs, I yet flattered myſelf with ſome Aid from the King's Authority; and though *Tenermill* had taken the Reſolution of forſaking the Court, in order to paſs a Life more free and independent, yet I could not imagine,

imagine, he had ſhaken off the Yoke of Reſpect and Obedience ſo far as to ſhut his Ears againſt his Maſter's Orders.

Thus, with the ſame View that had made me avoid ſeeing my Family on my coming to *Paris*, I went to St. *Germain* without giving any Body the leaſt Notice of my Arrival. Having given the King an Account of all the Circumſtances of my Journey, I had nothing ſo urgent on me as to put into his Majeſty's Hands the Cauſe of Mademoiſelle *Angleſey*; and concealing from him neither my Fears nor the Reaſons of them, I intereſted him in Favour of an unfortunate young Lady by ſuch Motives as might make an Impreſſion on a religious Prince. He was more moved by it, than the Friends of *Tenermill* had been. But not having ſeen him at Court ſince he formerly left it, he ſhewed ſome Miſtruſt of his Attachment and Submiſſion. I know not, ſaid that Prince, what Kind of Life he has cut out for himſelf in a Sort of Retreat, wherein I apprehend he confines himſelf to the Society of ſome Women, and a ſmall Number of Friends. He had won ſomething by Gaming; he has loſt much more during your Abſence, and not having any Subſtance more than the Penſion I continued to him, I can ſcarce conceive by what Methods he maintains at his Houſe that Plenty, and thoſe Pleaſures of which I have had a Deſcription made me. I am ſorry, added the King, that a Man whom I eſteem, and who might qualify himſelf for the greateſt Things, ſhould corrupt himſelf with Luxury and Idleneſs.

All theſe Objections not being capable of diſcouraging me, I redoubled my Inſtances to procure from the King at leaſt a Recommendation, ſhewing the Deſire he had to ſee Mademoiſelle *Angleſey* ſpeedily ſettled in her Rights. He conſented to this Requeſt; but it was after I had given him a Taſte of the Diſpoſitions of *Tenermill*, in order to regulate the Tenour of his Orders, upon the Difficulties I ſhould find in ſucceeding.

I thought myſelf ſo fortified with theſe Hopes, that returning in Haſte to *Paris*, I did not ſcruple to intreat the Count and Counteſs of *S*——— to receive Mademoiſelle *Angleſey* in their Houſe, as a young Perſon, who one Day or other might have a Relation to our Family, by her Marriage with my Brother. I nevertheleſs recommended to them Secrecy upon a Project which yet required ſome Contrivance on the King's Part, as well as *Tenermill*'s. But having received my Compliment, and the Thanks of Mademoiſelle *Angleſey* with their uſual Politeneſs, the Count expreſſed ſome Earneſtneſs to have a private Converſation with me. I judged by his Uneaſineſs, that he had ſome important Overture to make me, and without waiting in Reality till I laid the Matter before him; is it, ſaid he, with the Concurrence and Conſent of my Lord *Tenermill* that you have had it in your Thoughts to marry him? A Queſtion ſo much to the Purpoſe, to which I could make no Anſwer without entering into a long Detail, made me chuſe to aſk the Count, what Difficulties he found in this Marriage? You are ignorant, replied he, what Changes have happened during your Abſence; and engaging me in a Detail capable of ſurprizing me, he ſaid, that my Brother had made an open Profeſſion of renouncing all Hopes of Eſtabliſhment and Fortunes by his Diſcontents, which he took no Pains to conceal, and that being engaged in a ſtrict Familiarity with *Donna Figuerrez*, they had formed together a Society, which perhaps was without Example. They had both gloried in being without Love, as well as without Ambition, and to have no Reliſh but for a certain Number of Amuſements, which they ſpared no Coſt to procure. They had furniſhed, without Oſtentation, yet with the greateſt Elegance, a Houſe in Town, and that of *Saiſons*, which ſerved them as a Country Seat. Their Expences had been ſupported in common, and though they had affected to cut off all Air of Love from their Intercourſe, they had been ſeldom aſunder, and their Pleaſures were all the ſame, which conſiſted in good

good Cheer, Muſick, Reading, Gaming; and aſſociating together five or ſix Perſons of both Sexes, whoſe Humour and Wit were alike, they had affected to deſpiſe the World, with which they pretended to be unacquainted. The *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador, aſtoniſhed at the Choice he ſaw his Niece embrace, had taken much Pains to prevail on her to forſake ſuch ſtrange Notions; but had not been able to overcome her Reſolution.

This Life had continued ſome Months with all the Pleaſure they had propoſed from it; but *Tenermill*, naturally liberal and generous, not having juſtly enough calculated to what his Expences might amount, found himſelf ſo ſhortned, that he had been forced to think of other Reſources. Gaming, which had been at firſt ſo favourable to him, had not continued with the ſame good Fortune. Having played high, he had ſuffered ſuch conſiderable Loſſes, that to pay off many Debts of Honour, he had quite exhauſted his annual Income. This Misfortune would have laid him under an abſolute Neceſſity of breaking off his Project, if *Donna Figuerrez*, to whom he had been conſtrained to make a Confeſſion of the Perplexity of his Affairs, had not applied herſelf with the like Generoſity to repair his Loſſes. Hitherto he had not ſuffered her to contribute much to the Expences of their Settlement; but not finding any great Difference between the Neceſſity of breaking off, and that of conſenting to her entering into the common Diſburſements, he was overcome by her Entreaties. An Agreement of this Nature became as it were a new Tie, which had united them more ſtrictly than ever; and if *Tenermill* had abſented himſelf from Court out of Reſentment on the Score of Ambition, he had alſo extended his Forgetfulneſs to every Thing different from this Society, even to avoid ſeeing his own Family.

You ſee, added the Count, after finiſhing this Recital, if I have Room to doubt whether he be informed of your Views, and whether I have not yet

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more Reaſon to believe, that it will be difficult to bring him to embrace them. The Reliſh for an effeminate Life has ſucceeded his former Activity. I admire to what Paſs his Humour is changed. This *Spaniard* beſieges him; and whatever Sort of Engagement he may have with her, I am perſuaded you will not ſucceed in breaking it.

The Evil appeared to me as dangerous as to the Count; and although the Reſerve with which he diſcovered himſelf had yet hindered me from penetrating into the full Extent of it, yet the Perils alone attending ſuch a Life of Senſuality caſt me into a ſharp Alarm. However, I did not from thence ſee, as he did, ſuch ſtrong Reaſon to fear that ſhe would be an Obſtacle to *Tenermill*'s Marriage. I had boldly laid hold of the Notion, that his Engagement with *Donna Figuerrez* was not that of Love; and not conceiving any other Cauſe that could attach him too ſtrongly to her, I had ſo much the greater Hope that the Loſs of his Fortune, and the Neceſſity he was under of taking Advantage of that of a Woman, without which he could not live in that Plenty, for which he had taken a Reliſh, appeared to me an infallible Motive to ſeparate him from her, when I ſhould make him look upon, together with the Hand of Mademoiſelle *Angleſey*, the King's new Favours, which I did not deſpair to ſee him obtain. I left the Count with this Notion, without having judged it ſeaſonable to communicate to him yet the Truth of our Adventure. It was not my Diffidence of him that engaged me to this Diſſimulation; but I thought myſelf obliged to it, out of a cautious Management for Mademoiſelle *Angleſey*.

I learned at my Lord *Tenermill*'s Houſe, that he had been at *Saiſons* for ſome Weeks paſt, enjoying there the early Pleaſures of the Spring, with his uſual Company. The Sight of the Hurry they were in at his Houſe at *Paris* in making Preparations of a thouſand Things to ſerve his Table and Pleaſures, gave me all at once an Idea of his Settlement. I made no

Delay

Delay in going to him. Beſides, that Decency required this Viſit of me after a long Abſence, I had an Intereſt, as well as he, in the Seat of *Saiſons*, and I thought myſelf authorized at all Times to examine into the Condition it was in. I might pretend to be ignorant of the Alterations made there ſince my Departure, and that it was inhabited by ſuch a numerous Company. Reſting upon this Point, I diſcovered as much Surprize upon my Arrival there, as if I had not been foreſtalled by the Count's Recital. And this Pretext was but little different from the Truth, ſince, with the Hints I had received, I found yet at every Step ſome Subject of Aſtoniſhment and Admiration. The Houſe, the Gardens, every Thing had taken a new Form. *Tenermill* had few Servants whom I knew; inſomuch that having met many of them, of whom I enquired where I might find their Maſter, I was to them a Sight as new, as the Ornaments of the Place were to me.

Among ſome Tokens of Joy, and a few Careſſes, *Tenermill* diſcovered Embarraſſment enough to convince me, that he was under ſome Conſtraint at my Preſence. I was ſhewed into his Cloſet, where by Chance he was gone upon ſome Buſineſs. I did not loſe the Opportunity I came in Search of. Inſtead of giving him Anſwers to his firſt Queſtions, by which he thought perhaps to rid himſelf from mine, I prayed him to hear me upon a Subject important enough to merit his whole Attention; and without going about the Buſh, ſpeaking to him of the Condition he had left *Angleſey*'s Siſter in, I aſked him what he thought of the Misfortune of a young Lady ſo amiable and well born. A Diſcourſe ſo little expected, and the ſteady and ſerious Air with which I accompanied it (for I dare not call it a Remorſe for a Fault, which he then called to Mind) threw him into a Confuſion, which declared itſelf for ſome Moments by his Bluſhes. However this Diſorder continued but a ſhort Time, ſince immediately turning the Matter into a Banter, he ſpoke to me of this Adventure, as of

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an Amuſement, from whence, ſaid he, he had no Thoughts that the Effect would have been the Production of a new Being. I ſtopped him: Do you know, ſaid I, that with this Effect, which nevertheleſs you ought to expect, another ought to be produced, which I am not vexed to ſee brought to paſs as ſoon as I could wiſh? And remarking, that this Queſtion made him more attentive, I ſpoke to him with Reſolution of the Pretenſions of Mademoiſelle *Angleſey*, and even of the Hopes ſhe had of turning them to Account. He ſtopped me in his Turn, and ſeeming ſenſible of every Thing that I had only expreſſed by Halves, he aſſumed a more ſerious Tone to defend himſelf. His Reaſons were thoſe I had already commiſerated in the Mouths of his four Friends. He was engaged by no Promiſes; he thought of nothing but amuſing himſelf in *Ireland*; could any one pretend that the Weakneſs of a Girl could give her Power over the Fortune and Liberty of a Man? Strange Arguments, which always preſumes the Fault to be only on the Side of the weakeſt Sex, and that there is no Reparation neceſſary in theſe Sort of Adventures from him whom the World is pleaſed to call the Glory and Ornament of Women! It was not nevertheleſs upon *Tenermill* that I was in Hopes of making Impreſſions by other Trials. It did not even come into my Mind to make the Experiment. I had executed the King's Orders in aſſuring myſelf of *Tenermill*'s Diſpoſitions, and if I added any Thing, it was only to make him unfold them more clearly by Force of Objections and Inſtances.

He fortified himſelf in ſuch a Manner againſt his firſt Confuſion, that preſſing me at length not to trouble him longer with Propoſals that fatigued him, he paſſed ſuddenly to aſk me News of *Patrick* and *Ireland*. I ſatisfied him plainly, and taking a cold Leave of him returned to *Paris*, notwithſtanding his Perſuaſions to keep me with him at *Saiſons* for ſome Days. It would be but little agreeable to me to engage in a Society, ſuch as his was repreſented to me to be.

Though I had not entirely entered into the Senſe of the Count's Expreſſions, I did not fancy there could be much Innocence and Prudence in a Retreat, wherein they had nothing but Pleaſure for their Object. My Deſign, upon my Return to *Paris*, was to take up Mademoiſelle *Angleſey* and preſent her to the King, whom I yet hoped to engage more powerfully in her Intereſt, after his Majeſty had ſeen her. Her Form and her Tears in Reality touched him ſo much, as to make him take a Reſolution to ſend one of his Gentlemen immediately to *Saiſons*. The King interpreted the Refuſal of *Tenermill* more favourably than I did Seeing nothing was wanting in Mademoiſelle *Angleſey* to pleaſe him, and imagining in Reaſon that ſhe muſt have been agreeable to him, ſince ſhe had drawn on her his Attentions; he was convinced that the only Reaſon could inſpire him with a Repugnance to marry her was her Poverty; and without having him told what his Views were in propoſing to him to receive her Hand, he charged his Gentleman to aſſure him, as from himſelf, that he would find his Advantages in Submiſſion. But opening his Mind further to me, he told me, that without having any Thoughts of making him a Duke, until he was rich enough to ſuſtain that Dignity, he would in Favour of his Marriage grant him an Employment, that ſhould enrich him by Ways very ſpeedy. You may inform him, ſaid he, that I have declared my Mind to you upon the Matter, and engage to him my Word, that I ſhall reckon his Obedience in the Rank of his Services.

With the Piety that animated all his Actions, the King had a Motive for his Proceedings that I was a Stranger to. *Angleſey*, not daring to promiſe himſelf the full Effects of every Thing I had given him Room to hope from my good Offices, had writ to the King from *Ireland*, ſupplicating his Royal Protection for his Siſter, and in an Affair wherein the Honour of his Family was concerned, he made no Difficulty to promiſe his Majeſty, that to ſhew him his Acknowledgement and Gratitude, he would by himſelf and his Friends

Friends before the End of the Campaign bring over all the Province of *Munſter* to his Authority. The Submiſſion of this Part of *Ireland* was of great Importance, as much for the Facility of landing his Forces, as for the Quarters of his Troops, who might there paſs the Winter in Security. Moreover, it was of no ſmall Conſequence to engage openly in his Intereſts a Family ſo numerous and ſo conſiderable as that of *Angleſey*. Without penetrating ſo far, I had myſelf made this laſt Reflexion to the King, and if he did not confeſs that it was capable of warming him, I no leſs remarked, that it had increaſed his Heat and Zeal. I had ſoon other Proofs of this, from the Eagerneſs he ſhewed upon the Return of the Gentleman, who he had diſpatched to my Brother. Being informed, that *Tenermill* had received his Orders with all the Reſpect due to the Name of his Maſter, and that notwithſtanding the Addreſs whereby he had avoided to engage himſelf by a poſitive Anſwer, he yet expreſſed himſelf in Terms of perfect Submiſſion, he preſſed me to make him another Viſit, and to declare to him openly what he was reſolved to do for him. I was afraid, ſaid the King to me with a Freedom worthy of ſo great a Soul, that he would have taken Advantage of my Situation to inſiſt upon his old Diſcontents; but knowing his Humour, I think him diſpoſed to Obedience, ſince he has received my Orders with ſo good a Grace. In Reality, divers Examples had daily taught this good Prince, that the Title of a King is but a ſlender Check to violent Paſſions, when it is not ſupported by Power; and the late Treaſon of my Lord ——— made him fear every Moment, that he ſhould not find more Loyalty in the greateſt Part of thoſe who appeared to be attached to him.

This Confidence of my King, and the Deſire he let me ſee he had of reclaiming to him the Mind of my Brother, animated me with ſo briſk an Ardour, that not thinking I could too ſoon execute his Orders, I preſſed him in my Turn to licence my Departure,

that I might go directly to *Saiſons*. I imparted all my Hopes to Mademoiſelle *Angleſey*, by an Air of Satisfaction with which I prayed her to wait for me at *Paris*. It was Night when I arrived at our Seat; but I made no Diſtinction of Times, and thought every Seaſon proper for my Negotiation. Being informed at my Arrival, that *Tenermill* had got up from Table, I ſent in Notice, that I had Affairs of Importance to communicate to him, and deſired to talk to him alone. I was ignorant whether he had already diſcovered my Propoſals, and the King's Orders to *Donna Figuerrez*; but his Slowneſs in coming to me, made me ſo impatient, that putting my Head out of the Door of the Cloſet, where I waited for him, I ſaw her with him in the next Chamber; and the Air of Secrecy, as much as the Heat with which they appeared engaged in the Diſcuſſion of ſome Matter of Importance, gave me Room to think, that my Viſit was the Subject of their Diſcourſe.

Tenermill did not appear to me with a Countenance leſs diſengaged; I removed alſo from mine every Thing that might look like Conſtraint, and anticipating all uſeleſs Queſtions, I told him, that my Viſit to him was by the King's Orders. You have been informed lately, ſaid I, from the Mouth of one of his Gentlemen, of the Intereſt he takes in the Marriage of Mademoiſelle *Angleſey:* But that Explanation had Relation only to Things in general; I am now here from his Majeſty, added I, to declare to you more particularly his Intentions. With a Wife, whom he preſſes you to receive as from his Hand, he promiſes you an Employment that may ſoon make you rich, and which will one Day put you into the Condition he is deſirous of ſeeing you, in Order to create you a Duke.

This Entrance into my Diſcourſe, in which I alſo had included every Thing that I had moſt prevailing to offer him, made a greater Impreſſion on him than I expected from it. He fixed his Eyes on me, and not being able for a conſiderable Time to moderate the Affections

Affections of his Soul; How? ſaid he, ſoftening his Voice, does the King deign to return to me, and far from being offended at my Haughtineſs, is he not apprehenſive of abaſing himſelf too much in calling me back to him by new Favours? Ah! So much Goodneſs ſhall never be paid but by my Blood, which I will empty all in his Service. His Tranſports made me judge, that I had moſt luckily taken him by his two Foibles, of which the laſt itſelf had a greater Poſſeſſion of him than he imagined. Theſe were Generoſity and Ambition. But when I was ready to hug myſelf for them, he added, that he was in Deſpair as to the Marriage of Mademoiſelle *Angleſey*; that this Method of complying with the King's Goodneſs was abſolutely ſhut out from him; that without finding in his Heart the leaſt Repugnance for a Lady ſo amiable; upon the Whole, that though ſhe be offered to him by the King with all thoſe Advantages, yet he had other Engagements, which he was not at Liberty to break, and that the moſt glorious Fortune in the World ſhould never make him fail in his Engagements of Honour. Struck with this Language, I aſked him with a good deal of Aſtoniſhment, whether he were married? No, anſwered he ingenuouſly; but he put little Difference between his Engagement and Marriage. He ſeparated from me, and took ſome Turns about the Cloſet in a profound Meditation, whilſt I conſidered with myſelf what Anſwer to make him. Then coming up to me, he requeſted me to hear him without Interruption. I am pierced, ſaid he, with the King's Goodneſs, and I doubt not but they raiſe in you the ſame Admiration. I have a thouſand Ways left to render me worthy of them, and they are not the moſt eaſy I would chuſe. Nevertheleſs, forced as I am to reject her, whom he deigns to offer me himſelf, I am ſenſible that my Refuſal will expoſe me not only to his juſt Indignation, but to the Cenſure of all Men of Honour, if it be not juſtified by ſome Excuſe. At the ſame Time, I do not flatter myſelf, that I can make you reliſh my Apo-

logy, and under the Neceſſity I am nevertheleſs to employ you in my Juſtification, this Difficulty has appeared to me embarraſſing enough to throw me into the Reverie out of which I am juſt recovered.

Notwithſtanding the Promiſe I had made to hear him without Interruption, I thought myſelf obliged to remove a Doubt, which appeared offenſive to my Friendſhip. I complained that he thought it juſtly founded, and conjured him to conceive a better Opinion of my Affections. No, no, replied he ſmiling, it is not of your Friendſhip that I have any Diffidence; but do not be tired of the Silence I require. Then continuing his Diſcourſe, he related to me, that ſince he had loſt the Deſire of eſpouſing *Donna Figuerrez* by the King's Refuſal of conſenting to that Marriage, or at leaſt annexing to it the Favours he had been made to hope for, he had never ceaſed viſiting that Lady. He had found from Day to Day new Pleaſures in her Converſation; and his good Fortune had ſo favoured him, that ſhe being obliged to renounce her Inclination for *Patrick*, had taken for him a Share of the Affections ſhe had for his Brother. He had not been at all ſorry for being beloved by her, as long as the Propoſals of Marriage continued in a Manner buried; but upon renewing them by the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador at her Inſtance, he did not heſitate to declare to her that he did not think himſelf cut out to bear the Name of a Huſband, and that the Reaſons inducing him to think of marrying her having ceaſed by the King's Pleaſure, he was come to a Reſolution never more to ſubmit to Chains, of which Nature was afraid. He had nevertheleſs ſoftened this Refuſal by ſome polite Compliments, and owning, that he had ſeen few Women whoſe Wit and Humour had ſuch a Number of Charms as hers had, he confeſſed, that he laboured to inſpire her with an Intercourſe and Correſpondence eſtabliſhed in Freedom and Independence, by which he ſought after a Remedy for thoſe Sufferings he had juſt experienced from the Court. Gaming had at this Interval brought him

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in Sums conſiderable enough to ſettle his Affairs upon a ſolid Foundation; and the King having forced him to keep his Penſion, he found himſelf in a Condition of forming a Plan, which he had the good Luck to make agreeable to *Donna Figuerrez*. In fine, ſurprized himſelf, ſaid he, at the Facility he had found to bring her into it, and judging even from thence, that this could not be her firſt Eſſay of Gallantry, he accuſtomed himſelf to live with her, and to enjoy a very pleaſant Situation both in Town and Country. You will aſk me, continued he, what could render ſuch an Engagement ſo inviolable as I have repreſented it to you? Hear me, for one Part of what I have to ſay to you will appear difficult to comprehend. Firſt, you can never conceive how great is the Power of an habitual Society between two Perſons, who have for a long Time had only the ſame Houſe, the ſame Table, the ſame Occupations, the ſame Pleaſures, and who, in one Word, paſſing the Day and Night without quitting each other even a Moment, have learned mutually to know their Faults, to paſs them over, to look on themſelves in Relation to each other as diſpenſed from all Sorts of Decorums and Conſtraints, to ſpeak to each other when they will, and to be ſilent when they will, not to conceal nevertheleſs from each other their Thoughts, and to place their Satisfactions and their Troubles in common; it is not Intereſt that links them together, ſince they may live an eaſy Life without the Aſſiſtance of one another; it is not exactly a Reliſh for the ſame Pleaſures, ſince they do not ſeek after it in thoſe that are the moſt briſk and poignant, and that the half of their Time is ſpent in diſcovering the Foibles of every Thing that carries that Name; it is not an Inclination for good Cheer, for though nothing be wanting to ſet off their Table, they have not the greater Appetite for it, and very often riſe from thence without touching the beſt Diſhes; there is yet even leſs of Love in it, ſince they ſee each other without Eagerneſs, are abſent from each other without Grief, they ſcarce happen to ſay to each

other a Word of Kindneſs or Tenderneſs, that they often avoid thoſe plain Reſpects of Complaiſance, which they would have for the leaſt Stranger; and if they uſe only one and the ſame Bed, they commonly lie down and riſe up without thinking of thoſe Rights, which they conſented to yield to each other. Nevertheleſs, you may attempt, if you think it ſeaſonable, to make them renounce living together, you will ſee they will laugh at all your Efforts. In the whole Conduct of Life they are as neceſſary to each other, as if they were bound by Intereſt, by Pleaſure, by good Cheer, and by Love. I would not ſpeak to you ſo poſitively, added he, if I could not add to my Example that of a thouſand People of Worth and Honour, who are in the ſame Caſe at *Paris*.

He was about proceeding; but I had began to have a Miſgiving of ſomething, that had not hitherto entered into my Mind, and which he ſeemed to be deſirous of concealing from me. I did him Wrong by this laſt Suſpicion; he never thought but of ſparing my Delicacy by covering under a Sort of Veil ſomething that he imagined I could not be ignorant of; and in the Principles wherein he was hardened, this proceeded from a Reſpect he had for me, much rather than for himſelf. However, the Simplicity of my Heart, making me attribute this Diſcovery to my own Penetration, I found my Blood ſtirred enough to make me forget the Promiſe I had even renewed not to interrupt him; my firſt Expreſſions had as little Caution and Management in them as they well could have in an Impulſe of Surprize mingled with Anger and Grief. But when he had underſtood by the Terms *Debauchery* and *Fornication*, which had dropped from me, upon what Point my Warmth and Reproaches fell; I had ſtrong Expectations, ſaid he ſmiling, that this Converſation would have paſſed without a Storm; but you ought to be cured, at leaſt as I am, of thoſe Tranſports of Morality. However it be, added he immediately in a more ſerious Tone, I will leave you this Moment, and renounce ſpeaking to or hearing you,

you, if you do not give me Liberty of proceeding to a Concluſion without interrupting me. Imperious Brother! Haughty and indocible Heart! I could not forbear anſwering him with the moſt bitter Paſſion, continue then a Diſcourſe which offends and outrages me, and which diſcovers only too much the Riot and Debauchery you are in.

He replied, ſhaking his Head with a Sneer; I agree that the Engagement and Ties, of which I tell you, will not appear of equal Force to all the World; and it is not to perſuade you the more to forward them, that I have laboured to make you comprehend them. My Intentions only were, that as you have offered to ſerve me, you ſhould not be ignorant of any of my Diſpoſitions. Two Engagements, much more ſtrong, have bound me to *Donna Figuerrez*; one of which proceeds from my Promiſes: For if my Friendſhip for her was free in its Original, can I think it changed from its Nature, ſince the Satisfaction we have mutually found in it, has made us take a thouſand Oaths never to diſſolve it? What Difference do you put between a Life of this Sort, and that of Marriage? For what Reaſon will you not find it as indiſſoluble as that, if the Eſſence of the other conſiſts of itſelf in the Conſent only of the Will? Why does it not appear as reſpectable to you? Is it not the State of Nature, which is the firſt and moſt holy of all Laws—

Forbear, Forbear, interrupted I, ſeeing him grow warm upon a Subject, that he had an Intereſt in ſupporting and lamenting ſtill more his Corruptions than his Sophiſms. He was piqued at the Air of Compaſſion, to which I affected to confine myſelf in theſe two Words. I do not demand it but as a Favour of you, ſaid he, and, when you pleaſe, I will defend this Doctrine againſt all your Prepoſſeſſions. But you will not diſagree at leaſt, but that my Promiſes draw after them ſome Duty, and impoſe on me ſome Obligation.

Then, as if he had thought this Reaſon not only unanſwerable, but ſufficient to juſtify him againſt the

King's Inſtances and mine, he told me, that what remained for him to inform me of, was one of theſe Difficulties of Delicacy, of which he did not love to boaſt, and which of all others he ſhould have moſt Trouble to inſiſt on, becauſe it would oblige him to mortifying Confeſſions of Self-love. Nevertheleſs, added he, as his Character had placed him above common Weakneſſes, and that he did not know how to bluſh at what he thought he might accept without Shame, he confeſſed to me, that *Donna Figuerrez* acquired over him ſuch Rights, to which he could oppoſe nothing without rendering himſelf guilty of the greateſt Ingratitude. In thinking to augment his Fortune by Gaming, he had ruined it without Reſource. All his Settlement, the Expences of which had been till then divided between her and him, would have been at an End by this Misfortune, if ſhe had not had the Generoſity to turn over to him the Management and Diſpoſition of all her Eſtate. He had been under a Neceſſity of conſenting to it at her Inſtances, and ſince that Time, their Society was not ſupported but at the Expence of this generous Lady. With what Front could he propoſe to her to break off a Commerce, in which he knew ſhe had placed all her Happineſs? He was not capable of ſuch a Baſeneſs, though it ſhould gain him the Empire of the World; and if I would give an Account of his Motives to the King, he was perſuaded they would be approved by his Majeſty, and all Men of Honour.

I made no Haſte in my Anſwer, that I might leave him at Liberty to give all the Force he deſired to his Apology. I could ſo eaſily have deſtroyed it, and I was ſo fully ſatisfied, that after he had declared to me his Reaſons, as invincible Obſtacles, they were reduced to ſuch frivolous Arguments, that I began to think myſelf certain of my Victory. I laid no Streſs on his firſt Article, with which I was even aſtoniſhed, that he could have buſied himſelf one Moment. I contented myſelf with remarking to him mildly, that he ought to reproach himſelf with a Kind of Life, which

which had been capable of enervating him even ſo far as to make him reckon ſuch childiſh Reaſons for ſomething. I avoided with the ſame Care, employing any Expreſſions too harſh to attack a Commerce, which I ſaw manifeſtly condemned by all my Principles. But by whatever Exceptions and Lenitives he thought to excuſe it, I obliged him to agree, that it was contrary to all the common Laws of Religion, to which he made a Profeſſion of being attached; and leading him much further than he had foreſeen by his making this Confeſſion, I forced him to conclude with me in Spite of his Teeth, that all the Promiſes, by which he had undertaken to ſupport it, were ſo many Illuſions, which could not be ſeriouſly alledged. In Relation to the Gratitude, by which he thought himſelf indebted to *Donna Figuerrez*, I did not pretend to oppoſe it, and I puſhed my Indulgence ſo far as to acknowledge that he ought not to ſeek to excuſe himſelf from it. But had he not a more honourable Method, and a Way more worthy of him, than that of increaſing this Debt from Day to Day, and laying himſelf under the Neceſſity of enjoying perpetually the ſame Favours? Conſerve, ſaid I, all the Eſteem you owe to the Affections and Sentiments of your *Spaniſh* Lady. Enoble your own, by endeavouring to render them independent of hers. Will not the fortunate Time in future, which is deſtined to you, open a thouſand Means to preſerve you from Ingratitude? and cannot you this Day do it, by promiſing her an eternal Friendſhip? This Manner of anſwering him produced one Part of the Effect I hoped for from it. Though he endeavoured to entrench himſelf under natural Right, which he looked upon, ſaid he, as the Rule of a Man of Honour, and that he thought himſelf well defended by this Pretext againſt the ſtrongeſt of my Objections, he nevertheleſs entreated me to ſuſpend for a few Days the Anſwer I intended to give the King, and to aſſure his Majeſty how feelingly he had received the firſt News of his Goodneſs. I could not doubt, but that the Time he ſeemed to take for

Deliberation, would increaſe the Impreſſion, from whence he could not defend himſelf, upon underſtanding the Favours the King had intended for him. By ſuppoſing his Love for *Donna Figuerrez*, I might perhaps have been apprehenſive, that it would too ſtrongly have combated his Ambition; but Conſiderations ſo weak as thoſe he had offered, could not inſpire me with the ſame Fears.

It was a more unſeaſonable Time than ever for me to ſtay at *Saiſons*. I ſhould not have been willing to expoſe myſelf to the Sight of *Donna Figuerrez*, nor to delay Mademoiſelle *Angleſey* the Pleaſure of hearing, that I began to flatter myſelf with ſolid Hopes. In giving her an Account of this happy News, I could not conceal from whence the Obſtacles proceeded. She was ignorant of my Brother's Engagements, and not aſcribing the Coldneſs he ſhewed for her to any Thing, but her Unhappineſs of being without Wealth, ſhe had hitherto accuſed him leſs than ſhe did Fortune. I had admired the Moderation of her Complaints, and had a Difficulty to conceive, that having loved enough to be capable of ſo much Weakneſs, ſhe yet waited for her Fate with a Tranquillity, that did not diſcover a violent Paſſion. But I had ſcarce informed her that ſhe had a Rival, than aſſuming another Countenance, and with Eyes ſparkling with Fire, which I never before obſerved in her, ſhe let a thouſand odious Names eſcape her, of which I eaſily comprehended that ſhe made the Application to my Brother; and addreſſing herſelf to me, I give you Thanks for your Pains, ſaid ſhe, and ſhall never forget what I owe you; but the moſt inſtant Death, and even the Certainty of my Diſhonour, which I ſhall find more unſupportable than Death, ſhall never induce me to marry a Man, who has been capable of abandoning me for another Woman. Though I could not condemn this noble Pride, I repreſented to her, in order to appeaſe her Reſentment, that Love had but a ſmall Share in the Infidelity of *Tenermill*, and that even his Repentance was not at a great Diſtance,

ſince I thought myſelf on the Point of breaking all the Engagements that ſeemed to ſtand in the Way of his Duty. Theſe two Conſiderations, which ſhe made me explain to her with all their Circumſtances, had the Power of calming her Paſſion; but I ſtill continued fully convinced, that without an abſolute Sacrifice, *Tenermill* would have a Difficulty to ſatisfy her.

I did not make two Hours Stay at *Paris*; nevertheleſs, upon my Arrival at St. *Germain*, I found a Laquey of *Donna Figuerrez* waiting for me at Mr. *De Sercine*'s, who having left *Saiſons* a Quarter of an Hour after me, confeſſed, that he had made an extraordinary Haſte to overtake me, before I could wait on the King. He had received this Order from his Miſtreſs, from whom he put a Letter into my Hands, which he preſſed me to read immediately. It contained but four Lines. Before I gave myſelf up to my Zeal with ſo much Confidence, ſhe exhorted me to remember the Death of the three *Spaniards*, and of the Power ſhe had to deſtroy me, and all thoſe who had a Share in that tragical Event.

Such an unexpected Menace froze my Blood: I had thought that unhappy Adventure was for ever buried; and ſo it was as to the Publick, and the Law itſelf, which was tired of making Enquiries and Searches after it to no Purpoſe. But *Donna Figuerrez* had not forgot the Menaces of *Patrick*. At the firſt News of ſuch a fatal Accident, ſhe had the Curioſity of interrogating the Guard, who attended the three *Spaniards*; and although the Caution and Diſcretion ſhe thought ſhe owed to the Brothers of my Lord *Tenermill*, had prevented her from making a Noiſe of her Suſpicions, ſhe could not miſtake us by the Deſcription the Guard gave of us. What a frightful Obſtacle was this to my Enterprize; Could I be ignorant how far Jealouſy is capable of carrying its Furies?

Preſſed by the Courier, who waited only for my Anſwer, to return the Way he came, I choſe to make my Letter as ſhort and looſe, as that I had received.

I writ to *Donna Figuerrez*, that without fancying I had entered into the full Meaning of hers, I could aſſure her of two Things equally certain; one, that I had nothing to reproach myſelf with in having had any Share in the Deaths of the three *Spaniards*; and the other, that I was not capable of failing in my Reſpect and Diſcretion for her. This did not hinder me from making my Court to the King; but in the juſt Fright I was yet under, I took great Care of provoking her to make her Advances too briſk, and notwithſtanding all the Murmurs of my Zeal, I thought I owed this Sacrifice to Prudence. Having given him an Account of my Brothers Sentiments, I humbly entreated him to ſuſpend his Bounty to him for a few Days, and for divers indiſpenſible Reaſons to pardon him the Delay of throwing himſelf at his Majeſty's Feet. This excellent Prince ſaw nothing in this Excuſe capable of offending him. He imparted to me ſome Letters from *Patrick*, which at that Time drew his principal Intentions towards *Ireland*. The firſt Operations of the Campaign had not anſwered his Hopes, and from the Expectations of many Enterprizes, which had been prepared in Winter, he feared that ſuch an unfortunate Preſage would cool thoſe whom he had commiſſioned for the Execution of them. Nevertheleſs, he took Occaſion from his very Embarraſment to talk to me of *Tenermill*. I have need, ſaid he, of a reſolute and intelligent Man. Your Brother is the Character of him I want. If you think him diſpoſed to ſerve me, added he, lay before him this new Motive how far he may reckon upon my Favours. He did not finiſh what he had to diſcover to me; but I had no Need of any further Explanation, nor of any more preſſing Orders to enter into Views ſo glorious for my Brother. I determined to go back immediately, with this Difference only, that inſtead of going to *Saiſons*, my Deſire of avoiding a Meeting with *Donna Figuerrez*, made me chuſe to diſpatch to him my Valet, to propoſe his meeting me in *Paris*.

I went to wait for him at his own Houſe; and the Haſte he made in coming there made me judge, that his Impatience was equal to mine. He embraced me with the moſt free Air, and anticipating the intereſting News I brought him, by a Declaration which was no leſs ſo, he aſſured me, that he was reſolved to marry Mademoiſelle *Angleſey*, to begin by this Mark of Submiſſion to merit the King's Goodneſs. The Joy I felt from it was ſo great, as to make me forget what I had burned to tell him; and filling myſelf only with Hopes and Fears, that this Proteſtation raiſed in me all at once, I aſked him with ſome Embarraſment, if he had no more Obſtacles to fear from *Donna Figuerrez*. Have no Fear, added he, and you need not doubt but I am aſſured of her Conſent. I embraced him in my Turn with Tranſports, that I could not moderate; and not in the leaſt imagining that he had any other Meaning to give his Words than what anſwered my Deſires, nor any other Notion to take of his Reſolution, than that of an heroick Sacrifice, which he made to Religion and his Fortune, I uſed the moſt lively Expreſſions to demonſtrate to him as much Eſteem, as Zeal and Friendſhip.

The Explication I afterwards gave him of the King's Intentions not ſerving for any other Purpoſe than to redouble his Ardour, he propoſed to me himſelf to carry the Account of his Conſent to Mademoiſelle *Angleſey*, and engage her to meet him next Day at Court to obtain together the King's Approbation. Such formal Offers did not ſuffer me to doubt longer his Sincerity. I was not willing to give Time to this Heat to grow cool, and promiſing him to be the next Morning at the King's Levee with Mademoiſelle *Angleſey*, I exhorted him to ſupport with Glory ſuch noble Reſolutions. A little more Reflexion upon Circumſtances would have made me think it ſtrange, that he had not yet ſpoke to me of ſeeing her that very Day; and I might have aſked him alſo, when *Donna Figuerrez* propoſed to leave *Saiſons*: But the Motions of my Joy left me only Attention for the

Matters that had cauſed me ſuch an agreeable Surprize, which however was not equal to what I imparted to Mademoiſelle *Angleſey*.

A Diſcovery ſo plain and ſo little expected, diſſipating all her Miſtruſts, ſhe thanked Heaven for her Happineſs with the moſt moving Expreſſions, and the Delay of a ſingle Day ſeemed to her a Torment. It did not enter into her Mind, any more than it did into mine, that ſhe had Meaſures to take yet on the Part of her Rival. We employed ourſelves only on the other Project, which ſeemed to us to be the Maſter-work of our Prudence, and of which the Succeſs perfectly anſwered our Pains. With an Impatience to ſee *Tenermill* fixed by the Ceremonies of the Church, we took the Reſolution of going that Evening to St. *Germain*, and of diſpoſing every Thing for the Celebration of his Marriage, as ſoon as he ſhould be engaged to it by the Step to be taken next Morning. We prepoſſeſſed the King of our Deſires, who had the Goodneſs to enter into all our Views, and to promiſe us every Aſſiſtance that depended upon his Authority. *Tenermill*, faithful to his Promiſe, arrived at Mr. *De Sercine*'s at the Hour appointed. He ſhewed a great deal of Satisfaction at ſeeing us there. Without affecting over fond Careſſes, he treated Mademoiſelle *Angleſey* with a Conſideration, that contented her enough, and confirming to her every Thing he had ſaid to me the Evening before, he immediately offered her his Hand to lead her with us to the Caſtle.

Let us no longer ſuſpend the Explanation of a Myſtery, in which the Reader perhaps begins to find too much Obſcurity. *Tenermill* was ſeriouſly reſolved to marry Mademoiſelle *Angleſey*; but what Marriage, and what cruel Conditions did he annex to this Sacrifice! He had taken all his Reſolutions in Concert with *Donna Figuerrez*. This Lady, to whom he had communicated the Arrival and Pretenſions of Mademoiſelle *Angleſey*, had not thought at firſt that ſhe had much to ſtruggle with to deliver herſelf from ſuch a troubleſome Counter-time; and far from beginning with

with Reproaches and Complaints, ſhe had affected to ſhow but little Alarm. Nevertheleſs when the King's Meſſenger, and the Hopes his Majeſty had ordered to be given my Brother, had appeared to awaken his Ambition, ſhe had judged the Danger more preſſing, and in the Interval of this Deputation and my Viſit, had employed all her Addreſs to aſſure herſelf of the State ſhe held in his Heart, and if under the Suppoſition of his reſuming the Deſign of Marriage, ſhe might not flatter herſelf with being preferred to her Rival. She had found in the natural Integrity of *Tenermill* wherewith to ſatisfy readily her Doubts. He had declared to her, that he was not capable of changing his Diſpoſitions, and that if he ſhould happen to think of Marriage, it ſhould be on Conditions too difficult to flatter himſelf with, that in the Diſfavour he ſtood, he ſhould ever obtain them. However, the Day after theſe Conditions had been propoſed to him by my Mouth; and he was as much affected by them as I have related. *Donna Figuerrez* perceived the Matter. To the lively Inquietudes ſhewed by her he had anſwered in the ſame Tone, that he would never ſacrifice her to Love; but that owing ſomething to his Fortune and Advancement he would not engage to reſiſt the King's Offers long, if his Majeſty would keep his Word with him; and knowing from herſelf in what Terms ſhe had written to me, he had preſſed her in the Name of a Friendſhip as firm and as philoſophical as what united them, not to oppoſe herſelf to the great Hopes, for which he thought himſelf indebted to my Pains, by Conſiderations unworthy of them. Such an open Declaration, and the Knowledge *Donna Figuerrez* had of his Character, had with her the Force of a deciſive Refuſal. But not being able to relinquiſh an Engagement, which was become in a Manner neceſſary to her, ſhe had equally improved the Rights of her Affection, and the Power ſhe had of injuring me, to draw from him two Promiſes, to which he had conſented with ſo much the more Eaſe, as they were agreeable

agreeable enough to his own Inclinations: The one, that he would not finiſh his Marriage, without being aſcertained of the King's Views as to his Fortune, and without having received indubitable Pledges of it from the Mouth of that Prince; the other, that in giving up this Step to Ambition, he ſhould not only grant nothing to Love, but ſhould accuſtom Mademoiſelle *Angleſey* to content herſelf to bear his Name, and to ſuffer him without murmuring to continue to live in the ordinary Exerciſes of their Society. It was after this unaccountable Engagement that *Tenermill* had appeared ſo determined on his Marriage, and that he had made no Difficulty of aſſuring me, that *Donna Figuerrez* would give no Oppoſition to it.

Thus, by conducting Mademoiſelle *Angleſey* with ſo free an Air to the Caſtle, his firſt Deſign was to learn from the King upon what Fortune he might depend, and to regulate his Offers and Engagements upon the Surety he ſhould diſcover in that Particular. The King's Goodneſs did not leave him in a State of Uncertainty long. He had ſcarce kiſſed his Hand, and made ſome Excuſes for his long Abſence, and the Uſefulneſs he had lived in for the King's Service, when his Majeſty raiſing him up with the moſt affectionate Air, propoſed the Views he had formed for him. You ſhall repair, ſaid he, the Sloth with which you reproach yourſelf, and I am not ſorry, that joined to your natural Qualities, you have a Motive of this Nature to animate you in my Service. I have appointed for you two Employments, which will call for no leſs than the full Extent of your Wit and Courage. One is Intendant General of all the Enterprizes tending to re-eſtabliſh my Affairs, and particularly of all the military Aids that I expect from Catholick Princes. The other, which is nearer at Hand, and which is only the firſt Exerciſe of the other, relates ſingly to *Ireland*. The Title is of little Importance, and the Neceſſity of avoiding a Noiſe, will hinder me perhaps from creating ſuch an Officer. But it could not contain any Thing too grand to anſwer

ſwer my Views. I give you full Power over a thouſand Things, the Explanation of which I reſerve to myſelf. This is, added the King, to ſhew you a Confidence, that I ſhould not have for you, if I had known any Body merit it better.

Such diſtinguiſhed Favours, offered with ſo much Nobleneſs and Bounty, would have made *Tenermill* throw himſelf into the Midſt of Flames. His Gratitude and Zeal ſhone out in a thouſand Expreſſions full of Ardour. The King having interrupted him to ſpeak of his Marriage, he ſubmitted to his whole Pleaſure without Exception. He ſeemed nevertheleſs a little ſurprized, when upon his Conſent alone he heard the Order given me to repair to the Chapel to conclude the Ceremony there. But he was immediately relieved by the King's Promiſe of carrying his Submiſſions to Account, and looking on them as a new Engagement to heap more Favours on him.

Never had my Hand exerciſed the Eccleſiaſtical Functions with more Satisfaction to my Heart. Mademoiſelle *Angleſey* was a Sharer in my Joy. *Tenermill* carried himſelf through the whole Ceremony with ſuch an Air of Gaiety that impoſed on me. Thus, added I inwardly addreſſing myſelf to Heaven, all the Felicity that is lawful to deſire upon Earth is ſhowered down together on my proſperous Family! Finiſh, Great God, what is yet wanting to its Happineſs, by heaping on it a full Meaſure of thy Bleſſings. We returned to the King's Apartment, who did the Bride and Bridegroom the Honour of kiſſing them; and ſigned the Inſtrument of their Marriage. As he had not yet fixed the Appointment of my Brother's two Employments, or rather as he had reſerved to himſelf to inform him upon what Particulars he would aſſign them, he made him a Preſent of twenty thouſand Crowns, as an earneſt Penny, ſaid he joaking, of a Revenue that ought to be much more conſiderable. He gave him five Days to prepare himſelf for his Journey to *Ireland*, with Orders only to attend often at St. *Germain* during that Time, where he

he would confer with him upon the Projects he was reſolved to entruſt to him.

Who would not have believed, that I was now at an End of ſo many Agitations, and ſuch great Troubles, which my Affection to my Family had coſt me, and that ſeeing it happily eſtabliſhed in its three Branches, I had nothing remaining but to conſult the King's Pleaſure, in order peaceably to diſcharge the Duties of my Employment at Court, or the Functions of my Miniſtry in *Ireland?* I had this Idea of my Lot when I arrived at the Count *De S*———'s, where we alighted at *Paris*. Although it had not yet come into my Thoughts to make the leaſt Doubt, whether Mademoiſelle *Angleſey*, to whom I ſhall henceforth give the Name of Spouſe to my Lord *Tenermill*, ought not to be the ſame Day lodged in his Houſe, it was nevertheleſs natural, that, having continued at the Count's ſince our Arrival from *Ireland*, ſhe ſhould carry him the News of her Marriage, and the Thanks ſhe owed to his Friendſhip. The Satisfaction he had at ſeeing ſo many happy Events ſhewed more than ever how much the Happineſs of our Family was dear to him. But whilſt he was abandoning himſelf to Joy, and the Counteſs did not deliver herſelf up to it with leſs Reſerve, *Tenermill* prayed his new Spouſe to ſtep alone with him into the Apartment ſhe had hitherto uſed. Every Body was inclined to joak pleaſantly upon his Haſte to have her alone, which it was natural to attribute to the Ardours of Love. Their Abſence continued but a ſhort Time. My Brother quitted her after ſome Moments Diſcourſe, and returning to us, ſaid with a gloomy Air, addreſſing himſelf to the Count, that divers Reaſons, which he had juſt diſcovered to his Wife, did not permit him to continue with her, and eſpecially on the Eve of a Journey, which probably would be of ſome Duration; and that having already provided for her Maintenance with a Liberality which ſhe could not complain of, he prayed us to preſerve for her thoſe Inclinations we had always ſhewed her. The Surprize theſe Words gave,

gave, ſilencing us, or at leaſt putting us in a Condition to throw off the anſwering it upon one another, *Tenermill* took his Leave handſomely, ſtepped into his Coach, and drove off immediately.

Our firſt Surprize induced us to go immediately into his Wife's Appartment, whom we found diſſolved in Tears, and ready to ſwoon away for Grief and Fear. She did not wait being preſſed to inform us of the Cauſe of her Amazement. He has treated me, ſaid ſhe redoubling her Tears, with a Contempt that has pierced my Heart. If he has not loaded me with Outrages, he has clearly given me to underſtand, that he has forbore them out of Moderation only. In fine, he has declared, that thinking he had done enough in giving me the Name of his Wife, he had no Thoughts either of ſeeing me or living with me. Ah! continued ſhe, I know to whom I ought to aſcribe his Hatred. I am betrayed, I am undone; Death would be much leſs cruel to me, than the ſorrowful Condition into which I have voluntarily caſt myſelf. You could not but know it, added ſhe turning her Eyes on me, why did not you give me Notice of it? Why have you made me the moſt unfortunate of all Women?

I interrupted her, to conſole her with better Hopes. Though the haſty Retreat of my Brother had left me much embarraſſed, yet I fancied he might be excuſed by the Nearneſs of his Departure for *Ireland*, which did not allow him much Time to ſettle a young Wife in his Houſe, whom he ſhould be obliged to leave alone during his Abſence. The Care he had taken of providing for her Maintenance, and the Explanation moreover I aſked of herſelf, ſupported me yet in an Opinion ſo favourable. My Lady informed me, that he had allotted her for the firſt Year the Thirds of the Sum the King had juſt granted him, in the Interim, ſaid he, till his Affairs were enough regulated to aſſign her a ſettled Revenue upon his Appointments. I took Occaſion to conſole her even from this Generoſity, by making her look with a better Eye on her Lot;

Lot; and promiſed her to ſpare no Pains to dive into the Intentions of her Huſband.

The Count *De S*——— judged leſs advantageouſly of this Matter than I did. He knew by a thouſand Experiences, how difficult ſome certain Kinds of Engagements are to be broken through, and he moreover repeated to me a Part of what I had heard *Tenermill* ſay. This was to diſcover ſufficiently that he had no Thoughts of ſeparating himſelf from *Donna Figuerrez*, and to give one Room to judge, that it would be a leſs Obſtacle to his Attachment to her, than a Reaſon to tie the Knot cloſer. You ſee, ſaid the Count, that having entered into Marriage without Love, he will take no more of it than he ſees ſuitable to his own Repoſe, and that all he has done for his Wife aims only, as ſhe fears, at making her miſerable by the Vexation ſhe will perpetually have of ſeeing her Rival preferred to her. Theſe Predictions, which from the Mouth of a Man ſo ſenſible as the Count had the Power to frighten me, did not nevertheleſs hinder me from executing the Promiſe I had made my Lady. I ſaw *Tenermill* before he returned to *Saiſſons*; but I had the Vexation to hear from his own Mouth with much Haughtineſs, every Thing he had told his Wife, without being able by my Intreaties or Reproaches to bend him.

Although he was not frank enough to declare what Conduct he intended to hold with *Donna Figuerrez*, and that he had even affected not to make me any Anſwer to ſome Words I ventured to ſay againſt this Union, yet the Evil ſeemed to me ſo urgent, that the only Remedy I thought of applying, was to ſee herſelf, and to ſcare her by my Menaces, if I could not gain her over by my Exhortations. *Tenermill* not having diſowned that he would return immediately to *Saiſons*, this was not the Time proper to pitch upon for my Enterprize. Yet not doubting but he would begin again more regularly than ever to make his Court to the King, it was eaſy to lay Hold of the Time

Time of his Abſence. I moreover took Meaſures that could not deceive me; and far from imparting my Deſign to his Wife, I drew from a thouſand Conſiderations entirely different, thoſe Hopes with which I continued to ſooth her. I did not in the leaſt miſtruſt, that ſhe would on her Side form the ſame Project, and that, having reaſoned as I did, ſhe would take the ſame Day for executing it. Motives, ſuch as ſhe had, not ſuffering her to neglect any Thing, ſhe was accompanied by an *Iriſh* Gentleman, called *Viterbb*, with whom ſhe had made ſome Acquaintance at *Paris*, as being near allied to her Family. Without any other Aſſiſtance than that of *Viterbb*, and a Chamber-maid, ſhe propoſed to confront all Dangers, and at leaſt to treat *Donna Figuerrez* with all the Haughtineſs that a Wife could draw from the moſt lawful Rights of Honour and Religion. I know not what would have been the Conſequences of an Enterprize ſo ill concerted, eſpecially on a Day that *Tenermill* had left with *Donna Figuerrez* three of his beſt Friends. But it happened that I having arrived in my Chaiſe the ſame Moment with *Viterbb*'s Coach, I immediately knew my Siſter in-law, and learned her Deſign, which ſhe could no longer conceal. I found her Scheme leſs blameable in itſelf, than dangerous to her own Deſires; and repreſenting to her a thouſand Reaſons for my fearing, that ſo bold a Step would eſtrange the Mind and Heart of her Huſband more than ever from her, I propoſed another Method to reclaim him to her, which the preſent Circumſtances inſpired me with, and which the Power of Love made her reliſh, notwithſtanding her Reſolution. Inſtead of Reproaches, and perhaps Outrages, with which ſhe was reſolved to load her Rival, I adviſed her to aſſume Power enough over herſelf to attack her by the ſweeter Methods of Flattery and Friendſhip. The Heart of my Brother, ſaid I, and that of *Donna Figuerrez* herſelf, are not the Hearts of Tigers. Modeſty and Gentleneſs make an Impreſſion on the moſt inſenſible. Try at leaſt this Way, which muſt be leſs painful

painful to a reaſonable and virtuous Woman, than that of Violence. I will lead the Way, added I, to the Courſe you are to take, by a Converſation of ſome Moments, which I am going to have with *Donna Figuerrez*, whilſt you may conſider on what you are to ſay to her. Without prepoſſeſſing her with your Viſit, I will prepare her Mind in your Favour by a Panegyrick on your Character. In fine, it is from her I expect your Happineſs; and notwithſtanding my Views in coming here, I know no better Way than what I have propoſed.

Nothing has convinced me ſo much, that the Heart of a Woman is capable of all Sorts of Impreſſions, and that their Faults and Virtues depend almoſt always on the Manner in which one has the Art of repreſenting Objects to them, than the Facility with which my Siſter-in-law ſubmitted to my Advice, One may draw from it, if one pleaſes, another Conſequence in Favour of her natural Humour. The Forgetfulneſs of herſelf, which before her Marriage had made her fall into a mortifying Slip, did not hinder her from joining to a great deal of Wit and to her Education thoſe Principles of Virtue and Modeſty, to which I cannot help thinking but ſhe muſt have returned again. A violent Paſſion ſometimes gives Place to Reaſon, which after having been ſacrificed to that Affection, becomes more ſtrong than it. But in the Heat of Reſentment, which brought her to *Saiſons*, I did not flatter myſelf with a falſe Glory in aſcribing the Moderation, which ſhe returned to in a Moment, to the Power or Probability of my Advice. Having once got the Poſſeſſion of this Idea, ſhe extended it by her Reflexions, and what ſhe added to it became ſtill a more powerful Help to the Furtherance of her Deſires.

I prayed her to continue in her Coach at ſome Diſtance from our Houſe, and agreeing upon a certain Sign to my Valet, that he ſhould give her Notice the Moment it would be proper for them to appear, I made no Delay in paying my Viſit to *Donna Figuerrez*.

I requeſted to ſee her alone, and ſhe kept me a long Time waiting; which Slowneſs I aſcribed to her Embarraſſment. Nevertheleſs full of the Notions, with which I had juſt inſpired my Siſter-in-law, my Deſign was to relieve her with my Civilities; and I executed it ſo happily, that the Air of Tranquillity, with which I accoſted her, having helped to diſſipate her Suſpicions, ſhe recovered all at once from a ſlight Emotion, that ſeized her at the Sight of me, and received my firſt Compliments with the moſt open Air. I did not go about the Buſh to let her know the Occaſion of my Viſit. In continuing to obſerve the ſame Moderation and Civility in my Words, I proceeded to mention her Familiarity with my Brother, as a Friendſhip which alarmed all my Family, and, upon the Whole, cauſed mortal Inquietudes to my Siſter-in-law. She interrupted me, and foreſeeing to what Point this Diſcourſe was going to lead me, ſhe uſed all the Addreſs in her Power to avoid ſuch offenſive Declarations. I thought of nothing leſs than to offend her; but I imagined ſhe had given me ſome Advantage over her, in letting me ſee this Delicacy; or rather, I muſt confeſs, that having given her a Hint of the Idea I had formed of her from ſo many Accounts, which gave me no very favourable Judgment of her Virtue, I was very far from expecting ſhe could ſo ſenſibly feel the Confuſion ariſing from her Irregularities; and charmed to ſee in her at leaſt theſe Appearances of Reſervedneſs, I did not deſpair of making them turn to the Advantage of my Project. So I did not inſiſt one Moment on my Reproaches. On the contrary, giving a quite different Turn to my Diſcourſe, I attributed to Detraction thoſe Reports, which were as injurious to her as vexatious to my Lady *Tenermill*. Then taking Occaſion from the Name of my Siſter-in-law, to ſpeak of her Perſon in Terms of Praiſe and Panegyrick, I repreſented her as one of the Women of the World, who the leaſt merited the Indifference of her Huſband.

The Opinion *Donna Figuerrez* had of my Character, helped her without Doubt to find a greater Probability in the Repreſentation I had given of her. How could ſhe fancy, that a Man, whoſe Steadineſs ſhe had experienced many Times, and whom *Tenermill* had without Doubt, never painted in the ſofteſt Colours, ſhould lay ſuch a Conſtraint upon himſelf as to impriſon within his own Mind the Impulſes of his Zeal, if he had been well informed of the Nature of the habitual Commerce of her Society? She drew ſo great a Confidence from this Relation, that looking perhaps on my Error as a favourable Incident to all her Deſires, ſhe gave herſelf the Pleaſure of confirming me in it, by a Deſcription of the Amuſements which employed her in that Solitude. The Picture ſhewed nothing but Innocence, and when ſhe blended in it *Tenermill* and his Friends, ſhe laboured to repreſent to me all their Pleaſures, in a Light moſt capable of flattering Judgment and Reaſon, as if they were the only Particulars of which the Society had any Reliſh. She could not avoid ſpeaking of my Lady; but far from contradicting the Praiſes I had given of her Merit, ſhe added to them many Strokes, which ſhe related, as ſhe ſaid, with Pleaſure, and ſhe made no Difficulty of aſſuring me, that ſhe burned with the Deſire of knowing her.

I had given Orders to my Valet to poſt himſelf in ſome Place from whence he could ſee me. Upon giving him the Signal agreed on, he ran in Haſte to give Notice to my Siſter in-law. I could have wiſhed ſhe had been already preſent at the Inſtant wherein her Rival was ſo luckily engaged in my Views. I applied all my Pains to keep up the Converſation on the ſame Subject, and I continued to draw from her new Expreſſions of Eſteem and Affection for the Wife of her Lover, when a Servant came to give her Notice of the Arrival of my Lady *Tenermill*, who aſked to ſee her. Her Bluſhes and Embarraſſment made me immediately reſume the Diſcourſe, by ſhewing the Joy I felt at ſuch an agreeable Meeting. My Lady,

ſaid

ſaid I, would be extremely pleaſed at your Expreſſions, if ſhe had heard them. Perhaps ſhe does not expect to find here a Friend already ſo openly profeſſed, at a Time that without Doubt, ſhe comes to requeſt your Eſteem and Friendſhip; but I am reſolved, added I, that as ſoon as ſhe comes into this Parlour, ſhe ſhall know from me all at once from whom ſhe may expect them. *Donna Figuerrez*,, being put more to a Nonplus, than I could have thought poſſible for a Woman of her Birth, who to a good deal of Wit, had joined a Subtlety and Refinement drawn from a Converſation with the World and Coquetry, remained ſome Moments without finding any Words to anſwer me.

In the mean Time my Lady came forward, led by *Viterbb*, and as far off as they could ſee me, I obſerved both of them ſeeking in my Eyes what they had to judge from my firſt Cares. I aſſumed a ſmiling Countenance, and advancing to my Siſter-in-law, I ſaid thus to her loud enough to be heard by *Donna Figuerrez*; whatever Motive, Madam, brings you, you are here better known, and better beloved than you can imagine. I am charmed with every Thing I have juſt heard, and if you can be ſenſible of Eſteem and Friendſhip, you owe Gratitude and Acknowledgments for the Sentiments they profeſs to you here. My Siſter-in-law, who had ſufficient Time to ſtudy her Part, immediately embraced her Rival, and requeſted her Friendſhip in ſo eaſy a Manner, that nothing could excuſe *Donna Figuerrez* from promiſing it in the ſame Way. Their Converſation alſo engaged them in the moſt affectionate Expreſſions. It was in the Midſt of this Ardour, that my Lady *Tenermill* ſeeming to turn her Reflexions upon her Happineſs, aſked *Viterbb* with Admiration, whether he would not confeſs that publick Fame is ſubject to much Impoſture, and if he had expected, after what People had told him, that ſhe ſhould ſo eaſily make a Friend of *Donna Figuerrez? Viterbb* had naturally a Voice as rough, as his Perſon was Tall and Bully-like. Pre-

tending to ſoften his Voice, and to accompany it with a gracious Smile, he confeſſed, that he cou'd not eaſily return from his Aſtoniſhment. What I ſee, ſaid he, ſhall be a Leſſon to me all my Life, to teach me to miſtruſt Reports and Scandal; and when I propoſed to you, continued he addreſſing himſelf to my Siſter-in-law, to come and inform yourſelf by your own Eyes of the Character of Madame, I did not tell you either all the Injury her Enemies had done her, or the great Impreſſion their Malice had made on me. I was afraid of cauſing you too much Vexation by telling them; and giving you too much Fear for my Project. For if you will pardon this Freedom, added he, giving his Air and his Voice all their natural Harſhneſs, I had been ſo offended to hear that Madame lived in a ſcandalous Commerce with your Huſband, of which you were the Victim,—that I came here with a Deſign of grievouſly inſulting her, and cutting my Lord *Tenermill*'s Throat, if I had ſeen him diſpoſed to take her Part. Pardon, Madame, added he, turning himſelf with an affected Politeneſs to *Donna Figuerrez*, Pardon ſuch coarſe Expreſſions in the Mouth of an *Iriſhman*, whoſe Humour has always been a little boiſterous. I think it is ſufficient to ſee and to hear you to take up a quite different Opinion of you.

A Compliment of this Nature, which would have frightned myſelf, if I had thought I had not penetrated into the Intention of *Viterbb*, finiſhed the diſconcerting *Donna Figuerrez*. Whether ſhe imagined that they were ignorant of her Familiarity with my Brother, and that Confuſion produced in her the Effect of Repentance; or whether having in her leſs Blackneſs and Enormity, than Levity and Inclination to Pleaſure, ſhe could ſee nothing happy for her in the Conſequences of an Intrigue ſo openly oppoſed. In recovering from her Perplexity ſhe contented herſelf with making bitter Complaints of the Injuſtice the Publick did her Sentiments. You ſee, replied *Viterbb* coldly, that all this is founded upon the Familiarity

miliarity in which perhaps you live with my Lord; and if you can think me capable of giving good Advice, you will cut off this Pretext for Calumny. The Embarraſment of *Donna Figuerrez* would have began again, if my Siſter-in-law, contented enough to ſee her trembling and mortified, had not affected to redouble her Careſſes, to take away from her all Suſpicions ſhe might apprehend of any Intelligence between us. I was uncertain where this Scene would end, and I was meditating on ſome Means to aſſure it of Succeſs, when Word was brought us that my Lord *Tenermill* was come from St. *Germain*. *Donna Figuerrez* ſeemed to fetch her Breath again, whilſt Fear was viſibly painted on the Countenance of my Siſter-in-law. As to myſelf, the Surprize of an Incident ſo little expected, put me in Suſpence what Part I had to act. But *Tenermill* had already got into the Apartment, and the Informations he had received from his Porter, making him haſten his Steps, his Walk ſeemed to declare as much Fury as Impatience.

How great was his Aſtoniſhment to ſee his Wife ſitting cloſe to *Donna Figuerrez*, and me oppoſite to them. I endeavoured to ſupport the Appearance of Gaiety, which I had affected during our whole Converſation. We got up when we ſaw him appear; but his Surprize had detained him ſome Moments, at the Entrance of the Chamber we were in. I apprehended that this Inſtant was deciſive. I encouraged my Siſter-in-law with my Looks, and quickening myſelf up to Aſſurance, I advanced ſome Paces to meet him; there have happened, ſaid I, great Alterations in your Abſence. Heaven has diſpoſed your Domeſtick Affairs with ſo much Care, that it has eſtabliſhed your Fortune at Court. *Donna Figuerrez* apprehends, that ſhe is obliged to return to *Spain*: She could not tell us the News without Grief, continued I, caſting on him a ſtolen and ſmiling Look, to let him know, that I thought myſelf in a good Underſtanding with her; but her Departure is neceſſary. She will leave you, beſides your own Liberty, that of lodging my

Lady with you. You will have the Satisfaction, added I, of ſeeing two Perſons very dear to you, linked in a ſtrict Friendſhip, the Moment they begin to know one another. I was going to proceed, and I confeſs, that in the Confuſion I was, I ſpoke almoſt at Random, following only the Impreſſion remaining on me from the Method we had taken with *Donna Figuerrez*. I flattered myſelf, that ſtaggered, as ſhe gave me Room to think her, and out of Fear and Shame, ſhe would follow the Path chalked out for her, to diſengage herſelf decently from a Place, where from henceforth ſhe could not hope for more Security than Honour. From this Thought, I did not even fear to fortify the Motive, which I took for granted, he had to part, by throwing out ſome ambiguous Words that might give *Tenermill* Room to underſtand, ſhe had wiſhed for the Occaſion of it, and that it was leſs her own Inclination, than a forced Complaiſance, that detained her at *Saiſons*, after the Marriage of my Lady. My Diſcourſe, though little conſidered, produced a greater Effect than I durſt have hoped from it. *Tenermill*, taking all my Expreſſions in the Senſe they were ſpoken, and not being able to conceive, that I had lent to *Donna Figuerrez* ſuch Sentiments as were not indeed her own, or that ſhe could have diſavowed, was piqued enough at thoſe that I had attributed to her, that he pretended to receive them with a good deal of Indifference. His Pride aſſiſted us ſo much the better, that proceeding ſo far as not to caſt on her a ſingle Look, from a Fear of giving her Room to diſcover his Vexation, he on the contrary, thought of nothing but how to diſguiſe the Chagrin, that devoured him. Having ſat down, he teſtified by ſome cold Expreſſions, and the moſt diſengaged Air he could affect, that having never pretended to detain her againſt his Will, he ſhould do her no Violence in ſtopping her. She was offended in her Turn, at a Moderation, which ſo ſtrongly reſembled a Contempt; but not being leſs haughty, or leſs capable of concealing her Weakneſs, ſhe made an Effort

Effort to anſwer him in the ſame Tone; that ſhe could perceive nothing more than he to hinder her parting without Regret, and that ſhe was charmed to have ſuch worthy People Witneſſes of her Diſpoſitions, who were capable of juſtifying them by their Teſtimony. She aroſe off her Chair and redoubled her Compliments to my Siſter-in-law. I know not whether he had ſuſpected her of thinking to be gone immediately, or whether he would be ſo much alarmed at it as to make any Motion to ſtop her; but the ſame Moment a Servant brought in Word, that the Count and Counteſs of *S*——— were come from *Paris*, without having foreſeen indeed, that they ſhould find him at *Saiſons*, but reckoning nevertheleſs that he would return there in the Evening, and propoſing to join their Perſuaſions to mine and to my Lady's Inſtances, to call him back to the Obligations of his Marriage. It was from her this Thought proceeded, after ſhe had reliſhed the Plan, that Heaven had inſpired me with. She had diſpatched one of her Servants to *Paris*, to preſs them to come immediately to *Saiſons*. She had even intreated them to bring her Son with them, whom ſhe had put out to Nurſe, in one of the Suburbs of *Paris* to an *Iriſh* Woman, whom I myſelf had recommended. *Tenermill* had never yet ſeen his Son, although we had not concealed from him that ſhe was delivered of it in a Town in *Flanders*. In chooſing to follow the moſt ſweet Ways of Tenderneſs to move her Huſband, ſhe had thought, with Reaſon, that the Sight of an Infant of that Age, would make ſome Impreſſion on the Heart of a Father. The reſt of this Scheme was the Invention of *Viterbb*.

Tenermill having returned more ſpeedily than we expected from St. *Germain*, becauſe he had miſſed the King, who was gone that Morning to *Fontainbleau*, was ſo amazed at every Thing he had ſeen in his Houſe, that a Mind leſs firm and ſteady would have ſhewn more Perplexity in the ſame Situation. When to the Trouble, from which he could not defend himſelf, they came to add that which he felt from the Arrival

of

of the Count and Counteſs, he loſt all the Attention he had given to the Anſwer of *Donna Figuerrez*. Whilſt he went out in Haſte to meet the Count, he did not at all obſerve that ſhe had ſtole out of the Apartment, and he even leſs miſtruſted her Reſolution of being gone immediately to *Paris*. I thought I penetrated the Views that made her fly. I even took Advantage of the Motion, that the Arrival of the Count and Counteſs had cauſed, privately to order my Valet to watch her Steps; and when a Moment after he had ſignified to me by a Token, that ſhe had forſaken the Houſe, I found my Mind more at Liberty; and I did not doubt, but my Lady's Party was much the ſtronger for it.

Indeed, as if Heaven had taken Care to guide the Count's Tongue, his firſt Compliments were Congratulations on the Happineſs of the good Underſtanding he ſaw between my Brother and his Wife; and, not in the leaſt doubting but I had fortunately atchieved what he had hoped to have given Succeſs to by his Aid, he aſſumed the moſt ſerious Voice of Reaſon and Friendſhip to aſſure *Tenermill*, that the Side, to which he had ſuppoſed him determined, was the only one agreeable to his Fortune and Honour. A Diſcourſe, which ſo ſeaſonably ſeconded our Efforts, produced without Doubt a new Motion in the Heart of my Brother. I read in his Eyes the Exceſs of his Agitation; and my Lady made the ſame Obſervation. She thought, that all the Happineſs of her Life depended on that lucky Moment; and quitting her Chair to caſt herſelf at the Knees of her Huſband, ſhe embraced them with an Ardour in which one could eaſy perceive, that even Intereſt had a leſs Share than Love, with which ſhe appeared to be entirely poſſeſſed. She requeſted of him Repoſe, Honour, Life, which all depended on thoſe Sentiments, which ſhe conjured him to have for her. Was it Submiſſion which he deſired in a Wife? She would not live but to obey and pleaſe him. Was it Gratitude and Love? She had conſecrated her Heart to thoſe two tender

Paſſions,

Paſſions, and Duty could not make a Law for her more binding than her own Deſires. What then muſt ſhe do to obtain that which ſhe demanded by ſo many Titles? Muſt ſhe forget all her Rights, by confeſſing that ſhe held nothing but from his Goodneſs? She was ready to look on every Thing as a Favour.

We interrupted this ardent Effuſion of affectionate Sentiments, as much to relieve the Tenderneſs of our own Hearts as the Embarraſſment of *Tenermill*. Mine was pierced with what I heard. Ah! my Lord, cried I, ſhedding ſome Tears, you would be too great an Enemy to Virtue, if Duty ſhould appear to you rigorous under this Form. How? ſaid the Counteſs with the ſame Compaſſion, can you be thus inſenſible to reſiſt ſo much Sweetneſs and ſo many Charms? The Count joined us with a Voice more compoſed; My Lord, ſaid he to my Brother, I ſhould have a Difficulty to comprehend what it is you look for in a Wife, if you be not moved by ſo much Merit and Love, when the King's Goodneſs annexes to it all the Advantages of Fortune. In fine, *Viterbb*, who hitherto had the Power of containing himſelf, added with an impatient Air: My Lord, my Lord, Meaſures are not always kept with a Girl whom a Man has deceived; but Honour lays down different Rules in Marriage; and moreover do you conſider, that what may be let alone with Reſpect to a Wife, is due to her Family?

Tenermill was going to anſwer, and I was in the mean Time perſuaded, that yielding already to the Force of Circumſtances, he was only ſeeking for Expreſſions to explain to us the Change of his Notions. But the Counteſs prevented him, by preſenting to him his Son, whom ſhe took out of the Arms of his Nurſe. I was ſurprized myſelf at a Sight I by no Means expected, and I ſhould have laughed at the Fancy of my Sitter, if the Effect of this new Scene had not perſuaded me that ſhe knew the Secrets of Nature better than I did. *Tenermill* looked on the Infant ſome Moments, whom they ſhewed him for his Son. He then caſt

caſt his Eyes on his Wife. His Looks were enlivened in a Moment; his very Countenance kindled up. If not a ſingle Word eſcaped him, it ſeemed to be Confuſion, or ſome other Subject of Awe that tied his Tongue. At length, inclining his Head on the Face of his Son, he faſtened to it for a Moment his Lips, and with the ſame Motion raiſed himſelf up with a paſſionate Air, and a thouſand Times embraced his Wife. She made no Anſwer to ſuch dear Careſſes, but by Tears of Tenderneſs, with which we mingled ours.

The END.

5 AP 66

IN Quality of Editor, I muſt give the Reader an Account of the Reaſons that have made me confine this Work to Six Parts, though the Preface promiſed Twelve. There is enough to be found in the Memoirs of the Dean of *Coleraine*, to enable me to fulfil the Promiſe I made the Publick; but what muſt have made up the ſix laſt Parts are ſo different from the Subject of the ſix firſt, that it would be difficult to take them for a Sequel of the ſame Work. They conſiſt only of military Events, or political Negotiations, which have no Relation to the Title of a moral Hiſtory, nor to the Deſign which the Dean appears to have propoſed in his Preamble. If I ſhould ſome time or other venture to publiſh them, it ſhould be under another Title, and with other Views.

What is wanting here, and which I would have endeavoured to have inſerted in the ſixth Part, if I could have done it without altering the Ground of the Hiſtory, is only the Removal of the Eccleſiaſtical Treaſure of my Lord *Linch*, with a few Circumſtances that relate further to the Fortune and Eſtabliſhment of our illuſtrious Brothers.

But let it ſuffice for thoſe who intereſt themſelves in the Treaſure to know, that it was tranſported luckily beyond Seas, and diſtributed by the Order of King *James*, among a great Number of *Engliſh* Communities eſtabliſhed in *France* and the Low Countries.

As to the three Brothers, he whom we have always called *Patrick*, retired at length into the County of *Antrim*, having firſt done ſignal Services to the King, and paſſed the Remainder of his Life with the tender *Sarah*, in a Happineſs, which is the Concomitant of Love, when it has Virtue for its Foundation.

My Lord *Tenermill*, from his Character leſs inclined to repoſe, continued to ſerve the King to his Death, and found that Prince as faithful to his Promiſes, as he

he himſelf was to his laſt Engagements. His Children, who are ſettled in *France*, have reſumed their Family Name, by inheriting the Fortune of their Father.

In fine, the virtuous Dean paſſed the Remainder of his Days ſometimes at St. *Germain*, ſometimes in *Ireland*, with the Confidence of the King, the Love of his Family, and the Reſpect of his Countrymen, employed in continually ſerving thoſe three Objects of his Zeal, and amuſing himſelf with writing the Hiſtory of his Brothers.